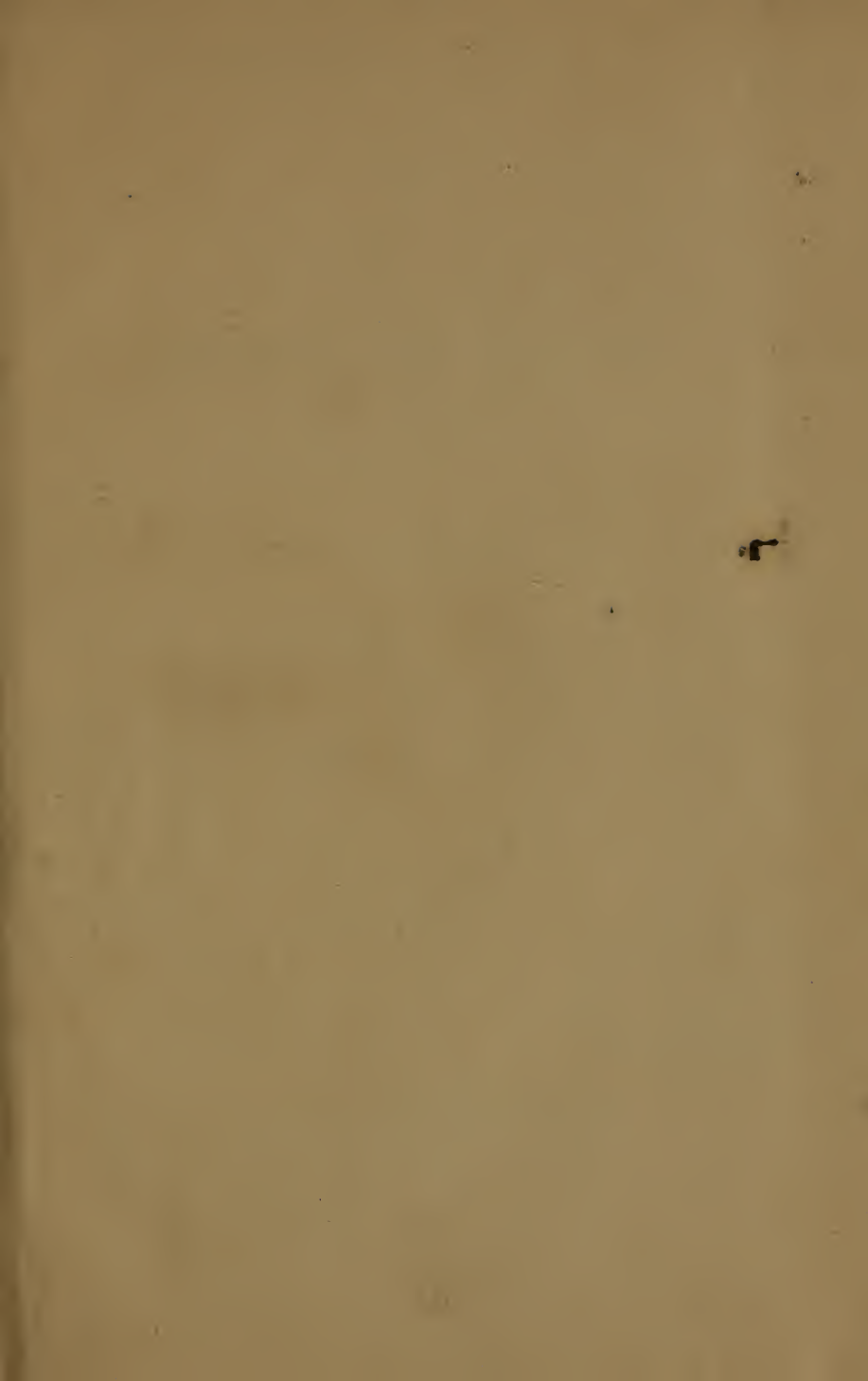




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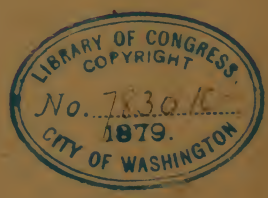
ÆNEID OF VIRGIL

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH

BY

JOHN D. LONG.

33



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TO
MY WIFE AND TWO LITTLE GIRLS
SO OFTEN THE COMPANIONS OF MY WORK
I DEDICATE IT



OF THE TRANSLATION.

THIS, the snatch and pastime of the last year, is not printed because there is want of it, or merit in it. It is only my endeavor — good or bad — toward making a loyal translation of the *Æneid* into living English blank verse; it is my mite of tribute to the old studies, paid after drifting far from the academic inspiration and shelter; and as it is a busy man's work and not a scholar's, perhaps, for that, something will be pardoned to its infelicities.

It is accidental if coincidences with other translations occur, none of which had I seen before finishing my own. On examining some of them, I am convinced that a rhyming version must always be paraphrase rather than translation, besides offending against classic dignity — like a modern bonnet on the head of Minerva. The most faithful translation is of course the best; and in mine I have tried — not hesitating now and then at an anachronistic rendering — to bring out in to-day's phrase, so far as I could, the force of all the Latin words.

After all this pleasant work, I confess disappointment at finding such dearth of humor, that next best thing in the world; such leanness in the poet's insight into nature, catching only its most obtrusive aspects, and nothing of its finer exquisiteness; so little homely humanity; such holocausts of men to man; so faint a glimmer of God. And yet, because of its rare, though irrenderable, sweetness of versification, and its masterful fidelity in portraying those workings of the human

heart with which it deals, and because Virgil struck so many of the chords that thrill from the first man to the last, the *Æneid* is an immortal poem, though the world could better lose it all than a psalm of David or a verse of Whittier.

Mayhap some will read this. If so, they will renew, as I after twenty-five years have done, not only the kindly acquaintance of this Roman story-teller, but the happy morning of the school-boy's shining face and eager heart.

J. D. L.

HINGHAM, APRIL 19, 1879.

38
41
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16

THE ÆNEID.

THE ÆNEID.

FIRST BOOK.

I SING of war. I sing the man who erst,
From off the shore of Troy fate-driven, came
To the Lavinian coast in Italy,
Hard pressed on land and sea, the gods malign,
Fierce Juno's hate unslaked. Much too he bore 5
In war, while he a city built, and set
His gods in Latium. Thence the Latin race,
Our Alban sires, the walls of haughty Rome!

Muse, tell me why, what insult borne, at what
Enraged, a queen of gods drove mortal famed 10
For reverence of the gods, so many blows
To bear, so many toils to undergo!
Is there such bitterness of hate in heaven?

Long time ago the city Carthage stood,
Inhabited by colonists from Tyre, 15
Well off the Tiber's mouth and Italy,
Rich in resources, and to battle swift.

They say that Juno loved it more alone
 Than all earth else, more e'en than Samos. Here
 Her arms, her chariot were: the goddess long ²⁰
 Had nursed and cherished it in hope, if fate
 Were kind, to give it o'er all nations rule.
 For she had heard of seed from Trojan blood,
 That yet would topple down the Tyrian towers;
 That thence a race victorious in arms, ²⁵
 Its empire wide, would come—so ran the Fates—
 To blot out Libya. Fearful of this,
 Remembering the war which she of old
 Was first to wage 'gainst Troy for her dear Greece,
 The causes of her hate and her keen wrongs ³⁰
 Still vexed her soul. Deep in her heart had sunk
 The award that Paris made, the slight that passed
 Her beauty by, her hatred of his race,
 And the honors of the kidnapped Ganymede,
 By these inflamed, from Latium far she drove, ³⁵
 O'er the whole ocean tossed, what men of Troy
 The Greeks and dire Achilles spared. Fate-driven,
 They wandered many years all seas around.
 So much it cost to found the Roman State!

Their sails were gaily spread, their brazen beaks ⁴⁰
 Ploughing the salt sea foam scarce out of sight
 Of Sicily, when, nursing e'er at heart
 Her hurt, thus pondered Juno with herself:
 "Foiled, shall I stay my purpose, powerless
 To keep from Italy this Trojan king? ⁴⁵
 Ay! fate forbids! Yet could not Pallas wreck
 And sink at sea the Grecian fleet for naught
 But Ajax' frenzied guilt, Oileus' son?

She, hurling from the clouds Jove's lightning bolt,
In pieces dashed his boats, with winds upturned 50
The waves, and in the whirl caught Ajax up,
And on a jut of rock impaled his corse.

But I walk queen of gods, sister and wife
Of Jove, yet with one tribe so many years
Wage war! Who now is awed at Juno's might! 55
What beggar at her shrine will offering lay!"

Thus chafing in her own embittered heart,
The goddess came into Æolia,
The home of storms, and womb of raging winds.
Here rules king Æolus in cavern huge, 60
And thralls in chains and cell the angry blasts
And bellowing tempests. Furious, they rush
With mighty roar about their mountain keep.
Sceptre in hand, at peak sits Æolus,
And curbs their will and calms their ire. For, else, 65
The sea, the land, high heaven itself they quick
Would lift away with them and sweep through space.
But the Almighty Father, fearing this,
Hath shut them in dark caves, and on them laid
The mountains' towering mass, and o'er them set 70
A king, discreet to hold them in strict hest
Or give loose reins when bidden. Unto him
A suppliant, thus speaks Juno: "Æolus,—
For unto thee the Father of the gods
And King of men hath given to calm the waves 75
Or toss them with the wind — a race I hate
Sails on the Tuscan sea, transporting Troy
And its cowed household gods to Italy.
Give thy winds might, and wreck their sinking boats,

Or spere and whelm their corsés in the deep. 80
 Twice seven nymphs I have of fairest shape ;
 Deïopeia, loveliest in form,
 I'll give in wedlock true and vow her thine,
 With thee forever for thy great desert
 To live, and make thee sire of children fair." 85
 Back Æolus: "'Tis thine, O queen, to ask
 Whate'er thou wilt ; my part to do what bid.
 To thee my power, my sceptre, Jove's regard,
 I owe ; thou bid'st me banquet with the gods ;
 Thou mak'st me lord of tempest and of storm." 90
 So spake, and turned his spear, and smote with it
 The hollow mountain side. In column massed,
 Forth charge the winds where'er a port, and sweep
 The earth with blasts. The wind from East, the wind
 From South, from South-west thick with rain, leap
 down 95
 Together on the sea, and from its dregs
 Upturn it all, and roll vast waves to shore.
 Then come the sailors' shouts, the squeak of ropes.
 Clouds quick snatch sky and day from Trojan eyes :
 Black night broods o'er the deep : thunders all
 heaven ; 100
 With the incessant lightning gleams the air.
 All nature threatens the men with instant death.
 Palsied are then Æneas' limbs with cold.
 He groans and, both hands lifted toward the stars,
 Thus cries aloud : " Thrice, four times blessed ye, 105
 Who haply under Troy's high walls met death !
 O Diomed, bravest of Grecian blood,
 Why could not I fall dead on Ilian soil,

And pour by thy right hand this heart's blood out,
 Where Hector brave, slain by Achilles' spear, ¹¹⁰
 And huge Sarpedon lie, and Simois drags,
 Engorged beneath its waves, so many shields,
 Helmets and corpses of heroic men!"

— Shrill from the north the blast beat down the
 sail

Full in his face, as thus he cried, and tossed ¹¹⁵
 The spray to heaven. The oars are snapt. Round
 goes

The bow, broadside to sea. In deluge pours
 The tumbling mountain wave: upon its crest
 Some hang; to some the yawning waves disclose
 The earth between: the tide roils up the sand. ¹²⁰

— Three wrecks the South wind drives on sunken rocks,
 Which, as their huge backs swell from out the sea,
 The Italians call the Altars. Three on shoals
 And spits the East wind forces,— sorry sight —
 Sets them aground, and banks them in the sands. ¹²⁵

— One, with the Lycians and Orontes true,
 A huge sea strikes, before Æneas' eyes,
 Straight down astern; its leaning helmsman falls,—
 And headlong rolls: one circling eddy spins
 It round and round and round, then gorges it ¹³⁰

In the swift vortex of the sea. Dispersed
 Mid that vast whirl of waters float the crew,
 And 'neath the waves the warriors' arms, the wares
 And wealth of Troy. And now the storm o'ercomes
 The stout boat of Ilioneus, of brave ¹³⁵
 Achates, that which Abas bore, and that
 Which old Alethes. All, their joints apart,

Let in the ruthless flood and gape in cracks.

Meanwhile doth Neptune scent a storm abroad,
Loud uproar on the sea, the very deep 140

Upturned. Moved greatly, up he looks, and lifts
His head benignant o'er the topmost wave.

He sees Æneas' wrecks on all the main,
The Trojans pressed by flood, and ruin rained
From heaven. Nor Juno's wiles nor hate escape 145
Her brother. He the East wind and the West
Calls unto him, and thus anon he speaks :

“Hath faith in any lineage of yours
So seized you, that ye dare confuse, without
My bidding, heaven and earth, and raise so wild 150
A storm, ye Winds? Whom I ——! But let me
calm

The raging waves. Ye shall not thus again
Offend and pay like penalty. Make quick
Your flight, and to your king say this: Not his
The empire of the sea, the trident dread, — 155
They were allotted me. Some rocky wilds
He holds, thy home, East wind. There in his courts
Let Æolus make boast; there rule supreme
Within the pent-up prison of the winds.”

So saying, quicklier than said, he calms 160
The swollen sea, dispels the gathered clouds,
And brings again the sun. Cymothoë
At once, with Triton's help, doth lift the boats
From off the reefs. He with his trident aids,
Great sand-banks pries apart, then stills the deep, 165
And in his light car o'er the water rolls.
So riot oft in some great mob begins;

The low-bred herd grow frantic ; all at once
Stones fly and firebrands ; frenzy finds them arms.
Yet if some man they see, of weight for worth 170
And truth, listening and still they stand, while he
Rules with a word their wills and calms their ire.
So all this tumult of the deep subsides,
When o'er the waters forth the Father looks,
And, through the clear air gliding, guides his
steeds 175

And gives them rein, while swiftly flies his car.

Worn out, the Trojans struggle now to reach
The nearest shore, and turn to Libya's strand.

The spot, an inlet deep. An island there
With outstretched arms makes port, where every
wave 180

From seaward breaks and faints in gentle ebb.
High cliffs each side ; twin summits threaten heaven,
While 'neath them rests the water safe and still.
Above it lean a stretch of glinting leaves,
And groves of sombre shade. In front, a cave 185
Of hanging rock, cool springs within, and seats
Of living granite — grotto of the nymphs.

There needs no hawser for the weary craft,
No anchor with its crooked fluke to hold.
Æneas enters here with seven boats left 190
Of all his fleet. The Trojans, wild to land,
Leap out and seize the beach they coveted ;
Though drenched with brine, they stretch them on
the sand.

Quick from the flint Achates strikes a spark,
Then feeds the fire with leaves, dry kindlings heaps 195

Above, and through the fuel fans the flame.
 Though fagged with toil, they land their sea-soaked
 grain

And milling ware, and haste to parch with fire
 What corn is saved, and grind it with a stone.

Meantime Æneas mounts the cliff and scans 200
 All out to sea the view, if haply he
 Find Antheus tossed, the two-banked Phrygian boats,
 Capys, or, high astern, Caïcus' shield.

No ship in sight, but on the shore he sees
 Three wandering stags. Whole droves are at their
 heels, 205

And through the glades the long line feeds. He
 stops,

And catches up the bow and arrows swift
 Which good Achates holds. The leaders first,
 Lifting their tall heads and their branching horns,
 He strikes, and next the herd. Then, with his
 shafts, 210

All through the leafy grove he scatters them,
 Nor stays the conquest till he stretches seven
 Huge carcasses aground — one for each boat.

With these he seeks the harbor, and among
 His men divides them all. Divides he, too, 215
 The wine which, when from the Sicilian shore

They came away, Acestes, kindly host,
 Had put in casks and given them. Then he speaks,
 And calms their sorrowing hearts: "O friends, for oft
 Have we been made acquaint with ills — oh ye, 220
 Who worse have borne, these too the gods will end.
 Ye met the rage of Scylla's rocks that roared

Far down. Ye dared the Cyclopean reefs.
 Pluck up your hearts! Away weak fears! Some day
 May yet be happier for remembering this. ²²⁵
 With varied lot, through many risks we go
 To Latium, where a quiet home is sure:
 Ours there the Trojan kingdom to rebuild!
 Be brave, and keep yourselves for better things."

So speaks; but, faint with carking care, he feigns ²³⁰
 Cheer on his face, and keeps his sad heart down.
 They for the game and coming feast prepare,
 Rip from the ribs the hide, and bare the flesh;
 Some fix on spits the quivering strips they cut;
 Some brazen kettles set, and tend the fires. ²³⁵
 Food plucks their courage up: stretched on the grass,
 They fill them with old wine and juicy steaks.
 Hunger with feasting stayed, the tables cleared,
 They linger, talking back their missing mates,
 In doubt, 'twixt hope and fear, whether to think ²⁴⁰
 These live, or, past all pangs, answer no more
 Their comrades' call. Pious Æneas most
 Mourns by himself now bold Orontes' lot,
 Now that of Amycus, Lycus' sad fate,
 And both brave Gyas and Cloanthus brave. ²⁴⁵

So the day closed. Then from ethereal heights
 Down-looking on the sail-swept sea, on earth
 Outspread, on shores and nations vast, stood Jove
 At heaven's high arch, and scanned the Libyan
 realms.

To him heart-weary of such great concerns, ²⁵⁰
 Sadder than wont, her bright eyes dimmed with tears,
 Venus appeals: "Oh thou, who reign'st fore'er

O'er all things human and divine, and aw'st
 With thunder, what could my Æneas do —
 What could the Trojans do to thee so ill, 255
 That, suffering death in every form, the world's
 Whole orb is shut to bar them Italy?
 'Twas sure thy promise that from them one day,
 In years to come, should Roman sovereigns spring,
 Restored from Teucer's seed to native soil, 260
 To hold o'er earth and sea unbroken sway.
 Father, what influence turns thee now? With this,
 Offsetting fate to fate, I better bore,
 — In sooth, the sack and awful fall of Troy;
 And yet, though through so many hardships haled, 265
 Still the same fortune dogs these men. What end
 Unto their miseries dost thou give, great king?
 — Antenor, 'scaping from the Grecian midst,
 Could safe essay th' Illyrian seas, the far
 Interior kingdom of Liburnia, 270
 And pass beyond Timavus' fountain-head,
 Where by nine mouths it pours a rushing sea
 Mid the loud echoes of the hills, and whelms
 The fields with ocean's roar. Yet founded he
 The city Padua there, built Trojan homes, 275
 Gave to a nation name, hung up the arms
 Of Troy, and in sweet peace is now at rest. X
 Thy seed, whom thou did'st pledge a throne in
 heaven,
 Our galleys wrecked, we glut one woman's hate,
 Ye gods! and from the shores of Italy 280
 Are torn afar. The meed of piety
 Is this? Dost so restore us to our realm?"

Half laughing at her, with the look that calms
 The storms of heaven, Father of men and gods,
 He kissed his daughter's lips, and this he said: 285
 "Queen of Cythera, spare thy fears. Unchanged
 Remains thy children's fate; the promised walls
 And city of Lavinium thou shalt see,
 And bear magnanimous Æneas high
 To starry heaven. Me no influence turns. 290
 Nay, lest care fret thee, I will thee disclose,
 The secret scroll of destiny unrolled,
 That he in Italy shall wage great wars,
 Subdue bold tribes, give laws and homes to men,
 While he three summers reigns in Latium, 295
 And winters three succeed the overthrow
 Of the Rutulians. But Ascanius,
 His boy, Iulus then — Ilus it was,
 While reigned the Trojan state — shall empire hold
 Thirty full circles of on-rolling months, 300
 Then move his kingdom from Lavinium,
 And Alba Longa gird with mighty walls.
 There full three hundred years shall Hector's race
 Be king, till the nun-princess Ilia
 Bear unto Mars two children at a birth. 305
 Thence Romulus, proud of his tawny robe
 Of wolf that nursed him, shall the nation sway,
 A fortress build, and, from his own name, call
 It Rome, to which no mete of power or time
 I set, but give it empire without end. 310
 E'en vengeful Juno, racking now with fear
 Sea, earth and heaven, shall turn to better thoughts,
 And love, like me, the Romans, when they wear

The toga and are masters of the world.
 Such is my will. Swift years will bring a day 315
 When sons of Troy shall Phthia and renowned
 Mycenæ hold in servitude, and lord
 Over a vanquished Argos. Then shall spring
 Cæsar of noble Trojan stock, whose rule
 The ocean bounds, whose fame the stars — the name
 Of Julius his from great Iulus drawn.
 Him, laden with the spoils of Orient,
 Thou sure shalt have at last in heaven: he, too,
 With prayers shall be invoked. Then, wars shall
 cease ;

A hard age melt ; white Faith and Purity, 325
 The sainted brother souls of Romulus
 And Remus mould the laws ; and War's grim gates
 Shall shut with iron bars and solid joints,
 While godless Fury howls within, enthroned
 On brutal arms, hideous with bloody mouth, 330
 And with a hundred brazen chains bound back."

So Jove replies : and sends down Maia's son
 To make the Trojans welcome to the soil
 And new-built roofs of Carthage ; Dido else,
 Heedless of fate, had barred them from her bounds. 335
 He glides, with wings for oars, through airy space :
 Now stands on Libya's shore, and does what bid.
 The Carthaginians at his will abate
 Their churlishness ; but most their queen's kind
 heart

And gentle thoughts befriend the Trojan guests. 340

Pious Æneas, tossed all night with care,
 Soon as the blessed day-light breaks, goes forth

To explore new paths, to find upon what coast
The winds have blown him, whether men or beasts
Dwell in its wilds, and to his crews report 345
The truth. Beneath the cliffs o'erarched with woods,
Shut round with forests and their sombre shade,
He sees his fleet. Sole comrade of his way,
Achates swings two broad-head iron spears.
Half through the wood his mother thwarts his path 350
With maiden face and garb, with weapons like
A Spartan girl's, nay, like the Thracian maid
Harpalyce, who wearies out her steeds,
And faster than swift Hebrus runs. So, too,
Her light bow o'er her shoulder she had flung, 355
And loosed her hair to revel with the winds,
Her knee just bared, a huntress with her frock's
Full folds ingathered with a knot. She first
To speak: "Pray tell me, masters, have you chanced
To see, here wandering, any mate of mine, 360
With quiver girt, and spotted robe of lynx,
The panting wild boar chasing with a shout."

So Venus; but the son of Venus thus:
"Naught have I heard or seen of mate of thine,
O maiden, whom, with neither mortal face 365
Nor human voice, I know not how to call.
Oh! goddess sure, Apollo's sister thou
Or kin of nymphs! whoe'er thou art, be kind,
Lighten our toil, and tell us 'neath what sky,
Upon what border of the world, at last 370
We are astray. We wander ignorant
Of habitant or place, here driven by winds
And billows vast. So, many a victim, struck

By my right hand, shall at thine altars fall."

Then Venus said: "I am not worth such rites. 375
 Oft thus we Tyrian girls the quiver bear,
 And high with purple buskin bind the leg.
 It is the Carthaginian realm thou seest,
 The city of Agenor's countrymen,
 Of Tyrian colonists in Libya, 380
 A stubborn, warlike race by Dido ruled,
 Who fleeing from her brother came from Tyre.
 Her wrong is great, the story long; yet will
 I touch its outer lines.) Sichæus was
 Her husband, richest man in Tyre, and loved 385
 With all the heart of his ill-fated wife.
 While yet a maid, her father gave her him
 With every blessing on the match. Ah! then
 Pygmalion, her brother, was the king
 Of Tyre, in crime no monster such as he. 390
 A quarrel rose. Blasphemer, blind with lust
 For gold, all reckless of his sister's heart,
 By stealth he stabbed Sichæus, off his guard
 And at the altar-front. Long time he hid
 The deed. With lies and lies the villain tricked 395
 Her yearning, hope-deluded, broken heart,
 Till her unburied husband's ghost, his weird
 Pale visage lifting, came to her in sleep,
 Unwrapped the dagger-stab upon his breast,
 And bared the bloody altars and the whole 400
 Hid horror of the house. He bids her haste
 To flee her native land. To help her on,
 He shows her treasures in the earth, a mass
 Unknown of silver and of gold. So spurred,

She makes to fly, and seeks allies, whome'er 405

The cruel tyrant hates or meanly fears.

What galleys hap be fitted out, they seize

And load with gold. The wealth Pygmalion craved

Is borne to sea — a woman at the fore.

This spot they found, where now you see great
walls, — 410

New Carthage with its rising citadel ;

Here land they bought, as much, called Byrsa thence,

As with a bull's hide they could circle in.

But who are ye ? from what shore do ye come ?

And whither go ? " With sighs, and from a full 415

Heart's depths, to her inquiries he replies :

" O goddess, were I to rehearse, or could'st

Thou stay to hear, the story of `our toils

From first till now, the evening star would seal

The shut of day behind the sunset bars. 420

From ancient Troy, if ever to your ears

The name of Troy hath come, o'er many seas

Conveyed, the storm's caprice hath forced us make

This Libyan coast. Pious Æneas I,

Who carry in my fleet my country's gods, 425

Which from the foe I saved. My fame surmounts

The stars. I seek to go to Italy, —

Land of my sires, who sprang from mighty Jove.

My goddess mother pointing out the way,

With twenty boats I rode the Phrygian sea, 430

Obedient to fate's decrees. Scarce seven,

Shattered by wind and wave, remain. And I,

From Europe and from Asia driven, unknown,

In want, here through the wilds of Libya stray."

She could not bear to hear him sorrow more, 435
 And interrupted thus his grief midway :
 " Whoe'er thou art, I cannot think thou liv'st
 To breathe the invigorating air and reach
 Our Tyrian gates, yet the gods hate thee so.
 Straight hence go to the threshold of our queen, 440
 For if my blinded parents taught me not
 In vain the art of augury, I see
 Thy shipmates back, thy fleet restored, safe sped
 By change of wind. Lo! there, a line of twelve
 Exultant swans, whom late, swooping from forth 445
 The cloudless sky, Jove's eagle scattered far
 And wide beneath the outstretching heavens ; now
 They seem to take the earth, then all at once
 To be down-looking at it. E'en as they,
 Their peril over, sport with flapping wings, 450
 And circle round about, and burst in song,
 So too thy craft and crews either in port
 At anchor lie ; or make it, all sail set.
 Go on, and where the way leads, guide thy feet."

She spake, but, as she turned, flashed from her
 neck 455

A rosy glow : ambrosial tresses breathed
 A heavenly fragrance from her head : her robe
 Fell flowing down along her feet : and lo !
 There was the goddess in her very step.
 He knew his mother then, and, as she fled, 460
 Pursued and cried : " Why, cruel too, dost thou
 Delude thy son with sembling shapes ? Why may
 Not we clasp hand with hand, and know we speak
 And hear each other's voice ? " Thus he complains,

And toward the city wends. But as they go, 465
Venus with mist and many a cloudy fold
Veils them, that none can either see, or touch,
Or stay, or ask them why they come. Upborne,
She glides to Paphos, glad again to rest
In her own haunts. Her temple there; and there 470
Glow with Sabæan myrrh her hundred shrines
That breathe with fragrance from fresh dewy flowers.

Meantime they hasten, keeping to the path,
And now they mount a hill, which high o'erhangs
The town and looks down fronting on its towers. 475
Æneas wonders at so great a town —
Where yesterday were huts — its gates, its streets,
Its busy stir. The Tyrians hard at work,
Some lay out walls, the turret raise, or roll
Hugh rocks hand over hand, while others choose 480
And with a furrow mark out dwelling lots.
They build for laws and courts and senate grave.
Here some dig down to set the city gates:
The deep foundations of the theatre
Here others lay, and hew great granite shafts 485
High raised to decorate the coming stage.
'Tis like the busy industry of bees,
That in the early summer-time all day
Through flowery fields lead forth their adult young,
Or store the exuding honey and distend 490
Their cells with the sweet sap, or take from those
Who come their load of sweets, or with a rush
Drive from the hives the drones — a sluggard swarm:
The work glows on: sweet thyme the honey breathes.
His eyes uplifted o'er the city's heights, 495

Æneas cries : " Oh happy ye, whose walls
 Already rise ! " Enveloped in the cloud,
 He mingles with the throng, advancing through
 Its midst, yet strange to say is seen by none.

Just in the centre of the city stood 500

A grove of thickest shade, in which, when first

The Carthaginians came after their toss

By wind and wave, at royal Juno's hint

They dug and found the head of a wild horse, —

A sign the race illustrious would be 505

In war — a sovereign power for centuries thence.

Sidonian Dido here a temple vast

To Juno was erecting, rich in gifts,

And in the favor of the goddess blest.

Above its steps a brazen threshold rose ; 510

Door-posts of brass adjoined ; and brazen doors

Upon their hinges creaked. 'Twas here the first

New gleam of fortune banished fear. Here first

Æneas dared for safety hope, and put

A braver trust in his adversities. 515

For while, the queen awaiting, he surveys

All parts of the great temple, and admires

The artists' varying handiwork, their slow

Laborious pains, and wonders what will be

The city's fate, he sees, in order ranged, 520

The Ilian fights, the story of a war

Now known throughout the world : there Atreus' sons

He sees, and Priam, and, implacable

To both, Achilles. Rooted, and in tears,

Æneas cries : " What spot, Achates, now, 525

What region of the world, but echoes back

The story of our woes? Lo, Priam there!
 E'en here hath worth reward, and grief its tears,
 And human sorrows touch the heart. Away
 With fear; such fame will some deliverance
 bring." 530

Upon the painted counterfeit he feeds
 With many a groan, tears pouring down his face.

For this he sees. Battling around the walls
 Of Troy, here fly the Greeks, the Trojan ranks
 Pursue: here fly the Trojans from the crest 535
 And chariot of Achilles charging home.

Close by, he weeps to see again the tents
 Of Rhesus with their curtains white as snow,
 Whose camp no sooner sleeps than sleep betrays
 And bloody Diomed with slaughter fills, 540

Its thirty steeds impounding ere they taste
 Of Trojan grass or drink from Xanthus' stream.
 Elsewhere, the flight of Troilus, wretched boy,—
 No match to fight Achilles; armor off,
 His horses drag him, hanging on his back 545

Behind an empty car, yet holding fast
 The reins: his hair and shoulders scrape the earth;
 The inverted spear writes blood upon the dust.
 And next, their hair aflight, beating their breasts,
 The Trojan mothers to the temple go 550

Of angry Pallas, and, sad suppliants,
 Bring there their gift, a rich embroidered robe:
 Away the goddess turns and keeps her eyes
 Riveted on the ground. Around the walls
 Of Troy three times Achilles Hector drags, 555
 His lifeless body bartering there for gold.

Then did indeed Æneas groan aloud,
 E'en from the bottom of his heart, to see
 The captured arms, the car, the very corse
 Of his dear friend, and Priam stretching out 560
 His feeble hands. There saw he, too, himself
 Thick in the fight amid the Grecian chiefs,
 Swart Memnon's banner, and the Eastern troops.
 Fiery Penthesilea leads her ranks
 Of Amazons, armed with their crescent shields; 565
 She mid the host burns eager for the fray;
 A golden zone bound 'neath her swelling breast,
 Warrior and maid, she dares to cope with men.

While thus Æneas at these wonders stares,
 Entranced and held in one unbroken gaze, 570
 Dido into the temple comes in state,
 The loveliest shape on earth, a numerous train
 Of courtiers round her. So Diana leads
 Upon Eurotas' banks or Cynthus' heights
 The choral dance, a thousand mountain-nymphs 575
 In bosky clusters following here and there;
 A quiver from her shoulder flung, she glides
 Along, and towers above them all, while joy
 The peaceful bosom of Latona thrills.
 And such was Dido: happy thus she bore 580
 Herself amid the throng, upon her work
 And future realm intent. Before the gates
 Of her own goddess, 'neath the temple's arch,
 High on her throne and girt with armèd men,
 She sits. Unto her subjects she begins 585
 Administering justice and the law,
 Due shares of work assigns or draws by lot,

When all at once Æneas sees approach, —
 A great crowd following after, — Antheus,
 Sergestus, brave Cloanthus, and with them 590
 Yet other Trojans, whom the storm had spersed
 Upon the deep or forced to other shores.
 He and Achates both, alike 'twixt joy
 And fear distraught, are hot to clasp right hands.
 Eager, yet puzzled by this strange event, 595
 They keep concealed, and through their cloudy veil
 Look out to learn what fate these men have had,
 Where on the shore they leave their boats, and why
 They thither come. For spokesmen now advance,
 Selected from the crews, who audience ask, 600
 And seek the temple with their loud appeal.

Admitted with full leave to speak the queen,
 Ilioneus, the oldest, calmly thus
 Begins: "O queen, whom Jupiter permits
 To stablish this new city and control 605
 A haughty people with just rule, o'er all
 Seas tempest-tossed we wretched men of Troy
 Implore thee, do not loose upon our fleet
 The outraging flames. Spare thou a pious race,
 And heed more nearly our necessities. 610
 Not to destroy with sword these Tyrian homes,
 Or pile the shore with pillage, have we come.
 Our hearts lodge not such insolence, nor is't
 The humbled make so bold. There is a tract,
 The Grecians calls its name Hesperia, 615
 An old land, stout at war, and rich its soil;
 The Enotrians tilled it once. But now 'tis said
 That their descendants name it Italy —

Some chieftain's name. Thither our course, when lo!
 Stormy Orion strode above the deep, 620
 The South wind beat, the sea broke over us
 And forced us on hid shoals, and drove us far
 O'er waves and lurking rocks. Few left, we drift
 Upon these shores. What race of men are these?
 What churlish land, that hath such usages? 625
 We are denied the shelter of the beach:
 They fight us and forbid us e'en to step
 Upon the margin of the shore. But know,
 The gods lay up the good deed and the bad.
 Æneas was our king; no man of truer worth, 630
 None braver lives in war and arms. If him
 The fates preserve, if still he breathes the air,
 Nor yet within the fatal shadow lies,
 No fear for us, nor e'er wilt thou regret
 Thou strov'st to do the first kind offices. 635
 War-stores we have in Sicily, there too
 Kin cities, and renowned Acestes born
 Of Trojan stock. Let us but beach our boats,
 Now shattered with the storm, and fit us spars
 Out of these woods, and cut new oars, that we 640
 With gladdened hearts may push for Latium
 And Italy, if ours it be, with king
 And mates restored, e'er Italy to reach;
 But if, O best of Trojan leaders, thou,
 Our savior, art no more, and Libya's sea 645
 Engulfs thee, nor is any hope that yet
 Iulus lives, then that we may at least
 Seek the Sicilian sea, the settlements
 Already made, from which we hither came,

And king Acestes." Thus Ilioneus, 650
 And all the other Trojans make assent.

Then briefly Dido speaks with modest look :
 "Let fear depart your hearts, and have no care.
 Necessity, the newness of the state
 Force me to do this, and with sentinels 655
 To guard my stretch of coast. Who does not know
 Of Troy, its people and their valorous deeds,
 Its heroes and the blaze of its great war ?
 We Carthaginians have not hearts so hard,
 The sun yokes not his steeds so far from this 660
 Our Tyrian city. If it be ye seek
 The great Hesperia and the Italian fields,
 Or Eryx' land and king Acestes, I
 Will aid you with my means, and send you safe
 Away ; or, would you stay on equal terms 665
 Within my realm, this city which you see
 Is yours. Bring up your fleet. From Troy or Tyre
 Shall no distinction make with me. I would
 Thy king, Æneas' self, by the same storm
 Compelled, were here ! Nay, now along the coast 670
 Will I send trusty men, and bid them search
 The extremes of Libya, if, cast ashore,
 He be astray in any wood or town."

At this Æneas and Achates start ;
 Impatiently they burn to burst the cloud. 675
 Achates is the first to speak : "What thought
 Is in thy heart, O goddess-born ? Thou see'st
 All safe, the fleet, the men preserved. There lacks
 But one, and him we saw, before our eyes,
 Go down amid the waves. The rest respond 680

According to thy mother's augury.
 Scarce spake he ere, at once, the enfolding cloud
 Dispersed and faded into open air.
 Forth stood Æneas luminous in light :
 In face and shoulders like a god he was : 685
 For o'er her son his mother breathed the charm
 Of youthful locks, the ruddy glow of youth,
 A generous gladness in his eyes : such grace
 As carver's hand to ivory gives, or when
 Silver or Parian stone in yellow gold 690
 Is set. A sudden apparition there
 Before them all, thus speaks he to the queen :
 " I, whom thou seek'st, Trojan Æneas, snatched
 From out the Libyan waves, before thee stand.
 Oh thou that hast alone compassion felt 695
 For Troy's unutterable woes, and would'st
 Thy home and city share with us, whom, reft
 Of all, the Greeks did spare but to be racked
 With every peril of the land and sea ! —
 Nor ever we, nor can the Trojan race, 700
 Where'er upon the globe its remnants are,
 Render thee, Dido, gratitude enough.
 But may the gods bless thee as thou deserv'st,
 If any powers there be that honor worth,
 If any sense of justice any where, 705
 Or any mind self-conscious of the right !
 Happy the age that bore, the pair that gave
 Thee birth ! While rivers in their channels run,
 While shadows float o'er mountain side, and stars
 Feed on the pastures of the sky, thy name, 710
 Thy praise, thy honor shall forever live

Whatever land may call me hence." He spake ;
 Then with his right hand grasped Ilioneus,
 Sergestus with his left, and after them
 Brave Gyas, brave Cloanthus, and the rest. 715

Dazed first to see the hero, next to hear
 So sad a tale, Sidonian Dido spake :
 " Son of a goddess thou, what fate is this
 Pursues thee through so many risks ! What wrath
 Hath forced thee on this savage coast ! Art thou 720
 Not that Æneas, whom sweet Venus bore
 Trojan Anchises at the Simoïs' stream
 In Troy ? I mind me now that Teucer once
 To Sidon came, expelled his native land,
 To find, with Belus' aid, new realms to rule. 725
 For Belus then, my sire, was laying waste
 The fertile land of Cyprus, which he held
 In his victorious grasp. Since then, to me
 The fall of Troy, thy name, the Grecian kings,
 Are household words. Teucer, though a foe 730
 Was wont to give the Trojans glowing praise,
 Wishing to trace his own birth to the same
 Old stock as theirs. Come then, brave men, and rest
 Under our roofs. Through many perils tossed,
 Me too hath a like fortune forced at length 735
 To settle here. Acquaint with grief, I learn
 To lend a helping hand." As thus she speaks,
 She leads Æneas 'neath the royal dome,
 And orders sacrifices at the shrines.
 For his companions on the shore as well, 740
 She hurries down a drove of twenty beeves,
 A hundred bristling backs of heavy swine,

A hundred fat lambs with their dams — the gifts,
 And joy in giving, of a soul divine.
 Within her palacé, furnished with the warmth 745
 Of royal luxury, and 'neath its arch
 They spread a banquet. There might you behold
 Robes of rich purple, wrought with nicest art:
 Tables with massive silver ware: and, bossed
 On gold, brave deeds of sires, the whole long list 750
 Of great events, from when the race began,
 Through hero after hero running down.

A father's love e'er tugging at his heart,
 Æneas sends Achates swiftly back
 To tell Ascanius what has happened, and bring 755
 Him to the town. All the fond father's care
 Is for Ascanius. Presents he bids
 Him fetch, saved from the sack of Troy, a cloak
 With gold and figures stiff; a veil with flowers
 Of bright acanthus on its border wrought,— 760
 The ornaments that Grecian Helen, when
 She sought unholy wedlock, brought from home,
 Her mother Læda's wondrous gift to her;
 Also a staff that once Ilione,
 Oldest of Priam's daughters, used to bear; 765
 A beaded necklace, and a crown twice girt
 With precious stones and gold. To hasten these,
 Achates now was wending to the boats.

But Venus has new schemes, new wiles at heart,—
 That Cupid, changing face and look with sweet 770
 Ascanius, shall come instead, to fire
 The queen already glowing at the gifts,
 And kindle burning in her very bones.

For she distrusts the intriguing house of Tyre,
 The two-tongued Tyrians. At Juno's wrath 775
 She frets; night after night her fears return:
 And so she says to Cupid—Love with wings—
 “ My son, my life, my might, who dar'st alone
 Contemn the giant bolts of Jupiter,
 To thee I fly, and ask, a suppliant, 780
 Thine aid. Thou know'st Æneas, brother thine,
 Is tossed at sea from every shore, because
 Of Juno's unjust hate: and in my grief
 Thou too hast often grieved. Now Dido, she
 Of Tyre, is toling him with tender words; 785
 I fear me how the hospitalities
 That Juno sanctions, yet may turn, for she
 Will never stay her hand in such a pinch.
 And so, anticipating her, I would
 Ensnare the queen and fetter her in flame, 790
 So she, with me, shall to Æneas cling
 With love so great no power can loosen it.
 Now how to do it, hear my plan. This boy,
 My darling care, who yet shall be a king,
 At his fond father's call prepares to go 795
 Up to the Tyrian city bearing gifts,
 Relics from shipwreck and the flames of Troy,
 But I will hide him, stupefied with sleep,
 Within some hallowed nook on Ida's top
 Or on Cythera's, lest the trick he learn
 And interrupt it when but half complete. 800
 Just one night counterfeit his look, and, boy
 Thyself, put on this boy's familiar face:
 So, when, all happiness, shall Dido take

Thee to her breast, the sumptuous banquet spread, ⁸⁰⁵
 The wine of Bacchus poured, and fold thee close
 And press sweet kisses, thou shalt then inbreathe
 Insidious fires,—the poison of deceit.”

Heeds Cupid his dear mother's bidding, doffs
 His wings and, chuckling, walks Iulus' gait. ⁸¹⁰
 But Venus through Iulus' limbs instills
 A quiet sleep and, gathered to her breast,
 Takes him to Ida's lofty groves, where sweet
 The marjoram breathes over him ; in flowers
 She folds him up and in delicious shade ; ⁸¹⁵
 While Cupid, mindful of his mother's wish,
 Brimful of fun, Achates' hand in his,
 The royal presents to the Tyrians brings,
 And comes to find the queen already sits
 Centred on couch of precious stuffs and gold. ⁸²⁰

Father Æneas and the Trojan men
 Gather and lie upon the purple robes ;
 Servants bring water for the hands, serve bread
 From baskets, and give napkins shorn and soft.
 Within, a hundred women-servants cook ⁸²⁵
 The food, and keep the household shrines ablaze.
 A hundred more, and just as many men
 Of equal age, upon the tables serve
 The food, and lay the glasses. Also come
 The Tyrians crowding up the merry hall, ⁸³⁰
 To lie upon the figured couches bid.
 They gaze enraptured at Æneas' gifts,
 And at Iulus, at the god's flushed face
 And his dissembled prattle, at the cloak
 And veil with the acanthus' yellow flower ⁸³⁵

Inwrought. But most of all, poor Dido, doomed
 To suffer soon, her heart ne'er full enough,
 Burns but the more the more she gazes there,
 Won by the gifts and by the child alike.
 The boy, first clinging in Æneas' arms 840
 And round his neck, and breathing back the deep
 Affection of the cheated father's heart,
 Attacks the queen; with all her soul and eyes,
 O'er him she hangs, upon her breast the while
 Caressing him—unconscious, Dido, how 845
 All-powerful the god that nestles there.
 He, mindful of his mother, hastes to dim
 The memory of Sichæus more and more,
 And with a living love to wake again
 Long slumbering passions in her fallow heart. 850

Soon as the banquet stays, the tables cleared,
 They bring great bowls; they crown the wine; the roof
 Echoes their mirth; loud through the ample halls
 Their voices ring; the golden ceilings blaze
 With hanging lamps, and darkness flies before 855
 The torches' glare. The queen calls for a cup,
 Heavy with gems and gold, by Belus once,
 And since by all from Belus used. With wine
 She fills it high. Then silent is the hall.
 "O Jove," she cries, "since thou art said to fix 860
 The laws of hospitality, make thou
 Happy this day alike to them from Tyre
 And them from Troy! Come Bacchus, Fount of mirth!
 Good Juno too! And ye, my Tyrians,
 Cheer on and celebrate the feast." She spake, 865
 Poured on the board an offering from the wine,

And to the rest just touched her dainty lips ;
Then gave it Bitias, hurrying him till he,
Too quickly drinking from the unsteady cup,
Did drench him from the o'erflowing brim of gold. 870
Then other elders drank. His golden lyre
Long-haired Iopas, by great Atlas taught,
Awakes to life : he sings the wandering moon ;
The journeys of the sun ; whence human kind
And beasts ; from whence the lightning and the
storm ; 875

Arcturus, and the rainy Hyades,
And the Two Bears ; and why the winter's sun
So eager hurries to the ocean's surge,
And why its weary nights drag on so slow.
Tyrians and Trojans rival in applause. 880

In varied talk poor Dido ekes the night ;
She drinks deep draughts of love, inquiring much
Of Priam, and of Hector much ; now asks
What was the armor of Aurora's son,
Now what the steeds of Diomed, and next 885
How great a chief Achilles. "Nay, begin,
O guest," she says, "and tell me, from the first,
The story of the wily Greeks, the woes
Thy countrymen endured, thy journeyings ;
For now the seventh summer brings thee here, 890
A wanderer over every land and sea."

SECOND BOOK.

THEN all were still, their faces fixed on his,
While from his couch Æneas thus began : —
Thou bid'st me, queen, renew a grief no words
Can speak, — to tell thee how the Greeks crushed out
The Trojan state, — the kingdom that will live 5
Forever in the pity of the world —
And paint the misery I saw, — great part
Of which I also was. What Myrmidon,
What Dolop, or what soldier of the stern
Ulysses e'en, when telling such a tale, 10
Could keep from tears? Already dewy night
Hastes down the sky, and waning stars persuade
To sleep. Yet if there be such eagerness
To know our lot, the final agony
Of Troy in brief to hear, e'en though my heart 15
Aches at the memory, and with grief relucts,
I will go on.

War-worn, by fate repelled,
So many years already gliding by,
The Grecian chiefs, with Pallas' help divine,
A horse big as a mountain build, and line 20
Its ribs with laths of fir. They feign that it
A votive offering is for safe return ;
And so the story goes abroad. Within
Its gloomy sides they stealthily conceal
Selected men, and with armed soldiery 25

Its great deep hollows and its belly fill.

In sight lies Tenedos, a famous isle
And rich, so long as Priam's kingdom stood,
Now but a port unsafe to anchor in.
Here borne, they hide on its deserted shore. 30
We thought them gone and under sail for Greece :
And so all Troy relaxes from its long
Constraint. Wide swing the gates, and out we go
To view the Grecian camp, the abandoned fields,
The lonely shore. Here camped the Dolop men, 35
We say, here stern Achilles ; here the boats
Lay up, and here the troops in battle fought.
Some stare astonished at the fatal gift
To the immaculate Minerva feigned,
And wonder at the horse's size. And first 40
Thymœtes, whether by deceit, or so
At last the fates of Troy compelled, suggests
Within the walls to bring and place it near
The citadel. But Capys and the men
Of better wit entreat into the sea 45
To throw or, setting fires beneath, to burn
The gift, which they suspect an ambushade
Of Greeks, or else its hollow womb explore
And try its hiding-places. 'Twixt the two
The crowd divide, uncertain which is right. 50
Foremost of all, a great throng following,
Comes running from the temple, all aglow,
Laocoön, who shouts while yet far off :
"Ye fools, what madness are ye at? Do ye
Believe the enemy withdrawn, or think 55
That any gift of Greek is free from cheat ?

Is this your notion of Ulysses' make?
Either within this wood are Grecians hid,
Or some machine it is, built to assault
Our walls, command our roofs and override 60
Our city; or some other snare is in't.
Trojans, trust not the horse! Whate'er it is,
I fear a Greek e'en when he brings a gift."
As thus he spake, he whirled with lusty force
His heavy spear against the horse's side, 65
Against the joints that made the belly's curve.
Quivering it stuck; and from the echoing womb
Sounded the hollow depths and gave a groan.
Then had the gods' decrees been kind, nor we
Of reason reft, his spear had made us bare 70
That den of Greeks: thou, Troy, would'st now be up;
And, Priam's lofty palace, thou would'st stand!
But lo! some Dardan shepherds then appeared,
Bringing with outcries loud before the king
A man whose hands were tied behind his back, 75
And who, intending it, had put himself,
A stranger, in their way, to bring to pass
Just what to pass had come, and to the Greeks
Lay open Troy; in purpose resolute,
Prepared for either fate, — to win the game, 80
Or meet a certain death. The Trojan youth,
Eager to see, rush crowding round him close,
And vie in insults to the prisoner.
Mark now the cunning of the Greeks, and learn
Them all from the iniquity of one! 85
For while, all eyes on him, with trembling limbs
He stood unarmed, and restlessly his glance

Ran o'er the Trojan throng, "Alas," he cried,
 "What land, what ocean now can shelter me?
 What is there left at last to such a wretch, 90
 For whom there is no place among the Greeks,
 On whom the Trojans, deadlier yet, now claim
 Their vengeance in his blood?" Our very hearts
 Are melted at his sobs, all our ill-will
 Allayed. We bid him tell us what his race, 95
 What 'tis he seeks, and show what claim he has,
 A captive, on our mercy; till at length
 He lays aside all fear, and thus he speaks:
 "All will I tell thee truthfully, O king,
 Whate'er my fate may be. Not, first of all, 100
 Do I deny I am a Greek: nor, though
 Bad luck has driven Sinon to despair,
 Shall it a cheat and liar make him too.
 Hearsay perchance has fetched your ears the name
 Of Palamedes, one of Belus' race, 105
 Of great and glorious fame, whom innocent,
 The accusation false, the evidence
 Corrupt, the Greeks condemned to death, for that
 He counselled peace. Now he is dead, they mourn.
 Near kin to him, my poor sire sent me here 110
 His comrade in the earliest of the war.
 Long as he stood secure within his realm,
 And in the councils of the state was strong,
 I also had some name and weight: but when,
 Through sly Ulysses' hate — I speak of what 115
 I know — from earth he passed, in gloom and grief
 I dragged a harassed life, my soul enraged
 At my guilty kinsman's fall. And, fool,

I blabbed : I swore, should any chance occur,
 Should I to native Argos e'er go back, 120
 I would avenge his wrongs. My tongue provoked
 A bitter hate : thence first on me there fell
 The blight of calumny. Forever thence,
 Ulysses terrified and threatened me,
 Spread poisonous rumors through the camp, and
 sought, 125

Conscious of his own guilt, my taking off.
 Nor did he rest until, with Calchas' help —
 But why do I thus to no purpose dwell
 On his ingratitude? why you delay,
 If ye hold all the Greeks alike? Enough 130
 Have ye already heard : now wreak your wrath !
 'Tis what Ulysses wishes, and the sons
 Of Atreus will reward you lavishly."

Blind to a plot so deep, and Grecian craft,
 We burn the more to learn and know the truth. 135
 False-hearted, feigning fear, he speaks again :
 " Oft wished the Greeks to fly, forsaking Troy,
 And, weary of war's long delay, depart.
 Would they had gone ! Yet e'er as oft, fierce gales
 At sea blockaded them, or at the winds 140
 They flinched when on the point to go. But, ah !
 All heaven did thunder with the storm, when once
 The maple framework of this horse was up !
 In doubt, we sent Eurypylus to get
 The oracles of Phœbus, from whose shrine 145
 This hard response came back : *When first ye sought
 The Trojan shores, O Greeks, ye calmed the winds
 With blood of maiden slain. With blood again*

*Beg your return, and with a Grecian life
 Appease the gods.* When this command we heard, ¹⁵⁰
 Each heart stood still, an icy shiver searched
 The very marrow of our bones, in dread
 Who 'twas the fates decreed, or Phœbus claimed.
 Then 'twas with loud pretence Ulysses dragged
 The prophet Calchas in our midst, and asked ¹⁵⁵
 What meant this bidding of the gods. There were
 Who warned me of the trickster's fell design,
 Yet unprotesting saw my fate draw near.
 Ten days the seer was mute : he feigned the while
 Unwillingness by voice of his to doom ¹⁶⁰
 Or any soul devote to death. At length,
 And loth, urged by Ulysses' loud demands,
 He spake the word : me marked he for the knife.

“And all approved : the fate each feared for him,
 Turned to the doom of one, they lightly bore. ¹⁶⁵
 The evil day was now at hand : for me
 The sacrificial rites, the salted cakes,
 The fillets for my head were bid. I own
 I snatched me from the jaws of death ; my chains
 I broke ; I skulked all night, and lay concealed ¹⁷⁰
 Within the muddy rushes of a lake,
 Till they should set their sails, if sail they would.
 No more I hope to see my own old home,
 My darling children or my longed-for sire.
 Ah ! hap from them, for my escape, the Greeks ¹⁷⁵
 Will wring the penalty, and expiate
 My crime in their unhappy death. And so,
 By all the gods, in all the conscious power
 Of truth, in holy faith if any still

There be in man, I beg thee pity woes 180
 So deep, a soul that suffers undeserved."

For tears like these, we spare his life and give
 Our pity too, Priam the first to loose
 The cords and chains that bind the man, and speak
 To him these kindly words : "Who'er thou art, 185
 Forget henceforth the Greeks, now dead to thee ;
 Be ours, and tell me true the things I ask.
 Why built they this huge monster of a horse?
 Whose thought was it? What purpose does it serve?
 Is't votive gift or enginery of war?" 190

Sinon, instructed in the Grecian plot
 And stratagem, lifts to the stars his hands
 From fetters free : "Oh ye eternal fires,"
 He cries, "inviolable sanctities,
 Ye altars and the cruel knife I fled, 195
 Ye holy fillets I a victim wore,
 Bear witness ye, it is my sacred right
 To sunder my allegiance to the Greeks,
 To hate the race, and all their frauds unearth !
 My country's laws no longer fetter me. 200
 Do thou, O Troy, but make thy promise good,
 And, saved thyself, keep faith with me, and I
 The truth will tell, and pay thee richly back.

"The Greeks' sole hope, their trust e'er since the war
 Began, stood always in Minerva's help. 205
 But from the time, when godless Diomed
 And, machinator of all wickedness,
 Ulysses from her holy temple dared
 The sacred statue of the goddess tear —
 Dared kill the keepers of her citadel, 210

Spirit away her sacred effigy,
 And touch with bloody hands her virgin locks —
 From that time forth the ardor of the Greeks
 Hath ebbed and, faltering, oozed away, their power
 Been broken, and the goddess' favor gone. 215
 Nor did Minerva give a doubtful sign.

Scarce was the statue set in camp, when gleams
 Of fire shot from her angry eyes, salt sweat
 Ran down her limbs, and, marvellous to tell,
 Thrice from the ground she leaped, shaking her
 shield 220

And quivering spear. At once, so Calchas sang,
 Must they fly o'er the sea, nor e'er would Troy
 Succumb to Grecian arms, till they anew
 In Greece observed the omens, and restored
 The goddess, o'er the sea brought back with them 225
 In their curved boats. So now to native Greece
 They go. Arms and companion deities
 They ready make, and suddenly, the sea
 Re-crossed, will hither come again. For thus
 Calchas the omen reads. They, at his hint, 230
 In lieu of Pallas' statue built this frame
 To heal her wounded honor and atone
 Their impious crime. He bade them raise aloft
 This monster thing, of timbers interstayed,
 And lift it to the sky, so through your gates 235
 It be not drawn, nor dragged within your walls
 And thus again your people guarded be
 By their Minerva's former tutelage.
 For should your hands defile this gift to her,
 Then utter wreck — which rather may the gods 240

On Calchas turn! — shall come to Priam's realm
And people; but if by your hands it go
Into your city, then shall Troy at will
Move mighty war on Argos' walls, and Fate
Exchange our children's destiny for yours." 245

Through such deceit and Sinon's liar's art,
His tale is credited: forced tears and craft
Take captive us, whom neither Diomed,
Nor Thessaly's Achilles, nor ten years,
Nor yet a thousand sail could overthrow. 250

Nay, just at this, a greater horror still,
Far more appalling to our wretched souls,
Follows and terrifies our startled hearts.
Laocoön, a priest to Neptune he,
Chosen by lot, at the holy altar stands 255

A huge bull sacrificing when, behold!
Twin snakes — I shudder at it still — stretch out
Upon the sea in monster folds, and glide
Over the tranquil ocean, neck and neck,
From Tenedos to shore. Above the waves 260

They rise abreast; their bloody crests o'ertop
The tide: far out to sea their bodies reach,
Their huge backs sinuous with curves. There comes
The sound of rushing through the brine. And now
They touch the land, their glaring eyes suffused 265

With blood and fire, and lick their hissing mouths
With quivering tongues. Pale at the sight we fly.
Still side by side, they seek Laocoön:
At first, his two sons there, each serpent winds
Its folds their little bodies round, and bites 270
Their writhing limbs. Him next they seize, the while

He to the rescue hurries, spear in hand.
Wound in their mighty coils, twice round the waist,
Twice round his throat their scaly backs they twist,
Then top him with their heads and arching necks. 275
He struggles with his hands to loose their grip,
His fillets soaked with blood and venom black,
And lifts the while heart-rending cries to heaven,
Like bellowings of some wounded bull, that flies
The altar when the ill-aimed axe has glanced 280
From off his neck. The two snakes glide away
Toward the tall temple, making for the shrine
Of stern Minerva, hiding at her feet
Beneath the orbit of the goddess' shield.
Then doth indeed through all our trembling hearts 285
Fresh terror run. Laocoön, we say,
Thus justly expiates the crime he did
In casting weapon at the sacred wood
And thrusting in its side his cursèd spear.
All shout that to the temple must the horse 290
Be dragged, the favor of the goddess sought.
We breach the walls, and ope the city's gates.
All lend a hand, put rollers under foot,
And rig the neck with hempen tackle. Up
Stalks the infernal engine toward the walls, 295
Swarming with foes. Boys and innocent girls
Sing sacred songs around it, glad to put
Their hands upon the rope. Onward it moves,
A menace reeling to the city's midst.
Oh native land! Oh Ilium, home of gods! 300
Oh walls of Troy, illustrious in war!
Four times upon the threshold of the gate

It stumbled, and the clattering of arms
 As oft was heard within its womb. Yet blind
 With folly, heedless, on we press and lift 305
 The direful monster to the citadel.

'Tis then Cassandra tells our coming doom,
 Whom, through Apollo's work, no Trojan heeds.
 Wretches, that day to be our last, we deck
 The city's temples with the festal leaf. 310

Then the sky turns ; night rushes from the sea,
 In shadows deep enfolding heaven and earth,
 And the Greeks' plot. Silent the Trojans lie
 Throughout the town ; sleep folds their weary limbs.

Meantime the Greek reserve from Tenedos, 315
 Their boats in line, sought the familiar shore
 'Neath the deep silence of the kindly moon.

Soon as the royal barge displayed a light,
 Protected by the gods' unfriendly aid,
 Sinon lets stealthily the imprisoned Greeks 320
 Out of the womb and piny cells. The horse,
 Laid open, yields them to the outer air.

Forth from the hollow wood the exulting chiefs
 Pour out, escaping by a hanging rope ;
 Tisandrus ; Sthenelus ; Ulysses grim ; 325

Athamas ; Thoas ; Neoptolemus,
 Achilles' son ; Machaon, in the van ;
 And Menelaus ; and Epeüs who
 Devised the horse. They seize the city, dead
 With sleep and wine. They kill the sentinels, 330
 Through open gates admit all their allies,
 And reunite their forces as designed.

It was the hour when the first slumber falls

On weary men, and, sweetest gift of gods,
Creeps over them. In sleep, before my eyes 335
Sad Hector seemed to stand and burst in tears.
So looked he, black with dust and blood, when him
The two-horse chariot dragged, his swollen feet
Torn through with thongs. Ah me, the sight it was!
How little like that Hector who came back 340
Clad in Achilles' spoils, or him who set
The Grecian fleet on fire with Trojan torch, —
So haggard now with squalid beard, and locks
All stiff with blood, and many a wound he got
About his country's walls! In tears myself, 345
I seemed at once to speak the man and say
These solemn words: "O light of Troy! O hope
The Trojans trusted most! What toils so late
Have kept thee, Hector? From what shores dost come,
Awaited long? Worn out, how gladly now 350
On thee we gaze, after so many deaths
Of friends, such various calamities
Of city and of citizen. What hap
Unmerited hath marred that noble face?
Oh why those wounds do I behold?" He naught 355
Explained, nor stayed to hear my idle quests,
But from the bottom of his heart he groaned,
And cried, "Oh! fly, son of a goddess. Snatch
Thee from these flames. The foe is on the walls.
Troy tumbles from her lofty top. Enough 360
Already done for native land and Priam!
Could any hand guard Troy, my right hand 'twas
Had guarded it. To thee her sacred wares,
Her country's gods doth Troy commend. Take them

Companions of thy fortune, and for them 365
A city seek which thou shalt mighty make,
And wander then the waves no longer." Thus,
And from the inner shrines the fillets brings,
The potent Vesta and the eternal fire.

Meantime confusing cries of grief arise 370
From every quarter of the town. Although
My father's house, Anchises', lay remote
And hidden by the trees, the sounds grow clear,
The noise of battle thicks. I start from sleep,
Climb the roof-top, and stand with ears alert. 375

So when, before the raging wind, the fire
Is in the grass, or from the hills the flood,
Swift rushing forth, sweeps o'er the fields, sweeps off
The ripening crops, the labors of the ox,
And drags the forests down, struck terror-dumb 380
The shepherd stands on some high boulder's top,
And listens to the roar. Ah, then how plain
Our trust betrayed, the treachery of the Greeks!
Already falls, the fire o'ercoming it,
The stately mansion of Deïphobus. 385

Next burns Ucalegon: Sigea's straits
Glow broad beneath the glare. The shouts of men,
The blare of trumpets rise. Rashly I snatch
My arms, nor stop to think how little use
There is in them, for burns my soul to bring 390
A band of friends together in the fight,
And with them rush into the citadel.

Anger and rage precipitate my mind,
And it seems glorious, sword in hand to die!

Lo! then escaping from the Grecian steel, 395

Pantheus, the son of Othrys — priest he was
 In Phœbus' temple — headlong to our door
 Runs with the sacred wares and vanquished gods,
 And drags his little grandson by the hand.
 "Pantheus," I cry, "where hottest is the fight? 400
 What rampart are we holding?" Scarce I speak,
 When with a groan he answers, "Troy's last day,
 The inevitable hour, has come at last.
 Trojans we were; and Troy it was; gone now
 The mighty glory of the Trojan race! 405
 Merciless Jupiter gives all to Greece:
 Greeks lord it o'er the blazing town. Midway
 The city stands the towering horse, and pours
 Forth armèd men, while Sinon spreads the flames
 And boasts his victory. Reserves pour in 410
 Through gates thrown both wings back; as numerous
 They seem, as e'er from great Mycenæ came.
 They barricade with spears the narrow streets;
 The sword stands ready, edge and gleaming point
 Drawn to the death. Our guardsmen at the ports 415
 Scarce make a fight's beginning, fending off
 In random skirmishes." At Pantheus' words,
 The gods inspiring me, into the flames
 And fight I rush, where'er sad fate, where'er
 The din and heaven-echoing clamor call. 420
 Ripheus, and Iphitus our oldest man,
 Ally themselves with me. Seen by the moon,
 Dymas and Hypanis increase our band,
 And Mygdon's son, Chorœbus, who by chance
 Had sped to Troy those latter days, on fire 425
 With a wild passion for Cassandra. He,

A would-be son-in-law, came bringing troops
 To Priam and the Trojans' aid, poor wretch!
 Who heedeth not the auguries of his bride. X
 Soon as I saw them massing for the fight, 430
 I thus began: "Warriors! hearts brave in vain,
 If ye dare follow me who laugh at death!
 Ye see the fortune of the state. All gods
 By whom this empire stood have fled, their shrines
 And altars left. The city ye would save 435
 To ashes burns. Come death! but let it come
 Amid the rush of battle; e'en defeat
 One refuge hath — the refuge of despair."
 Their courage thus to desperation nerved,
 Like robber wolves in darkness and in mist, 440
 Whom the fierce rage of hunger blindly drives —
 Their whelps, their dry jaws smacking, left behind —
 Through battle and through foes to certain death
 We run, and force our way straight through the town,
 The black night wrapping us in hollow gloom. 445
 The death, the slaughter of that night, what words
 Can tell, or who find tears to match its woes!
 Mistress of years, the ancient city falls;
 And through her streets, within her very homes,
 Upon the sacred thresholds of her gods, 450
 Are heaped the bodies of her dead. Nor yet
 The Trojans only pay the mulct of blood:
 Though beat, still in their souls springs valor up.
 The Greeks, though victors, fall: and everywhere
 There comes the wail of grief, the look of fear, 455
 And death's pale shadow flitting to and fro.
 First Greek to meet us comes Androgeos,

Leading a heavy squad and taking us
 Unwittingly for friendly ranks. At once
 He speaks us fair : "Haste, soldiers! Why so late, ⁴⁶⁰
 Ye sluggards, when the rest are sacking Troy,
 Plundering it while it burns? Is it but now
 Ye come from off your lumbering boats?" He spake
 And quick, no honest answer coming back,
 Saw he had fallen in the midst of foes. ⁴⁶⁵
 Struck dumb, he started backward as he spake,
 Like one who, walking through a briery copse,
 Treads heedless on a snake, and terrified,
 As springs its head and swelling purple neck,
 Flies sudden back. Not less at sight of us ⁴⁷⁰
 Androgeos trembling turns. We make a rush,
 With closed ranks hedge the foe, and slaughter them
 O'ercome by fear and ignorant of the place.
 Fortune breathes favor on our first attempt.
 At this, exulting in success and full ⁴⁷⁵
 Of fight, Chorœbus cries : "Where Fortune first
 The way of safety points, and shows herself
 A friend, there, comrades, let us follow her.
 Let us change shields, the Grecian armor don.
 What matters it, in dealing with a foe, ⁴⁸⁰
 If it be courage wins or strategem?
 They shall themselves the arms provide." So speaks,
 And dons the crested helmet, and the shield
 Blazoned with carvings, of Androgeos,
 And buckles at his side the Grecian sword. ⁴⁸⁵
 Ripheus the like, and Dymas does the same,
 And merrily the others follow them :
 Each arms him from our recent spoils. We march,

Blent in with Greeks, in armor not our own.
Full many a contest hand to hand we wage 490
That tangled night, and many of the Greeks
We hurl to hell. Some scatter to their boats
And hurry to the trusty shore. Some scale
Again in shameful fright the monster horse,
And in its well known belly hide. 495

Alas !

What fools, e'en gods to trust when not our friends !
Lo ! they were dragging by her tumbled hair
Cassandra, Priam's virgin daughter, forth
From out the temple of Minerva. She
In vain lifted her pleading eyes to heaven — 500
Only her eyes ; her slender hands were tied.
That sight Choræbus could not bear, but dashed,
To frenzy wrought, death staring in his face,
Into the very centre of their lines :
We follow all, and charge in solid ranks. 505
Here first we suffer, to the shots exposed
Of our own friends upon the temple's roof :
A horrid butchery ensues, by fault
Of armor changed and sight of Grecian crests.
With roars of rage, the virgin from them torn, 510
Rallying from every hand the Greeks charge back,
Ajax fiercest of all, both Atreus' sons,
And the whole army of the Dolops. So,
Encountering winds, caught in tornado, writhe —
The wind from West, the wind from South, the wind 515
From East triumphant on its orient steeds :
The forests roar, and Nereus, dashed with foam,
His trident waves, and from its lowest deeps

Stirs up the sea. They, too, appear again
 Whom we had routed by our trick, and driven 520
 Amid the dark night's gloom throughout the town.
 At once they know the shields, the lying spears,
 And mark the accent of a foreign tongue.
 Their numbers overwhelm us instantly.
 Chorcæbus is the first to fall, struck down, 525
 There at the fighting goddess' shrine, by arm
 Of Penelus. Next Ripheus falls, most just
 And righteous man in Troy; yet not for him
 Are lax'd that day the mandates of the gods.
 Die Hypanis and Dymas, killed by friends. 530
 Nor thy rare piety, nor Phebus' cowl,
 Saves thee from falling, Pantheus. Witness ye,
 Ashes of Troy, and latest breath of you,
 My countrymen, I shunned not, when ye fell,
 Weapon or onslaught of the Greeks. Had fate 535
 Decreed my fall, I earned it by my blows.
 Thence forced, we scatter, — Iphitus with me,
 And Pelias — Iphitus weigh'd down with years,
 And Pelias too made tardy by the wound
 Ulysses gave. ✓ That instant rose a shout 540
 That summoned us to Priam's palace, where
 We saw a mighty battle rage, as if
 There were no other war than there, or none
 Had fallen yet in all the town — so hot
 The fight, the Greeks beleaguering the house, 545
 And charging 'neath locked shields against the gates.
 Their ladders hang upon the walls. They climb
 The steps e'en to the jambs. With the left hand
 They lift their shields to keep the missiles off,

And with the right cling to the battlements. 550
The Trojans, fighting back, tear from the roof
Its towers and tiles; with weapons such as these,
Now that the last has come, e'en in death's jaws
They ready make their fortunes to defend.
Some hurl down gilded beams, the proud reliefs 555
That tell the valor of their ancient sires.
With drawn swords others hold the doors below,
And at them stand on guard in solid mass.
Our souls beat high to reach the palace walls,
And to our fainting friends bring help and heart. 560
There was an entrance by a secret door,
A way connecting Priam's palaces,
A gate left open in the rear, whereby,
While Ilium stood, Andromache the sad
Oft unattended used to go, when she 565
Her Hæctor's parents sought, and led her boy
Astyanax unto his father's sire.
By this I reach the ridges of the roof,
Whence the despairing Trojans were in vain
Hurling their harmless missiles down. 'Tis there 570
We pry with bars about a tower that stands
Just on the edge, built from the roof so high
It overlooked all Troy, the Grecian fleet,
The Achaian camp. Just where 'twixt roof and tower
The joints are lax, we from its dizzy height 575
Rip it, and throw it o'er. Swift tumbling down,
It carries ruin with a crash, and far
And near buries the Greeks beneath its fall.
Yet others take their place. And meantime stones,
All sorts of missiles fly unceasingly. 580

Pyrrhus, before the very vestibule,
 Stands at its entrance, and exulting shouts,
 Gleaming in arms and mail of shining brass.
 So in the spring, the poison-eating snake,
 Which in the earth through winter's cold lay swoln, ⁵⁸⁵
 Now fresh, its skin sloughed off, and sleek with youth,
 Its breast uplifted, rolls its slimy back
 Up to the sun, its tongue with triple fangs
 Vibrating from its mouth. Great Periphas,
 Automedon his armor-bearer, once 590
 The driver of Achilles' steeds, and all
 His Scyrian soldiers with him charge the house,
 And torches fling upon the roof. Himself
 Among the first, stout battle-axe in hand,
 Bursts through the gates, and from their hinges splits ⁵⁹⁵
 The doors. Already hath he cut the planks,
 Stove in the firm resisting wood, and made
 An opening huge with yawning mouth. Within,
 The house lies open; and its spacious courts,
 The halls of Priam and the ancient kings 600
 Appear, and armed men standing at the sill.

Still farther in, wailings and cries of grief
 Confuse the ear; the lofty ceilings ring
 With women's lamentations, and their shrieks
 Assail the glittering stars. Through the vast rooms ⁶⁰⁵
 They flit in terror, catching hold of doors,
 Clutching and kissing them. Forward, with all
 His father's violence strides Pyrrhus on.
 Nor bar nor guard can stay him. Bolts give back
 Before the tireless battering-ram. Down go 610
 The doors wrenched from the hinge. Might makes
 its way.

The Greeks an entrance force, and, pouring through,
 Slaughter the first they meet, and every nook
 Cram full of soldiery. So torrents burst
 The river's banks and spread afoam ; so wash 615
 Away the levees built to keep them in ;
 So roll in tumbling waves upon the fields,
 And from the farm its barns and cattle sweep.
 There saw I Pyrrhus wantoning in blood,
 And Atreus' sons advancing to the front. 620
 There saw I Hecuba, and in her train
 The spouses of her hundred sons. I saw
 Before the altar Priam's blood bedew
 The fires he had so reverently kept ;
 Those fifty chambers fall, hope of the race, 625
 Their studding rich with native gold and spoils.
 Whate'er the fire-fiend spares, the Greeks secure.

Perhaps you ask me what was Priam's fate.
 Soon as he saw the captured city's doom,
 His palace sacked, Greeks in its sacred midst, 630
 Across his shoulders paralyzed with age
 The old man threw his armor, long disused —
 So useless now ! — belted his nerveless sword,
 And, dying, charged where thickest came the foe.

Midway the court, beneath the open sky 635
 Stood a great altar, and, o'erarching that,
 Enfolding in its shade the household gods,
 A very ancient laurel. Hecuba
 And all her brood had hither flocked like doves
 Before the tempest, huddling round the shrines 640
 And clinging to the statues of the gods.
 Soon as she saw her Priam snatching up

The armor of his youth, she cried: "Alas!
 My wretched lord! What reckless frenzy is't
 That girds thee thus with arms? Or where dost thou⁶⁴⁵
 Thus headlong rush? Not such the help, nor such
 The champion we need — no, e'en though now
 Were my own Hector nigh. But yield thee here:
 This altar all shall shelter, or we all
 Will die together." Thus she spake, endeared⁶⁵⁰
 The old man back to her, and pressed him sit
 Upon the altar-step.

Lo! flying then
 From Pyrrhus' bloody hand, Polites, one
 Of Priam's sons, the gantlet of the foe
 And of their weapons runs; wounded he leaps⁶⁵⁵
 Through the long porticos and emptied halls,
 While Pyrrhus follows, eager to strike home
 The deadly blow. Now, now he seems to clutch
 Him with his hand, now pricks him with his spear,
 Until at last, before his parents' eyes,⁶⁶⁰
 Into their presence even as he bursts,
 He falls ahead, and in a gush of blood
 Pours out his life. No longer then, though death
 Encircle him, can Priam hold his peace
 Or curb his anger or his voice. "On thee,⁶⁶⁵
 Who mak'st me see the murder of my son,
 And with his death hath fouled a father's face,
 On thee, for such effrontery, for such
 An outrage, may the gods, if yet there be
 Justice enough in heaven to care for such,⁶⁷⁰
 Requite thy worth and pay thee thy deserts!
 Not such, though Priam was his foe, was that

Achilles whom thou art a liar to call
 Thy sire. He blushed to violate the rights,
 The faith due suppliants e'en. He gave me back ⁶⁷⁵
 For burial my Hector's bloodless corse,
 And sent me home in safety to my realm."
 Thus as the old man spake he hurled his spear,
 Too faint to wound. From off the mocking brass
 Repulsed, it hung all harmless from the top ⁶⁸⁰
 Of Pyrrhus' shield, while Pyrrhus thus roared back :
 " Bear then — thyself the messenger shalt go —
 Thy message to my sire Achilles ; nor
 Forget to tell him these vile deeds of mine,
 And how degenerate Neoptolemus ! ⁶⁸⁵
 Now die ! " ¶ And even as he spake he dragged
 Him trembling to the very altar's face,
 Down-slipping in his son's thick-puddling gore ;
 With left hand twisted up his hair, with right
 Drew back the glittering sword, and to the hilt ⁶⁹⁰
 Drove it into his side. Such was the end
 Of Priam's fortunes, such the fate of him
 Who, Asia's sovereign once, so many lands,
 So many tribes beneath his haughty sway,
 Saw Troy to ashes burn and Pergamos ⁶⁹⁵
 In ruins. On the shore his great trunk lies,
 His head from off his shoulders torn, a corse
 Without a name.

Then all at once I felt
 A torturing fear. I stood o'erwhelmed, for, when
 I saw the king, his age the same, breathe out ⁷⁰⁰
 His life from such a cruel stab, there came
 To me the image of my own dear sire ;

There came the thought of my deserted wife
 Creüsa, and my home to pillage left,
 And the exposure of my little son 705
 Iulus. Back I turn to see what friends
 Are at my side. Exhausted, all are gone,
 Leaping to earth or fainting in the flames.

Soon as I found myself alone, I saw,
 In Vesta's temple, Helen, keeping close 710
 And slyly lurking in a shadowy nook.

The bright flames flash upon her, as I move
 Peering at every thing and every where.
 Alike the curse of Troy and native land,
 Alike in terror of the Trojans — who 715

Abhorred her as the overthrow of Troy —
 And of the Grecians' vengeance and the wrath
 Of her deserted husband, she had hid,
 And by the altar sat, a thing to hate.

My soul flashed fire. The maddening impulse came 720
 To avenge my falling country, and to wreak
 The penalty of her accursed crimes.

“ Shall she, unharmed forsooth, return to see
 Sparta and native Greece,—go back a queen
 In triumph borne, and look upon her home, 725
 Her husband, parents, and her children all,

Accompanied by throngs of Trojan dames
 And Trojan slaves, while Priam by the sword
 Lies low, Troy wrapped in flames, the Dardan shore
 So oft asweat with blood? Never! For though 730
 No memory loves the name that wreaks revenge
 Upon a woman, nor is any praise
 For such a feat, yet shall I stand approved

If I root out this pest and execute
 The sentence she hath earned. I shall delight 735
 To sate my burning fever for revenge,
 The ashes of my countrymen atone."

Thus was I flaming, near to frenzy wrought,
 When my sweet mother, never to my eyes
 So manifest before, — goddess confessed, — 740
 Broke on my sight, and through the darkness shone
 In holy light, such and majestic there
 As to the inhabitants of heaven she seems.
 With her right hand she held me back the while,
 Opened her rosy mouth, and said: "My son, 745
 What wrong hath raised in thee such headlong rage?
 What is this frenzy? Where is thy regard
 For those we cherish both? Wilt thou not first
 Think where thou leav'st thy sire Anchises, weak
 With years, — whether Creüsa still survives, 750
 Or still Ascanius thy son? Round them
 On every hand the Grecian soldiers hunt,
 And, but my care kept guard, ere now the flames
 Had forced them thence, or savage sword had drunk
 Their blood. Hate not Helen of Sparta's face, 755
 Nor Paris blame: the gods', the gods' ill-will
 It is, that blasts this realm, and from its height
 Hurls Ilium down. Behold! for I will tear
 Aside the cloud that, veiling now thy gaze,
 Blunts mortal sight and shadows it in mist; 760
 Fear not thy mother's bidding, nor refuse
 Her mandates to obey. Here, where thou see'st
 This mass of fragments, stone from stone torn off,
 Neptune, with his great trident, shakes the walls

And tottering foundations of the town, 765
 And roots it from the earth. Here Juno holds,
 Fiercest of all, the Scæan gates' approach,
 And mad with rage, and girded with a sword,
 Calls from the fleet the host of her allies.
 See! now Minerva sits the temple's top, 770
 Flashing with storm and savage Gorgon's head.
 Even the Father fires the Greeks with zeal
 And conquering might, and spurs himself the gods
 Against the Trojan arms. Take flight, my son,
 And to the battle put an end. With thee 775
 Will I be every where, and bear thee safe
 Back to thy father's door." Ere she had said,
 She melted in the fissured shades of night.
 Demons of dread and mighty deities
 Hover in sight, implacable to Troy. 780

Then seemed me Ilium to sink in flames,
 And Troy, that Neptune helped to build, to heave
 From its foundations. So on mountain-top
 Woodsmen, vying together, press the fall
 Of some old ash they circle, as they cut 785
 It round with frequent clip of iron axe :
 Incessantly it nods, and trembling bows
 The foliage of its shaking top, until
 By littles yielding to the blows, at last
 It gives a groan and, from the summit hurled, 790
 Drags ruin down.

Descending from the roof,
 The goddess for my guide, I pass between
 The flame and foe : the weapons of the Greeks
 Give way ; the flames recede.) But when I reach

The threshold of my father's ancient house, 795
 And fain would bear him to the mountain heights
 At once, and so begin entreating him,
 Disdains he to prolong his life, now Troy
 Lies waste, or suffer exile. "Ye," he says,
 "Whose blood is unimpaired by age, whose powers 800
 Stand firm in their own strength, make good your flight.
 Had the celestials wished my life prolonged,
 They would have saved this home of mine. Enough,
 More than enough, that I one city's fall
 Have seen, one captured town survived ! Thus, thus 805
 I lay my body-down : bid me farewell,
 And go. This my own hand shall find me death.
 The foe will pity though he plunder me.
 'Tis naught, the losing of a grave. Too long,
 Hated by gods, I drag my useless years, 810
 E'er since the Sire of gods and King of men
 Smote me with thunder-blasts, and scorched with fire."
 He kept on thus, and lay immovable,
 While we were bathed in tears, — Ascanius,
 My wife Creüsa, all the house, — lest he 815
 In his own ruin drag down all, and force
 Impending fate. He would not yield, but clung
 To his resolve, and kept his post unmoved.
 Once more I rush to arms, courting e'en death,
 Poor wretch, for what can wit or fortune more ? 820
 "Did'st think, my sire, that I could fly and leave
 Thee to thy fate ? or could my father's lips
 Charge me so base a thought ? If the gods please
 That naught escape in such a city's fall, —
 If 'tis thy will and pleasure thee and thine 825

To add to Troy's perdition, then the door
 Wide open lies to such a death as that!
 For Pyrrhus from the swimming butchery
 Of Priam will apace be here, who slew
 The son before the father's face, and then 830
 The father at the altar front. Is it
 For this, good mother, that through fire and steel
 Thou rescuest me? that I may see the foe
 Here in the sanctuary of my home, —
 Here, weltering in each other's blood, my sire, 835
 Creüsa, and my boy, Ascanius?
 Arms, men, bring arms! The hour that is our last
 Its martyrs claims. Front me the Greeks again:
 Let me renew the battle I began:
 This day we shall not all die unavenged." 840

But as I buckle on my sword anew,
 Adjust my shield, my left arm through its loops,
 And sally from the house, lo! round my feet
 My wife upon the threshold clings, and lifts
 Little Iulus in his father's way:— 845
 "If thou upon thy death wilt rush, yet take
 Thou also us, so we thy peril share;
 But if, a warrior tried, with arms in hand
 Thou hast in them one lingering hope, then first
 Defend thy home! With whom else shall be left 850
 Little Iulus, or thy sire, or she
 Thou once did'st call thy wife." Imploring thus,
 She filled the whole house with her cries; when—strange
 The tale—there came a sudden, wondrous sign.
 For lo! e'en as his wretched parents clasped 855
 And gazed upon Iulus, on his head

There seemed a slender jet of light to blaze ;
 Yet, harmless in its touch, the flame did lick
 His clustering hair and round his temples feed.
 Affright, we rushed to beat his burning locks, 860
 And water flung to quench the holy fire.
 But joyfully father Anchises then
 Raised to the stars his eyes, and stretched his hands
 To heaven, and cried : “ Almighty Jupiter,
 If any prayer can turn thee, look on us ! 865
 Grant us but this, and if we merit aught
 For piety, then, Father, give thy help
 And sure confirm this present augury ! ”

Scarce hath the old man spoken : instantly
 It thunders on the left ; falling from heaven 870
 With a great burst of light, a star shoots through
 The darkness like a shaft. High o’er the roof
 We see it glide, then clear on Ida’s wood
 It sets, so signalling our course, while still
 The long line of its furrow gleams, and far 875
 And wide its pathway smokes with sulphurous fumes.
 At this o’ercome at last, my father lifts
 His face to heaven, gives praise unto the gods,
 And adoration to the sacred star.
 “ Quick, quick, no more delay ; I follow thee, 880
 And wheresoe’er thou ledest, there am I.
 Gods of my native land, preserve my race,
 My grandson save ! Your augury is this,
 And Troy is in your keeping. * Yea, my son,
 I yield, nor more refuse to go with thee. ” 885

He spake ; while clearer still, throughout the town,
 The roaring fire is heard, and nearer rolls

The flaming heat. "Come then, dear father, cling
 About my neck ; thee on my shoulders I
 Will lift, nor ever tire 'neath such a load. 890
 Whatever haps, to both alike shall fall,
 Our safety and our danger ever one.
 Little Iulus at my side shall go,
 Creüsa on our track and well behind.
 Note, servants, what I say. There is a knoll 895
 Outside the city as ye go, an old
 Deserted temple, Ceres' once, and, near
 To that, an ancient cypress, which our sires
 Have kept religiously for many years :
 By various paths there will we rendezvous. 900
 Thou, father, take in hand the sacred wares,
 Our country's gods. Fresh from so fierce a fight,
 I may not touch them, stained with blood, nor till
 I shall have washed me in a living stream."

I spake, and with a tawny lion skin 905
 Robed my broad shoulders and my bended neck.
 I lift my load : Little Iulus twines
 His hand in my right hand, and out of step
 Trots at his father's heels. Behind us walks
 My wife. We go through places dark with shade ; 910
 And me, whom late no charge of foemen's steel,
 Nor Greeks enmassed in hostile ranks could move,
 Now every whisper terrifies, — no sound
 So faint it does not torture me with fear, —
 Like anxious for my hand-mate and my load. 915

Just as I neared the gates, and thought I saw
 The way all clear, sudden there seemed to break
 Upon the ear the thud of many feet.

Forth looking through the gloom, my father criès :
 “O son, son, fly! They come! Their glistening
 shields, 920
 Their shining helms I see.” In my alarm,
 I know not what malignant power confused
 And robbed me of my head. For while I took
 A by-path, leaving the accustomed track,
 Alas! my wife Creüsa, torn from me 925
 By some unkindly fate, faltered and fell,
 Or strayed away, or sat exhausted down —
 Which ’twas I cannot tell. Ne’er to our eyes
 Since then hath she come back again. Nor till
 We came unto the knoll and Ceres’ old 930
 And sacred temple, did I note her lost,
 Or think upon’t. Collected there at last,
 Of all she only lacked, eluding sight
 Of everyone, — friends, husband, and her child.
 Frenzied, what god or man did I not curse? 935
 In all that sack what saw I half so sad?
 Commending to my friends Ascanius,
 Father Anchises and the Trojan gods,
 I hid them in a sheltered dell, then girt
 My bright arms on, and sought once more the town, 940
 Resolved all hazards to renew, all Troy
 To search, and every peril dare again.

The walls, the shadowy portals of the gate
 Through which we came, I first essay, and through
 The darkness follow back and note our steps, 945
 And trace them by the glare. A sense of dread,
 The very silence everywhere, all fill
 My soul with terror. Thence I bear me home :

Perchance, perchance her feet have wandered there.

The Greeks have entered it, and hold it all. 950

Even now the hungry fire rolls o'er the roof

Before the wind : the flames o'er-master it ;

The air is boiling with the heat. I go

To Priam's palace, visiting again

The citadel. In its deserted aisles, 955

At Juno's shrine, picked captains of the guard,

Phœnix and grim Ulysses, all the while

Their booty watch ; here everywhere is strewn

The wealth of Troy, snatched from its burning homes,

Gods' tables, and great bowls of solid gold, 960

- And garments stripped from captives. Round about,
Long lines of boys and frightened women stand.

Nay, even I dared to shout throughout the town.

I filled the streets with outcries, and in vain,

Sadly her name repeating, called again 965

And yet again, Creüsa ! till to me,

Searching and raving endlessly through all

The houses of the town, rose on my eyes,

Larger than life, her own sad effigy,

Creüsa's very ghost. I stared agape, 970

My hair stood up, my voice stuck in my throat.

But soon she spake, and thus dispelled my fears :

“ Sweet husband, why indulge this senseless grief ?

What comes, comes by the bidding of the gods.

'Tis not ordained, high heaven's King forbids, 975

To make Creüsa comrade of thy voyage,

Thy wanderings long, vast ocean fields to plough,

Ere to Hesperia thou shalt come, where flows

The Tuscan Tiber, with its gentle stream,

Mid fields whose richest crop is valiant men. 980

There shalt thou win prosperity, a realm,

A royal wife. Dear as Creüsa was,

Shed her no tears. Dolop's nor Myrmidon's

Proud palace shall I see, nor shall I go,

Trojan and wife of goddess Venus' son, 985

To wait on Grecian women. But the great

Mother of gods will let me linger here

Upon these shores. And now farewell. Keep fresh

My love in loving him, thy child and mine."

Soon as she spake she faded in thin air, 990

And left me weeping, longing so to say

A thousand things. Thrice did I try to throw

My arms about her there, and thrice her ghost

Slipped from the empty clutching of my hands,

Like the airy wind or like a fitting dream. 995

And so again, the night far gone, I go

Back to my friends, delighted there to find

Great numbers of new comrades have come in,

A wretched band of matrons, men and youth,

Gathering for exile. From all sides they flock, 1000

Still stout of heart, and ready with their all

To cross the sea, whatever land I seek.

By this, the morning star was rising o'er

Mount Ida's peak, and leading up the dawn.

The Greeks were masters of the humbled town : 1005

No ray of hope to serve it more. I yield,

Take on my sire, and to the mountains turn.

THIRD BOOK.

AFTER the gods saw fit to overthrow
The might of Asia and King Priam's race,
That merited a better destiny —
After proud Ilium fell, and on the ground
All Troy, that Neptune helped to build, in smoke 5
And ashes lay, the heavenly auguries
Forced us to seek far exile and new lands.
We at Antandros 'neath Mount Ida build
A fleet, — uncertain yet where fate doth point,
Or where to settle, — and we get our men 10
Together. Scarce hath earliest summer come
When sire Anchises bids spread to the fates
Our sails. In tears I leave my native shores,
The port, the plain where once was Troy, and go
An exile o'er the ocean, with my men, 15
My son, my household and the greater gods.

Straight off there lies, inhabited and farmed
By Thracians, sacred too to Mars, the land
That once was bold Lycurgus' realm. It long
Had been at peace with Troy, our gods allied 20
While fortune favored us. 'Tis here I touch,
And on the curving beach, unlucky step,
Lay the foundations of a town, and call
It by the name of Ænos, from my own.

There came a day when I was offering
Religious rites to Venus and the gods, 25

Who to our undertaking had been kind,
A sleek bull sacrificing on the shore
To the celestials' mighty sovereign.
Not far away there chanced to be a knoll, 30
And on its top a growth of dogwood shoots
And myrtles bristling with a mass of thorns.
Approaching it, out of the ground I tried
To pull a shrub, that with its leafy boughs
I might the altar cover. Lo! a sight 35
I saw, frightful and marvellous to tell!
Soon as the trunk I plucked from out the soil,
Black drops of blood from its torn roots did fall,
Clotting the sand with gore. Over my flesh
A chill of horror crept, my blood grew cold 40
And still with fear. Again I dared, and plucked
Another limber shoot to learn the cause
That lurked beneath: but from the bark of this
The dark blood followed as before. O'ercome,
I prayed the rustic Nymphs and Mars, who rules 45
Over these Thracian lands, to sanctify
The vision and to make the omen good.
But while the third I tried with stouter wrench,
And struggled with my knees against the sand,
Up from the bottom of the knoll — shall I 50
Speak out or silent be? — a piteous groan
I heard; an answering voice came to my ears:
“Why wound a wretch like me, Æneas? Spare
The grave, and cease to foul thy pious hands.
Troy bore me, not to thee a stranger; nor 55
From any root doth this blood flow. Ah! fly
This savage land, this avaricious shore!

For I am Polydorus : here transfixed,
 An iron crop of spears hath covered me,
 And grown up in sharp javelins." Ah! then, 60
 Distraught with doubt and fear, I stared agape,
 My hair stood up, my voice stuck in my throat!

Some time before, when luckless Priam felt
 Distrust in Troy's equipment for defence,
 And saw the city under siege, he sent 65
 This Polydorus stealthily — with him
 A goodly weight of gold — unto the king
 Of Thrace to be brought up by him. But he,
 Soon as he saw the Trojan realm a wreck,
 And fortune fled, went over to the side 70
 Of Agamemnon and his conquering arms,
 Outraged all guest-rite, Polydorus slew,
 And robbed him. O accursed thirst for gold,
 To what dost thou not steel the human heart!

Soon as my fright is over, I report 75
 Unto the people's chosen men, my sire
 Especially, these omens of the gods,
 And ask them what they think. One answer comes
 From all alike — to leave that godless land,
 To avoid its treacherous hospitality, 80
 And tempt the breezes to the fleet. We pay
 Therefore to Polydorus funeral rites :
 The earth is heaped up in a generous mound ;
 Shrines are erected to his ghost, and draped
 With purple fillet and dark cypress branch. 85
 Round them the Trojan women walk, their hair un-
 loosed
 As is their wont ; full goblets of fresh milk

And bowls of consecrated blood we pour ;
Within the grave we lay his soul at rest,
And last of all we cry aloud, Farewell. 90

Soon as the sea is calm and winds blow fair,
And to the deep soft murmuring zephyrs call,
The sailors launch their boats and line the shore.
Forth as we sail, the land and town recede.

Mid-ocean lies a most delightful land, 95
Unto the mother of the Nereïds

And Neptune sacred, once a floating isle
Amid the Archipelago, which good
Bow-god, Apollo, pinned to Myconos
And-high-peaked Gyarus, and made it firm 100
And fit to dwell upon, — no more to be
The plaything of the winds. To this I sail.

In harbor snug, this quietest of isles
Receives us weary with long voyaging.
We land and bless Apollo's city, while 105

King Anius, at once Apollo's priest
And sovereign of the state, with fillets crowned
And sacred laurel leaves, comes running down
To meet us, recognizing his old friend

Anchises. Welcome guests, we clasp right hands, 110
And enter 'neath his roof. I fall in prayer
In the god's temple built of mossy rock :

“To us, so weary, O Apollo, give
Homes of our own, shelter of walls, a state,
A city that shall last! This latter Troy, 115
Whate'er the Greeks and grim Achilles spared,
Have in thy care! Whom shall we follow? Where
Dost bid us go? Where fix our homes? Give sign,

O Father, and illuminate our minds !”

Scarce thus I spake, when suddenly the walls, ¹²⁰
 The holy laurel tree, all seemed to shake,
 The very mountain seemed to rock, the shrine
 Unfold, and mutterings from the tripod rise.
 Prostrate we humbly fall, and then a voice
 Comes to our ears : “ Brave Trojan men, the land ¹²⁵
 That bore you first from your ancestral stock,
 The same shall take you back to its warm breast.
 Search out your ancient mother-land. For thence
 O'er all the world Æneas' house shall rule—
 He and his children's children and their seed.” ¹³⁰

Apollo thus. Loud murmurs of delight
 Arise: all ask at once what is this land,
 To which Apollo guides our wanderings,
 And bids us to return. My father then,
 Weighing the legends of our ancestors, ¹³⁵
 Cries: “ Hark, ye leaders of the people, learn
 What 'tis ye may expect. Jove's island, Crete,
 Lies in mid sea with a Mount Ida on't,
 A hundred goodly cities, and a soil
 Most fertile. 'Tis the cradle of our race. ¹⁴⁰
 Thence Teucer, founder of our line, if I
 Aright recall what I have heard, first came
 Unto the shores of Troy, and chose his seat
 Of empire there. Nor then stood Ilium
 Nor Troy's high citadel. Thence Cybele, ¹⁴⁵
 The mother of the gods, who came and dwelt
 Upon Mount Cybela ; thence too her priests,
 The Corybants, with cymbals made of brass ;
 Thence too the name of Ida to her groves,

The inviolable mystery of her rites ; 150
 Her lions yoked and tamed to draw her car.
 Therefore go on, and where the gods direct,
 There let us tend, placate the winds, and seek
 The Cretan realm. Nor long the course : if Jove
 Be kind, the third day anchors us in Crete." 155
 Thus spake he, and due sacrifices made
 Before the shrines — a bull to Neptune ; one,
 Thou beautiful Apollo, unto thee ;
 Black sheep to Storm ; to the fair Zephyrs, white.
 'Tis rumored that Idomeneus the king, 160
 Banished his native realm, hath gone from Crete ;
 Its shores abandoned by our foes, their homes
 Deserted, and their towns left tenantless.
 We leave Ortygia's port, fly o'er the sea,
 And sweep past Naxos' Bacchanalian heights ; 165
 Past emerald Donysa and Oleäros,
 Past snow-white Paros and the Cyclades
 That cluster on the sea, and through the straits
 Made narrow by so many isles. Up goes
 The sailors' cry, the rival crews astir 170
 And briskened by the common stimulus
 That we to Crete and our forefathers go.
 The wind comes up astern, and follows us,
 Till last we reach the Cretans' ancient shores.
 There eagerly I lay foundation walls 175
 To build the city of my hope, and call
 It Pergamos. I urge the men — that name
 Delighting them — to nurse their hearths, and raise
 Defences for their homes. Already now,
 On the dry sands the boats were almost beached, 180

Our youth intent on marriage and the farm,
 Myself assigning homes and making laws,
 When suddenly a wasting, loathsome plague
 Poisoned the air, and fell on limbs of men,
 On trees and crops, — a pestilential year. 185
 They part with life so dear to them, or drag
 Their sickly frames about. The dog-star now
 Hath burned the sterile fields: withers the grass:
 The parching crops refuse to grow. My sire
 Urges us go again, back o'er the sea, 190
 To Apollo and Ortygia's oracles,
 Beseech the favor of the god, and learn
 What surcease to our weariness he puts:
 Whence 'tis his bidding we shall look for aid
 In our distress, and where to shape our course. 195
 'Twas night. Sleep stilled all living things on earth,
 And as I lay in dreams, before my eyes,
 Clear in a flood of light, that from the moon
 At full poured through the open casements, stood
 The sacred figures of the gods and Troy's 200
 Divinities which from the city's flames
 I had brought out with me. 'Twas thus they spake,
 And with these words dispersed my fears: "All that
 Apollo would reveal to thee, didst thou
 Back to Ortygia go, he tells thee here, 205
 Himself the message sending to your doors.
 Thine arms and thee we follow: Troy burnt low,
 We sail the heaving ocean, thou our guide:
 And we shall also raise to starry fame
 Thy generations hence, and empire give 210
 Unto thy city. Lay foundations great

For future greatness, nor give o'er the toil
Of exile, lengthen as it may. The scene
Must shift. Not these the shores Apollo bade
At Delos; not his will to settle Crete. 215
There is a place — The Grecians call its name
Hesperia — an old land, stout at war,
And rich its soil. The Enotrians tilled it once,
But now, 'tis said that their descendants name
It Italy — some chieftain's name. 'Tis there 220
Our birth-place is. There Dardanus did spring,
And our progenitor Iasius,
From which stock came our race. Up then, arise,
And to thine aged father gladly tell
The truth at last! Let him seek Corythus 225
And Italy. Jove doth deny thee Crete."
Startled by such a vision, and to hear
The voices of the gods — it was not sleep;
I seemed to recognize them face to face,
The fillets round their locks, their very looks — 230
A cold sweat pouring out from every limb,
I snatch my body from the bed, lift up
My palms and voice to heaven, and on the hearth
A pure libation pour. This honor paid,
O'erjoyed I set Anchises next at rest, 235
And tell him all as it occurred. He sees
At once the double ancestry, the two
Progenitors, and how the ancient names,
Confused in later times, misguided him.
"O son," he cries, "o'erburdened with the fate 240
Of Troy, Cassandra used alone foretell
Of fortunes such as these. I mind me, now,

She said that such were fated to our race,
And often named Hesperia, oft spake
Of the Italian realm. But who believed 245
The Trojans e'er would go to Italy?
Or whom did then Cassandra's prophecies
E'er influence? To Phœbus let us yield,
And, warned by him, follow a better course."
So spake he. Cheerfully his word we heed, 250
Abandon this our second settlement,
And, leaving there a few, set sail and sweep
O'er the vast ocean in our wooden shells.

After the fleet is well afloat, nor more
The land is seen, naught but the sea and sky, 255
The murky rain-clouds gather overhead
In storm and darkness. In the gloom the waves
Grow boisterous. The winds incessantly
Roll up the sea, its mountain surges lift.
Scattered we toss upon the mighty deep. 260
The day goes out in tempest, and the night
Washes away the stars. The lightnings flash,
And rip the clouds apart. Forced from our course,
We wander at the mercy of the waves.
Not Palinurus even can discern 265
'Twixt night and day o'erhead, nor find his way
Amid the billows. Thus the ocean o'er
We stray three days all darkened into one,
Three nights without a star. Not till the fourth
See we the land appear at length, far off 270
The mountains looming up and belching smoke.
Down go the sails. We spring upon our oars.
No time is lost: the sailors, sharp at work,

Whirl up the spray and cut the azure deep.

From shipwreck saved, the Strophades first take ²⁷⁵

Me to their shores — called Strophades in Greek —

Isles in the great Ionian sea, where foul

Celæno and the other Harpies dwell,

Since Phineus' house was shut them and they fled

In terror from their late abode. Than they ²⁸⁰

There is no viler monster, nor doth pest

Or visitation of the gods so fell

Emerge above the current of the Styx —

Birds with girls' faces, and a loathsome flux,

Claw-hands, and e'er a hungry pallid look. ²⁸⁵

Arriving^d here, we enter into port.

Lo! in the fields we see contented herds

Of oxen feeding here and there, and flocks

Of goats, no keeper near them, pasturing.

We charge them with our spears, and call the gods, ²⁹⁰

E'en Jove himself, to share the booty; then,

Upon the circling beach we tables build,

And feast on dainty meats. But frightfully

And sudden from the mountains swooping down,

The Harpies are at hand, and flap their wings ²⁹⁵

With deafening roar. They snatch away the food

And with their filthy touch foul every thing,

While through the sickening stench their horrid shrieks

Arise. Once more, within a deep recess,

Beneath a hollow rock, shut all about ³⁰⁰

With trees and thickest shade, we spread the board,

And at the altars light the fires anew.

Once more from every quarter of the sky,

From hidden dens, the clamoring crew clutch up

The prey with crookèd claws, and with their mouths ³⁰⁵
 Besmear the food. Then did I bid the men
 Take arms, and battle with this hideous race.
 They do as bid, and hide their swords from sight
 Within the grass, and lay away their shields ;
 So when again we hear them flapping down, ³¹⁰
 The trumpeter Misenus from his post
 Gives signal, and the men attack, and wage
 A fight they never waged before, to slay
 With sword these loathsome ocean-birds : yet they
 Receive no blow upon their wings, nor wounds ³¹⁵
 Upon their flesh. Gliding in rapid flight
 Up toward the stars, they leave behind the food
 Half-eaten, and the traces of their filth.
 Only Celæno, prophetess of woe,
 Sits high a rock, and from her throat croaks this : ³²⁰
 “Wage ye war too, sons of Laomedon,
 Who first our oxen kill, our cattle maim,
 Then drive us, harmless Harpies, from our homes ?
 Hear, then, and take to heart these words of mine.
 I, greatest of the furies, tell to you ³²⁵
 What the Omnipotent to Phœbus told,
 And Phœbus unto me. To Italy
 Ye shape your course. To Italy indeed,
 The winds so bidden, shall ye go, and ride
 Into its ports. But ye shall not surround ³³⁰
 Your destined city with its walls, until
 Starvation grim, vengeance for this assault
 Ye make on us, shall force you e’en to eat
 The trenchers that your teeth shall gnaw.” So spake,
 Then soared aloft and flew into the wood. ³³⁵

As for the men, their very blood ran cold
 With sudden fear. Their spirits drooped ; nor more
 With arms, but now with prayers and vows, for peace
 They bade me beg, let these be goddesses
 Or only hideous and loathsome birds. 340

Father Anchises, stretching from the shore
 His hands, invokes the great divinities,
 And orders fitting sacrifices. "Gods,"
 He cries, "forbid these threats ! Avert such fate,
 And in your favor keep your worshippers !" 345
 Then bids he tear the cable from the beach,
 Let out and loose the sheets.

The south wind strains

The sail. Over the sparkling tide we go,
 Where'er the helmsman and the breezes guide.
 Midway our course appear Zacynthus' groves, 350
 Dulichium, Samos, and the towering cliffs
 Of Neritos. We shun Laertes' realm,
 The rocks of Ithaca, and curse the land
 Of grim Ulysses' birth. Soon open up
 Leucate's cloudy top and, sailors' dread, 355
 The temple of Apollo. Weary, we
 Make shore, and shelter 'neath the little town ;
 The kedge goes o'er the bow : the sterns are beached.

Thus unexpectedly at length we land,
 Atone to Jove, and make burnt offerings. 360
 With Trojan games we celebrate the shores
 Of Actium. Stripped to the skin, and slick
 With oil, the men indulge their native sports,
 Glad to have shunned so many Grecian towns
 And made their flight straight through the midst of
 foes. 365

Meantime the sun rolls round the whole long year,
 And icy winter roughs the sea with storms.
 A shield of hollow brass — great Abas wore
 It once — I nail o'er-front the temple gate,
 And write this legend of its meaning there : 370
 FROM VICTOR GREEKS ÆNEAS WON THESE ARMS.
 Then do I bid the men depart the port,
 And seat them on the thwarts. In rivalry
 They lash the sea and sweep across the tide.
 Anon fade Corfu's airy pinnacles. 375
 We coast Epirus' shore, make Chaon's port,
 And reach Buthrotum's lofty citadel.
 There an incredible report we hear ;
 That Helenus, a son of Priam, reigns
 Throughout these Grecian towns ; that Pyrrhus' wife 380
 And crown are his — Pyrrhus, Achilles' son ;
 And that again Andromache is wed
 Unto a husband of her race. Amazed
 I stand, my heart aglow with hot desire
 To speak the man and probe so strange a tale. 385
 Up from the port I go, leaving the fleet
 And strand. Within a grove outside the town,
 By an adopted Simoïs' stream, it chanced
 Just then Andromache to Hector's dust
 Paid solemn banquet-rites and marks of grief, 390
 And called his ghost at what was feigned his tomb,
 Which, with its double altar, she, though naught
 The green sod hid, had hallowed unto him
 And made the very fountain of her tears.
 Soon as she saw me coming, and beheld 395
 The blazon round her of the Trojan arms,

Bewildered and o'ercome at such a sight,
Rigid she stood and steadfast gazed; her limbs
Grew cold; fainting she scarce long afterwards
Could speak: "Son of a goddess, dost thou come 400
To me a living face, true messenger?
Dost live? Or, if sweet life hath fled, where is
My Hector?" Thus she spake, and rained a flood
Of tears, and filled the whole grove with her sobs,
So violent, scarce could I aught respond 405
Or, overwhelmed myself, open my mouth
With now and then a word: "Indeed I live,
And still live on through all vicissitudes.
Doubt not; thou see'st me still alive. But ah!
What lot is thine robbed of so great a lord! 410
What hath fate brought thee worthy thy desert?
Doth the Andromache of Hector stoop
To Pyrrhus' wife?" She hung her head, and spake
In a low voice: "Oh! happiest of all
Was she, king Priam's daughter doomed to fall 415
A victim at Achilles' grave, beneath
Troy's stately walls! Not hers to bear the lot
That turned upon the casting of a die,
Or, captive, touch a tyrant master's bed;
While I, my native land in flames, forth dragged 420
From sea to sea, bent to a drudge, have borne
The contumely of Achilles' race,
And his o'erbearing son; who, when he sought
Hermione, a Spartan wife, gave me
A slave to Helenus, himself a slave. 425
Orestes, wrought to fury with the love
He passionately bore his stolen bride,

And mad with the insanity of crime,
 Came on the tyrant off his guard, and slew
 Him at his native altars. Pyrrhus dead, 430
 The realm in part to Helenus reverts,
 Who all this land hath named Chaonia
 From Trojan Chaon's name, and on the heights
 Hath built these Trojan towers and citadel.
 But what the wind or fate that guided thee? 435
 What god hath brought thee haply to our shores?
 How with the boy Ascanius? Does he,
 The hope that Troy gave thee in charge, still live
 And drink the air? Still doth the little one
 Miss his dead mother's care, or doth his sire 440
 Æneas, doth his uncle Hector wake
 The old-time valor and the heroic soul?"

While thus, all sobs and powerless tears, she spake,
 The hero Helenus, king Priam's son,
 Came from the town, a great train following. 445
 He knows his countrymen; o'erjoyed, he leads
 Them to his house, yet weeps at every word.
 As I advance, I recognize 'tis Troy
 In miniature; its citadel like Troy's;
 The shallow current of a Xanthus there; 450
 I kiss the threshold of a Scæan gate;
 My Trojans greet a city of their own.
 The king receives them in his ample courts:
 Midway the hall they pour the flowing wine,
 Drink healths, their viands served on gilded plate. 455

A day, and yet another day goes by.
 The breezes tempt the sails. The rising wind
 The canvas swells. Our prophet-host I speak,

And question thus: "Thou augur of the gods
 And son of Troy — who read'st Apollo's will, 460
 The tripod and the laurel of the god,
 The stars, the language of the birds, and all
 Signs of the rapid wing — kind auspices
 Have shown me all my course; the deities
 All bid me go to Italy, and seek 465
 That land of rest. Harpy Celæno sang
 Alone a strange and horrid note of woe,
 Threatening fell vengeance and the loathsome ghoul
 Of famine. Tell me thou what peril first
 To shun; what course to follow, so that I 470
 Such dire necessity may overcome."

Then Helenus, a bullock duly slain,
 Implores the favor of the gods, unbinds
 The fillets from his holy head, and me,
 Awed by the ghostly gloom, leads hand in hand 475
 Into thy temple, Phœbus. There the priest,
 With tongue inspired from heaven, doth chant these
 words:

"Son of a goddess, faith sees clear that thou
 Dost o'er the ocean go to better things.
 The King of gods so fate allots, and sets 480
 The order of events. That order stands!
 Yet so thou safer cross pacific seas
 And land in an Italian port, I will
 Of many prophecies a few unfold.
 For more the Fates forbid thee know, nor wills 485
 Juno that Helenus should utter more.

"And first, an intricate long way sets far
 From thee the Italy thou think'st so near,

Whose ports thou ignorantly hastest now
 To come to anchor in. The oar must bend 490
 'Gainst the Sicilian waves; thy barks must face
 The briny Tuscan sea, the infernal lakes,
 And Circe's isle, ere in the promised land
 Thou canst thy city found. Mark thou my words;
 Hold them deep founded in thy memory. 495

“ Beside a quiet river's flow, beneath
 The holm trees on the shore, the time will come
 When thou, a care-worn wanderer, shalt find,
 At rest upon the ground, a huge white sow
 Reclining with a litter, newly born, 500
 Of thirty white pigs at her teats. That place
 Shall be thy city's site, the sure surcease
 Of all thy toils. Nor shudder at the thought
 That thou shalt gnaw the trencher. Fate will find
 A way, and Phœbus answer to thy prayer. 505
 This land, this trend of the Italian coast,
 Depart: the hostile Greeks inhabit all
 Its towns. The Locrians here have made their homes.
 Cretan Idomeneus holds under arms
 The Sallentinian plains. Here too is snug 510
 Petilia, defended by the wall
 Of Philoctetes, Melibœa's king.
 But when thy fleet from o'er the sea shall come
 To port at last, and thou thy vows dost pay
 At altars raised upon the shore, veil then 515
 Thy locks with purple, lest some hostile face,
 Appearing mid the sacred fires that burn
 In honor of the gods, the omens mar.
 Keep thou thyself this sacred custom; let

Thy followers keep it, and posterity 520
Remain e'er faithful to this pious rite.
Soon as the wind shall bring thee, sailing hence,
To the Sicilian shores, and full in view
Open Messina's narrow straits, sheer off
To port and, long though be the circuit, take 525
The water on thy left. Upon the right
Beware the sea and shore. Of old, they say,
These straits were violently rent apart,
By some vast shock convulsed, — such is the change
Wrought by the weary lapse of centuries. 530
Where once both lands were one, the mighty sea
Poured in between, and with its deluge tore
The Italian side from Sicily, and flows
A narrow channel now 'twixt fields and towns
Disparted by its banks. Scylla besets 535
The right; Charybdis, merciless, the left.
Thrice to the bottom of her maw she sucks
Straight down the giant waves, then belches them
In turn again into the air, and flings
Their spray across the stars. But Scylla lurks 540
Prisoned within the cavern of the rock,
Stretching her jaws to drag the mariner
Upon the reefs, — her face a human face,
A virgin to her groin with shapely breasts,
But, after that, a monster of the sea 545
Of size immense, with tails of dolphins joined
To belly of the wolf. Better delay,
And turn Pachynus, Sicily's extreme;
Better sail round, however long the voyage,
Than once the hideous shape of Scylla see 550

In that deep-yawning cavern, where the rocks
Re-echo to her murky sea-dogs' howl ! .
Besides, if Helenus hath any sense,
If thou hast faith in his prophetic power,
Or if Apollo fills his mind with truth, 555
One thing I tell thee, goddess' son, one thing
Before all else, and still the warning urge,
Again and yet again repeating it : —
With prayers entreat thou first great Juno's grace ;
To Juno pay thy vows with all thy soul ; 560
O'ercome with suppliant gifts that mighty queen :
Triumphant then, shalt thou leave Sicily
And land upon the Italian shore at last !
Departing hence, when thou to Cumæ com'st,
Its holy lakes, Avernus' whispering woods, 565
Thou the wild prophetess shalt see, who sings
In rocky caves the mysteries of fate,
And writes on leaves her oracles. Whate'er
The rede the virgin writes upon the leaves,
She numbers and in order ranges them, 570
Then lays them in seclusion in the cave.
Yet should, on turn of hinge, the light wind lift
Or through the open door disorder them,
Ne'er more cares she to catch them as they float
Beneath the rocky arch, or set them back, 575
Or re-unite them verse to verse again.
Fools go away and scorn the Sibyl's shrine,
But count thou there no length of time a waste,
However much thy comrades chide, or loud
The voyage doth call thy canvas to the sea, 580
Or fresh the breeze that on thy bidding waits.

Nay, seek the prophetess ; with prayers entreat
 That she herself the oracles make clear
 And freely unrestrain her lips and speak.
 The tribes of Italy, the wars to be, 585
 Each hardship; how to bear or shun it best, —
 All will she picture unto thee, and give,
 Conciliated thus, a happy voyage.
 Thus far my voice may warn thee. Go, farewell,
 And by thy deeds restore the might of Troy.” 590

These friendly words the prophet speaks, then bids
 To load our barks with gifts, massive with gold
 Or carved in ivory, and stows aboard
 Much weight of silver ware, Dodona pots,
 Mail wrought in triple ply and hooked with gold, 595
 A helmet's glittering cone and waving plume,
 The armor once of Neoptolemus.
 My father, too, especial gifts he gives,
 And adds us horses, guides and oars, and then
 For every man provides a suit of arms. 600

Meantime Anchises bids the fleet hoist sail
 So naught delay the wind that rises fair.
 Him speaks Apollo's seer with deep respect :
 “Anchises, honored with proud Venus' bed,
 Loved of the gods, twice rescued from the sack 605
 Of Troy, lo ! thine the land of Italy ;
 There wing thy flight. But farther o'er the sea
 Must thou go on. That Italy is far
 To which Apollo opens up the way.
 Farewell,” he cries, “O happy in a son 610
 That honors thee ! nor must my full heart more,
 Nor I with words delay the impatient wind.”

Nor less Andromache, sad that we part
 To meet no more, brings robes enwrought with threads
 Of gold, and for Ascanius a scarf 615
 Of Phrygian make,—worthy the honor he.
 She loads him down with presents from her loom,
 And speaks him thus: “Take also these, my boy,
 My handiwork: and let them testify
 How lasting is the love of Hector’s wife 620
 Andromache. Take them, last souvenirs
 Of these thy friends. O thou sole image left
 Of my Astyanax! ’twas so he raised
 His eyes, his hands, his lips. By this would he,
 His years the same, be ripening like thyself.” 625

I speak, tears bursting as I turn to go:
 “Sweet be your lives, whose destiny is reached!
 From toil to toil our fortune calls; your rest is sure.
 No weary stretch of sea for you to plough!
 Not yours to seek the still receding fields 630
 Of Italy! Here ye the likeness see,
 Your own hands’ work, of Xanthus and of Troy,—
 Fairer their hopes, I trust, and ne’er to cross
 The malice of the Greeks. If once I reach
 The Tiber and the lands that border it, 635
 And see my people’s destined walls arise,
 Hereafter will we make our cities kin,
 Our nations neighbors, in Epirus ye,
 And we in Italy, with Dardanus
 Our common founder, ours a common fate, 640
 Our hearts still Trojan each and both. Let this
 Forever be the charge our sons shall keep.”

On o’er the waves close by Ceraunia

Hugging the shore we go, our way where'er
 Is shortest cut by sea to Italy. 645
 Down falls the sun ; the dusky mountains gloom ;
 Beside the water's edge we lay us down
 Upon the bosom of the grateful earth.
 Each with his oar, upon the dry sea sand
 We rest our bodies here and there, while sleep 650
 Bedews our weary limbs. Yet scarce the night,
 Chased by the hours, mid-heaven doth climb, when up
 Springs wary Palinurus from his bed,
 Sniffs at the wind, and leans his ear to catch
 Its breath. He notes each star that trembles down 655
 The silent sky, Arcturus, the Two Bears,
 The rainy Hyades, takes a good look
 Next at Orion with his golden sword,
 And finding all is calm, the sky serene,
 Blows from the stern a ringing bugle-call. 660
 We strike our camp, pull out to sea, and spread
 Our sails like wings.

Scarce fled the stars or blushed
 The dawn, when we beheld the hazy line
 Of distant hills, low-lying Italy. 665
 Achates first cries, "ITALY!" the men
 With glad huzza greet ITALY. With flowers
 Father Anchises wreathes a mighty cup,
 Fills it with wine, and standing high astern
 Invokes the gods: "Ye gods, sovereigns o'er sea 670
 And land and sky, let the wind blow to speed
 Our way, and breathe ye kindly on our voyage!"

Freshens the grateful breeze, still nearer lifts
 The port, and Pallas' temple looms aloft.

The sailors reef the sails, and turn the prows 675
 To shore. The harbor, curving like a bow
 To hold the tide inflowing from the east,
 The salt spray dashing 'gainst its rocky sides,
 Itself lies out of sight. The towering cliffs
 Send out their spurs like arms on either hand : 680
 The temple seems receding from the shore.
 I note the earliest omen — in the fields
 Four horses pasturing at large, all white
 As snow. Father Anchises cries : “ O land
 That greetest us, thou giv'st the greet of war ! 685
 Equipped for war these steeds : this herd means war.
 And yet these horses have been wont to drag
 The car, and bear the unwarlike rein and yoke :
 In that is hope of peace.” Then do we pray
 Minerva's sacred grace, who loves the clash 690
 Of arms, whose temple is the first to greet
 Our glad approach. Before her shrines we veil
 Our heads with Phrygian scarfs. Remembering
 The cautions Helenus most urged, we burn
 To Argive Juno victims as he bade. 695

No time to lose. Our vows discharged aright,
 Forthwith we square our yards about, and fly
 These haunts of Greeks, these fields we dare not trust.

Next shows Tarentum's bay, where still is fresh
 The fame of Hercules. Just opposite, 700
 The goddess Juno's temple heaves in sight,
 And Caulon's peaks and Scylacæum's coast,
 Which sailors dread. Out of the sea in front,
 The top of Etna looms in Sicily.
 We hear the sea's deep thunder, and the waves 705

That beat against the rocks, the surf that breaks
And roars upon the shore. The shoals boil up :
The sand is mingled with the surging tide.

Father Anchises cries : " Too late ! Behold
Charybdis ! These the rocks, the fearful reefs 710
That Helenus foretold ! Quick, men, lay hold !
Spring to your oars and all together pull ! "

Nor fail they at the bidding ; hard apart
Quick Palinurus puts his shivering bow.
The whole fleet strains to port with oar and sail. 715
Upon the billows' top to heaven we toss,
Then instantly, down with the tumbling waves,
Into the very depths of hell we go.

Thrice echo back the caverns of the rock,
And thrice we see the foam dash up, the stars 720
Bedewed. Meantime together with the sun
The wind goes down and leaves us spent. We drift,
Our reckoning lost, upon the Cyclops' coast.

'Tis a deep port, unruffled by the winds,
Though Etna rumbles near in thunder tones, 725
Belching aloft at intervals black clouds
Of whirling pitchy smoke and cinder showers,
And shooting balls of fire that lick the stars.
It ructs convulsively and heaves up rocks,
The wrenched volcano's bowels, while the air 730
Glooms ever with the hissing molten hail,
And from its very depths the mountain boils.
The body of Enceladus, so goes
The tale, half blasted by the thunderbolt,
Lies 'neath the mass, and through the rifted flues 735
Of Etna, piled above him, breathes up fire.

Oft as he turns to rest his wearied side,
 All Sicily seems quaking with the shock,
 And the whole heaven is canopied with smoke.
 Through all that night, campéd in the woods, its
 scenes 740

Of terror we endure, nor can we see
 What 'tis creates the din. Shine not the stars,
 Nor glows the zenith with its starry mist.
 Clouds flit across the lowering sky; the dead
 Of midnight darkness sepulchres the moon. 745

And now the morrow breaks the East, and Dawn
 Unwraps the misty shadows from the sky,
 When on a sudden from the woods there runs,
 All worn to skin and bone, in wretched rags,
 An odd strange figure of a man, his hands 750
 Beseechingly outstretching towards the shore.
 We stare at him, his abject filth, his beard
 Grown rank, his mantle pinned with thorns, but Greek
 All else, as erst he bore his country's arms
 When sent to battle Troy. But when he sees 755
 The Trojan dress and Trojan arms, though yet
 Afar, in terror at the sight he halts

And for a moment turns; then headlong down,
 With tears and prayers, he rushes to the shore:
 "By all the stars, by all the gods, by this 760
 Bright breath of heaven I beg! oh, rescue me,
 Ye men of Troy! bear me where'er ye will!

'Tis all I ask. I know that I am one
 That manned the Grecian fleet, nay, I confess,
 Waged war against the guardian gods of Troy. 765
 For this, if ye esteem my crime so great,

Then toss me to the waves, and let me drown
 In the deep sea. If die I must, I long
 To die by human hands." He spake, and clasped
 My knees and, writhing, still kept clinging close. 770
 We bid him tell us who he is, what blood
 He sprang from, and confess what fortune 'tis
 That drove him there. Father Anchises, too,
 Unhesitating gives the man his hand,
 And calms his fears with this prompt courtesy. 775
 And he, his terror off at last, speaks thus :

“ My native land is Ithaca ; my name
 Is Achemenides. I came to Troy,
 By my poor father Adamastus sent —
 Would that our lot had never changed ! — beneath 780
 The standard of ill-starred Ulysses. Here,
 Within the Cyclops' cavern vast, my mates
 Forgot and left me, while in terror they
 Its savage portal fled. The cave is huge,
 Reeking with gore and shreds of bloody flesh, 785
 And full of gloom within. The Cyclops towers
 So tall he hits the stars — Ye gods avert
 From earth so fell a pest ! — and none dare speak
 Or look on him. He feeds upon the flesh
 Of wretched victims and their curdling blood. 790
 I saw him, stretched midway his cavern, break
 Upon a rock bodies of two of ours,
 Whom he had caught in his huge hand, the floor
 Bedaubed and swimming in their blood. Their limbs,
 Spurting with crimson gore, I saw him grind, 795
 The flesh yet warm and quivering in his teeth.
 Not unavenged ! Ulysses bore it not,

Nor in so great a strait forgot his craft.
 For when the giant, stuffed with food, and dead
 With wine, lay back his nodding head and stretched ⁸⁰⁰
 Along the cave his monstrous frame and slept,
 And blood and morsels soaked in blood and wine
 Did drool, the favor of the gods we prayed,
 Assigned our posts, engirt him all at once,
 And with a spear-point bored the monstrous eye, ⁸⁰⁵
 That by itself, big as a Grecian shield
 Or Phœbus' orb, hid 'neath his shaggy brow, —
 Glad to avenge our comrades' death at last.
 But fly, ye wretches, fly, and quick tear up
 Your cable from the shore; for such and great ⁸¹⁰
 As is this Polyphemus with his flocks
 In caverns kept to give him wool, his herds
 To milk, a hundred monster Cyclops more
 Dwell scattered o'er these sea-worn shores, and stray
 Upon the mountain tops. Now doth the moon ⁸¹⁵
 The third time fill her horn with light, while I
 Drag out my life amid the woods in dens
 And the abandoned haunts of savage beasts,
 Watching the Cyclops from the tops of rocks,
 Trembling at every sound of voice or foot. ⁸²⁰
 I glean from shrubs berries and cornel stones, —
 Scant fare — and feed on brakes whose roots I pull.
 Forever on the watch, soon as I saw
 Your fleet approach the shore, I made for it,
 Content, whence'er it came, whome'er it brought, ⁸²⁵
 So I escape so horrible a race.
 Better ye put my life to any death!"

Scarce did he speak, when on the heights we saw

The shepherd Polyphemus' mighty bulk
There stalking mid his flocks, groping to find 830
Familiar land marks to the shore, a huge
Terrific shapeless monster, with his eye
Torn from its socket, while a pine-tree trunk
Did guide his hand and make his footing sure.
His woolly sheep about him flöcked, sole joy 835
He had or solace for his pain. When once
He touched the deeper tide and stood well out
At sea, he washed away with it the blood
That flowed from his digged eye, gnashing his teeth
And bellowing. Now through mid ocean walks, 840
Nor yet the water strikes his towering sides.
In terror we make haste to fly afar ;
We take the honest suppliant on board ;
The cable noiselessly we cut, and bent
Well forward, sweep the sea with eager oars. 845
He hears, and turns his footsteps to the sound.
But when he cannot reach us with his hand,
Nor measure depth with the Ionian sea,
He lifts a mighty roar that makes the deep
And all its billows tremble, while the land 850
Of Italy is startled to its midst,
And Etna's arching caverns echo back.
Then from the woods and mountain heights aroused,
The race of Cyclops rush upon the beach.
And throng the shore. The Etnean brothers there 855
We see, one glaring eye 'neath each wild front,
A terrible, grim group, but grouped in vain,
Their tall heads reaching to the very clouds.
With towering crests they stand, like oaks that top

The air, or the cone-bearing cypresses, 860
 Jove's lofty forest or Diana's grove.
 The prick of terror spurs us quick let go
 The sheets and crowd all sail, content though blows
 Whatever wind may list And yet the charge
 Of Helenus gave warning not to steer 865
 'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis,—each alike
 A hair's breadth 'scape from death. I give command
 To go about, when lo! the wind shifts north,
 As if the gods had sent it, blowing off
 Pelorus' point. We pass Pantagia's mouth 870
 Of living rock, the bay of Megara,
 And lowly Thapsus. Achemenides,
 Ill-starred Ulysses' man, points out all these,
 The shore retracing where he journeyed late.
 Across the bay of Syracuse, straight off 875
 Plemmyrium's sea-beat shore, there lies an isle:
 The ancients called its name Ortygia.
 The story goes that the Alpheus here —
 A river that in Elis runs — hath wrought
 A secret channel 'neath the sea, and now 880
 Through thy mouth, fount of Arethusa, blends
 With the Sicilian springs. Obedient,
 We pray the great gods of the place, then coast
 The fertile soil Helorus irrigates.
 Still on, we pass Pachynus' lofty cliffs 885
 And beetling crags. Far Camarina shows,
 Which fate forbade to drain, and Gela's fields,
 And outstretched Gela — for the river named.
 Then towering Agrigentum lifts aloft
 Her massive walls, once famed for thorough-breds. 890

Fair through thy palms the winds, Selinus, blow ;
I leave thee far behind, and skim the shoals
Of Lilybeum, dire with lurking rocks.
Anon I reach the port of Drepanum, —
A shore forever hence with grief allied ! 895
Alas ! beat by so many ocean storms,
I lose my father, lose Anchises here,
Who every care and toil had lightened. Ah !
Dear father, from so many dangers saved
In vain, since thou did'st here abandon me ! 900
Not this did Helenus the seer foretell,
When he prepared me for so many risks,
Nor e'en the fierce Celæno. This the grief
That goes beyond all else ! This the extent
Of our long journeyings. Departing thence, 905
The god hath driven me upon thy shores.

Father Æneas thus, all else intent,
Rehearsed the gods' decrees, his own career :
Silent at last he rested at the close.

FOURTH BOOK.

BUT not the queen : shot to the heart with love,
The shaft that wounds her, with her veins she feeds,
Consuming with the fire she would conceal.
The hero's great nobility of soul,
The many honors of his race, his look, 5
His words hang quivering in her wounded breast,
Nor will her love let slumber to her limbs.

The morrow's sunlight streamed the earth, and Dawn
Had swept the misty shadows from the sky,
When thus the unhappy queen her sister spake, 10
Whose heart was one with hers : " What all these
dreams,

Anna, my sister, that still o'er my sleep
In terror hang? Who is this stranger guest,
That on our shores alights? His face so brave,
And he the soul of valor and of war! 15

I feel, nor false the instinct, his descent
Is from the gods. The coward 'tis, that shows
The base-born soul! Ah me! what risks he ran,
What tugs of war he sang! Were not my mind
Unalterably set, or would I e'er 20

Go 'neath the marriage yoke with any one
Since death hath cheated me of my first love,
Did I not shrink from bridal bed and torch,
To him, but only him, I might perhaps
Be weak enough to yield. For, I confess, 25

Since, Anna, my poor lord Sichæus died,
 And our home gods were stained with brother's blood,
 This man alone hath moved my soul and stirred
 My lulling heart. I feel the quickening
 Of passions that have slumbered long. But may ³⁰
 The yawning earth envelop me, may now
 The Almighty King me with his thunder hurl
 Below the shades, the ghastly shades of hell
 And endless night, ere I am false to thee,
 O Constancy, or break thy bonds! He who ³⁵
 First made me one with him, took all my heart
 Away, and he shall keep it for his own,
 And guard it in the grave." So did she speak,
 And filled her bosom with outgushing tears.

Anna replies: "O sister, dearer far ⁴⁰
 Than life, wilt thou forever waste thy youth,
 Heart-broken and alone? Shalt thou not know
 Sweet babes nor love's caresses? Think'st the dead,
 The spirit laid, the ashes buried, care?
 What if they moved not thy reluctant heart, ⁴⁵
 Who came erewhile to woo in Libya
 Or Tyre — Iarbas spurned, and other chiefs
 Of Afric's rich, triumphant soil? Wilt thou
 With love in thine own heart contend? Or dost
 Forget whose lands thou borderest on, here hedged ⁵⁰
 By the Gætulian towns, a race in war
 Invincible, by the Numidians
 Who ride without a rein, by Syrtis' waste;
 And there by regions desolate with drouth,
 And by the Barcans raiding everywhere? ⁵⁵
 Why need I speak of wars that lower from Tyre,

Thy brother's threats? Meseems indeed it were
 The blessing of the gods and Juno's grace
 That hither blew the Trojan fleet. With such
 A man thy lord, ah! sister, what a town 60
 Were this! What empire thence would spring! how
 high

The glory of the Punic realm would rise,
 Unto the arms of Troy allied! Do thou
 But beg the favor of the gods, due rites
 Of adoration paid, and bid him bide; 65
 Then link together causes of delay,
 Till Winter and Orion's tempests howl
 Above the sea and rock his boats, nor e'er
 Grows clear the sky." With words like these she fires
 A soul already longing, thrills with hope 70
 The wavering heart, and breaks down all reserve.

At once they seek the temple, where they make
 Their peace before the altar, and select
 And sacrifices make of full grown sheep
 To Ceres who established marriage laws, 75
 To Phœbus, Bacchus, but to Juno most
 Who doth delight to couple man and wife.
 Fair Dido holds in her right hand the bowl,
 And pours it 'twixt the fleecy victim's horns.
 And there she walks before the dripping shrines 80
 And statues of the gods, exhausts the day
 In offerings and, eager bending while
 They open her the briskets of the sheep,
 Studies the quivering parts. Alas how poor
 The guess of conjurers! What rite or shrine 85
 Love's fever calms! Its subtle fire consumes

The marrow of her bones, and her torn heart
Bleeds silently. Poor Dido frets, and strays
Beside herself throughout the town. So hath,
In Cretan groves, some sportsman, hot in chase, 90
At random shot too venturesome a doe,
And left the steel still quivering in the wound,
Not knowing that he hit: she takes to flight
And roves the thickets and the woods of Crete,
But to her side the fatal arrow clings. 95

Now through the town, Æneas at her side,
She points him out what Tyre's resources are,
And what the city she prepares to build;
Begins to speak, then stammers halfway through;
And now, at fall of day, longs to renew 100
The pleasures of the yester-eve once more;
Is wild, and begs to hear a second time
The Trojans' perils, while she hangs again
Upon his lips, as he the story tells.
Then when they part, and when the moon in turn 105
Grows dim and pales its light, and fainting stars
To slumber soothe, alone she languishes
Through the empty hall, and falls upon the couch
Where he did lie and, though apart, yet there
She hears and sees him face to face. Again, 110
Won by his likeness to his sire she hugs
Ascanius, if haply she may cheat
The frenzy of her love. The abandoned towers
No longer rise, no more the people drill
In exercise of arms, or lay the base 115
Of gates or fortresses to guard the town:
At stand-still hang the works, the unfinished walls

That threat to fall, the stagings high in air.

The moment Juno, Jove's belovèd wife,
 Sees the queen forced to such a passion pitch, 120
 Blind to the peril of her own fair name,
 She makes at Venus thus: "Thou and thy brat
 Will truly reap rare praise, a noble spoil,
 A high and honorable name, if fall
 Into the snare of two great gods but one 125
 Poor woman. - But I scent a deeper plot;
 Thou fear'st our city's growth, and hold'st in dread
 The commonwealth of stately Carthage. Nay,
 Why not some truce to this? or wherefore now
 Such rivalries? What better than to make 130
 Eternal peace, and wed them in a league?
 Thou hast thy wish: Dido is mad with love
 And sucks its poison to her very bones.
 Lead we with common zeal one common race!
 So let her wed her to a Trojan lord, 135
 Her Tyrian dowry to thy hand commit!"

But Venus saw the craft beneath the word,
 That would divert to Libya the realm
 That was to be in Italy, and thus
 Thrust back: "What folly to deny such truth? 140
 Or who could wish to cross the sword with thee?
 I would that fortune brought the thing you plan;
 But I am puzzled how to take the fates—
 Whether Jove wills one town to them from Tyre,
 To them from Troy another, or prefers 145
 To mix the races and confederate them.
 His wife, thou need'st but ask to learn his will.
 Do thou lead on, and I will follow thee!"

Then royal Juno spake : “ Be that my task.
 And now in few words hear how what we want 150
 May come about. Soon as to-morrow’s sun
 Uplifts its earliest beam, and with its rays
 Unwraps the shadowed world, Æneas means,
 Infatuated Dido at his side,
 To go a-hunting in the woods. On them, 155
 When hot the chase, the thickets full of snares,
 I’ll send a tempest, black as night with rain
 And hail, and wake all heaven with thunder-roar.
 The band will scatter, buried in the gloom
 Of night. But Dido and the Trojan chief 160
 To the same cave alike shall find their way.
 I will be there and, if thou pledgest me
 Thy sure assent, will tie the marriage knot
 Secure and make her his. And that shall be
 Their wedding fête.” With no dissenting word, 165
 Venus but nodded back to her request,
 And smiled to think that all her wiles were bare.

Meantime the blushing Dawn leaves Ocean’s bed.
 Sally from out the gates, as soon as light,
 The chosen band with fine spun nets and snares 170
 And broad-blade hunting spears. Come thronging forth
 The Libyan huntsmen and the sharp-scent hounds.
 About her door the Carthaginian chiefs
 Await the queen, who at her toilet stays.
 Her steed stands bright with purple and with gold, 175
 And champs impatiently the frothing bit.
 At length she comes, a great train following her,
 Clad in a Tyrian frock with broidered edge,
 A golden quiver at her back, her hair

Knotted with gold, and at the waist her robe 180
 Of purple fastened with a golden clasp.
 Little Iulus and the Trojan guests
 Advance with her. But, comeliest of all,
 Æneas hastens to her side and joins
 His friends with hers. So doth Apollo step 185
 On Cynthus' top, and bind his clustering hair
 With wreaths of tender leaves, and knot it up
 With gold, his quiver rattling at his back,
 When he leaves Lycia and Xanthus' stream
 In winter time, and home to Delos comes — 190
 His mother's isle where he the choral dance
 Renews, while, flocking round his altars, rings
 The loud acclaim of Cretans, Dryopes,
 And painted Agathyrsi. Lithe as he,
 Æneas moves along, so fine the grace 195
 That lights the noble bearing of the man!

Soon as the mountain ridge and pathless wood
 They reach, lo! leaping from the tops of rocks,
 The wild goats run along the cliffs. Elsewhere,
 A crowding dusty mass, leap herds of deer 200
 Across the open wolds and leave the hills.
 Straight through the runs the boy Ascanius,
 Elated with his mettled steed, outstrips
 Now these now those, and wishes prayers could bring
 A frothing boar instead of timid does, 205
 Or tawny lion down the heights would rush!

Meantime the loud-disturbing roar of heaven
 Begins: a storm of rain and hail comes on.
 The Trojan leaders and their Tyrian friends
 And Venus' Trojan grandson all disperse 210

In terror, seeking shelter everywhere
 Throughout the woods. Down from the mountains gush
 The streams. But Dido and the Trojan chief
 Seek the same cave. Primeval goddess Earth
 And Juno, goddess of the wooing, give 215
 The signal. Lightnings flash, the very air
 Glows conscious with this wedlock, and the nymphs
 Flit shrieking on the mountain top. That day
 The seed of death and woes to come was sown.
 It matters not to Dido what is said, 220
 Or what the look, for now no more she thinks
 Of blushing for her love, but says his wife
 She is, and hides her slip beneath that name.

Quick, Rumor runs through Libya's crowded
 towns;—

Rumor that hath no rival curse for speed, 225
 Moves but to grow, and going gathers strength.
 Creeping at first with fear, anon she rears
 Herself aloft, and walks the ground, and thrusts
 Her head amid the clouds. Her mother Earth,
 To spite the vengeful gods, gave birth to her 230
 The youngest sister, so the story goes,
 Of Cæus and Enceladus,—if swift
 Of foot, yet swifter with malicious wings.
 A monster huge and shapeless she, with eyes
 That lurk but never close, as many eyes 235
 As feathers on her trunk,—as many tongues,
 As many noisy mouths, as many ears
 Pricked up to hear. She sweeps at night half way
 'Twixt heaven and earth, and buzzes as she goes,
 Nor e'er in gentle slumber shuts her lids. 240

By day she sits at watch on peak of roof
 Or turret-top, and o'er great cities-full
 In terror reigns, as stiff to spread a lie
 Or slander as to tell the truth. 'Twas she
 That now was pouring in the people's ears, 245
 With fiendish joy, a thousand tales, nor cared
 Whether 'twere true or false she spread abroad,—
 That there had thither come Æneas, born
 Of Trojan stock; that the fair Dido now
 Demeaned herself in marriage to this man; 250
 And that together they in dalliance
 The whole long winter reveled, heedless both
 Of duty to the state, and both enerv'd
 With lust of baser things. This, everywhere,
 The foul-tongued goddess filter'd through men's
 mouths. 255

To king Iarbas soon she bent her way,
 With words inflamed his heart and fired his rage.

Son of nymph Garamantis—outraged she
 By Hammon—he within his broad domains
 Had reared to Jupiter a hundred shrines, 260
 A hundred stately temples, and in each
 Made consecrate an ever burning fire—
 The eternal watch-fire of the gods—the ground
 Thick soaked with blood of sheep, the gate-ways
 decked

With wreaths of many flowers. Hot headed he 265
 And by the galling rumor stung, before
 The altars, mid the statues of the gods,
 A suppliant with uplifted hands, 'tis said,
 Thus plied he hard with Jove: "Almighty Jove,

To whom the Moorish race on gaudy couch 270
 At feast pour out the honors of the wine,
 Dost look on this? or are we fools to cringe
 When, Father, thou dost whirl the thunderbolt?
 Is it but mock of fire that shakes our souls
 And blends the lightnings' harmless murmurings? 275
 Here hath a woman, wandering on our shores, —
 Who for a pittance buys a paltry town,
 To whom we give a strip of shore to plough
 And o'er its borders jurisdiction, — scorned
 The offer of our hand, and taken up 280
 Æneas for the master of her realm!
 And now this little Paris, with a tail
 Of weaklings at his heels, a Phrygian cap
 Tied 'neath his chin and down his scented hair,
 Toys with the prize we lost. Meantime our gifts 285
 We to thy temples bring, and boast the faith
 That vainly links our origin to thee."

As thus Iarbas to the altars clung
 And begged, him the Almighty heard. He turned
 His gaze upon the city of the queen, 290
 The lovers lost to nicer sense of shame.
 Then thus to Mercury he spake, and gave
 Him this command: "Up, forth, my son,
 The Zephyrs call, and wing to earth thy flight!
 Bespeak the Trojan chief who lags so long 295
 In Tyrian Carthage, and remembers not,
 What city 'tis the fates have given him.
 Bear him my bidding swiftly through the air.
 Not such did his most lovely mother paint
 Him me, and so twice save him from the Greeks 300

In battle, but as one whose leadership
 Should bring imperial might and war-renown
 To Italy, and who his lineage
 From Teucer's noble blood would prove, and bring
 The whole world to his hest. But if he feel 305
 No prick to such a glorious destiny,
 Nor rates his fame above the toil it costs,
 Doth yet the father of Ascanius
 Envy his son the palaces of Rome?
 What means the man? Or what the stake that
 keeps 310
 Him lingering with his country's foes? Doth he
 Forget the race he owes to Italy,
 The fields that wait him in Lavinium?
 Let him to sea: this warning is our last.
 Of this our will be thou the messenger." 315
 No sooner said, than Mercury sets out,
 His mighty Sire's behest to do. And first,
 A pair of golden sandals on his feet
 He binds, which on their wings lift him aloft,
 And bear him swift as light o'er sea and land. 320
 He snatches next the rod with which from hell
 He becks pale ghosts or sends them to its curse.
 With this he gives or robs of sleep, and shuts
 The eyes that faint in death. Empowered by this,
 He cleaves the winds and swims the billowing clouds. 325
 Already on his flight he comes in view
 Of rugged Atlas' top and towering cliffs,
 Whose summit props the sky, and round whose head,
 Frowsy with pines, forever frown the clouds,
 And beat the wind and rain. His shoulders lie 330

Of Libya? But if thou feel'st no prick
 To thy great destiny, nor ratest fame
 Above the toil it costs, at least regard
 Ascanius' budding hopes, the heritage
 That waits Iulus, unto whom are due 365
 The realm of Italy and soil of Rome."

So Mercury spake, and fled from mortal sight
 While yet he spake, and from the eyes of men
 In thin air faded, and was gone afar.

Ah! then Æneas at the sight was dazed 370
 And dumb. His hair with horror stood on end,
 His voice stuck in his throat. Stunned at such hest
 And warning from the gods, he burns to fly
 And quit that land of sweets. Alas for him!

What can he do? with what excuse now dare 375
 To cheat the queen whose love to madness grows?
 What step the first to take? Now here, now there,
 He swiftly turns his thoughts, at every hint
 He grasps, and thinks of everything at once.

In doubt, this seems to him the better plan: 380
 Mnestheus, Sergestus and Cloanthus brave
 He bids fit out the fleet in secrecy,
 Gather the men on shore, make ready arms,
 And lie if asked the purpose of the move.

Meantime, in her unbounded giving up 385
 While Dido naught suspects, and has no fear
 That love so sweet can be asunder torn,
 He makes it his to learn how he the queen
 May best approach, — when easiest wheedle her, —
 What course to take. Well pleased and quickly they 390
 His mandate heed, and do what he commands.

Yet, spite of all, the instinct of the queen
 Foreboded ill — for who love's vigilance
 Can cheat? — herself the first to read aright
 The purpose of the stir, at every breath 395
 Alarmed, though naught of danger breathed. The
 same

Malicious Rumor feeds the fire afresh,
 And whispers her the fleet is fitting forth,
 Its course all mapped. Out of her mind, she raves —
 Aflame the city through, — no Bacchant more 400
 Distraught at opening of the sacred rites,
 Or stirred at Bacchus' voice triennial-night,
 When with the orgies loud Cithæron rings, —
 Till last she seeks and pins Æneas thus :

“ And hop'st thou, traitor, to conceal so base 405
 A shame, or from my borders sneak unseen?
 Do not my love, the pledge of hand in hand,
 The thought of Dido dying wretchedly,
 Stay thee? Nay, art so cruel as to launch
 Thy fleet while yet the star of winter rules, 410
 Or haste to sail amid these northern blasts?
 What would'st? E'en sought'st thou not a foreign
 strand

Nor homes in exile, and though ancient Troy
 Were standing yet, thou would'st not sail for Troy
 O'er such a stormy sea! Would'st part from me? 415
 Nay, since naught else is left to my despair,
 I beg thee by these tears, thy plighted hand,
 Our marriage bed, our wedlock just begun,
 If I have won thee aught, or my caress
 Hath seemed thee sweet, have pity on the fall 420

Of me and mine, I beg, and if thy heart
 Hath nook where prayer can enter, do not go!
 Because of thee, the tribes of Libya,
 The Nomad despots hate me; e'en my own,
 My Tyrian people lower. My sense of shame, 425
 My fleckless name, with which if with naught else
 I was so near the glory of the stars,
 All have I lost — lost for thy sake alone.
 And to whose hands, O guest — if only thus
 And never husband I may call thee more — 430
 Dost thou abandon me, sick unto death?
 What is there left for me, except to let
 Pygmalion my brother raze my walls,
 Or the Gætulian sheik Iarbas lead
 Me captive home? Would that I might at least 435
 Have borne thee-babes, a little son whom I
 Could call Æneas, playing in my halls,
 And in his face read memories of thine!
 Then should I seem not all bereft or lost."
 She spake. He, warned by Jove, moved not his eyes, 440
 But strove to hide the torture in his heart.
 At last he briefly speaks: "Never shall I
 Deny, O queen, that more than words can tell
 Thou hast deserved of me; nor e'er will tire
 My heart remembering, Elisa, thee, 445
 So long as I remember self, or life
 Is in my veins. Let me a little say
 In point. Think not I hoped to make my flight
 By stealth. To marriage I have never made
 Pretence, nor come into its bonds. Had fate 450
 Permitted me to lead my life at will,

Or shape my wishes as I would, I had
 Built up, foremost of all, the walls of Troy,
 The ruins of my own loved home; and now
 The lofty towers of Priam would be up, 455
 And I its citadel, by this right hand
 Rebuilt, should to my countrymen restore.
 But see! Apollo at Grynæum bids,
 As do his oracles at Lycia,
 That I must grasp at mighty Italy! 460
 That is my aim, and that my country is.
 If thee, a Tyrian, the citadels
 Of Carthage and this Libyan city's site
 Detain, what blame is there because at last
 The Trojans settle on Italian soil? 465
 Our duty 'tis to seek a distant realm.
 No night enfolds the earth at dewy eve,
 The stars ne'er rise and burn, but in my sleep
 My sire Anchises' anxious ghost doth warn
 And torture me, as doth the duty due 470
 My boy Ascanius, with the wrong I lay
 On his belovèd head, whom I defraud
 Of his Italian realm and of the lands
 Allotted him by fate. It was but now
 The angel of the gods, sent down by Jove 475
 Himself — I swear by either deity —
 Swift through the air their bidding brought. Myself
 I saw the god in open day-light leap
 The walls, and heard him with these ears of mine.
 No more with thy repinings tease thyself 480
 Or me. I seek not Italy at will."

While thus he speaks, she looks askance, her eyes

Roll wildly, and with silent scorn survey
 Him head to foot, till last her rage bursts forth :
 " Liar ! no goddess gave thee birth, nor e'er 485
 Was Dardanus the founder of thy race !
 The cheerless rocks of savage Caucasus
 Begot, Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck !
 For why should I dissemble more, or stay
 My anger but to cringe to deeper wrongs ? 490
 Hath he so much as sighed to see me weep ?
 Or bent one pitying look ? Or shed a tear
 Of tenderness for one who loved him so ?
 Yet why should I blame him beyond the rest !
 No, no, nor Juno queen, nor Father Jove 495
 Now deigns one look of justice at these wrongs !
 There is no true heart left in all the world !
 A fool, I took this beggar, cast away
 Upon my shore, and shared with him my realm.
 I saved his shipwrecked mariners from death. 500
 And now he tells me I am mad, and cants
 Of Phœbus' seer, and Lycian oracles,
 And then of angels of the gods, sent down
 By Jove himself to hurry through the air
 Their brutal bidding ! And is such, forsooth, 505
 The employment of the gods ? Is such the load
 Of their solicitude ? I keep thee not,
 Nor deign to prick thy sophistries. Go, go,
 Set sail for Italy ; search out a realm
 Beyond the sea ! Yet none the less I hope, 510
 If heaven's pure justice can be done, that thou
 Wilt suffer vengeance, wrecked amid the reefs,
 And ever call on Dido's name. Afar,

I yet will follow thee with fires of hate ;
 And when cold death shall suck my limbs of life, ⁵¹⁵
 My ghost shall haunt thee everywhere. Thou, wretch,
 Shalt meet thy doom, and I shall hear 't: the tale
 Will come to me far down among the dead."

Half-through, she stopped, turned swooning from the
 light,

And fled to hide her from before his face, ⁵²⁰

And left him hesitating what to say

While yet he would have said so much. Her maids

Uplift and to the marble chamber bear

Her fainting limbs, and lay them on a couch.

But reverent Æneas, much as he ⁵²⁵

Desires to soothe her grief with tenderness,

Or speak some word of hope, heart-broken he,

His great love shattering his will, yet heeds

The bidding of the gods, and to his fleet

Goes back. Then lustily the Trojans work. ⁵³⁰

All down the shore they drag their high-built craft ;

Each tarry keel is launched. So fierce to go,

From out the woods they gather boughs still thick

With leaves, and rough with knots. There back and

forth

You saw them bustling, pouring from the town, ⁵³⁵

Like ants that gather in great heaps of corn,

And store it up for winter in their cells :

Across the sand the black battalion go,

And drag their spoil in narrow paths 'twixt blades

Of grass: their shoulders at the load, some push ⁵⁴⁰

Great grains ; some urge the column on, and lash

The drones ; the whole line glows with busy life.

What torture, Dido, then, at such a sight
 Was thine! What cry of grief broke from thy soul,
 To look from turret-top and see the shore 545
 Aswarm, and there before thine eyes the sea's
 Whole surface in confusion such as that!
 Thou bitter gall of love, to what dost not
 Impel the human heart? She cannot help
 But burst again in tears, try once again 550
 What prayers may do, and yield, a suppliant,
 Her resolution to her love, so she,
 If die she must in vain, leave naught untried.

"Anna, thou see'st the stir all down the shore.
 From every hand they gather in. Their sails 555
 Now tempt the breeze, the happy sailors deck
 The sterns with garlands. Could I have foreseen
 This blow, my sister, I had borne it too.
 Yet, wretched as I am, grant me one boon;
 For, traitor that he was, he deference gave 560
 To none but thee, told thee his secret thoughts,
 And only thou did'st know when best and how
 To reach the man. Haste, sister, speak and beg
 This merciless invader of my heart;
 Tell him it was not I that took an oath 565
 At Aulis with the Greeks to exterminate
 The Trojan race, and fitted out a fleet
 'Gainst Pergamos. It was not I disturbed
 His sire Anchises' ashes and his ghost.
 Ask him why lets he not my words to his 570
 Relentless ears, and why he hastes him so!
 This last grace let him grant the unhappy heart
 That loves him still! Then may he have good voyage

And breezes fair! The love of man and wife,
 That once was ours, and that he now betrays, 575
 I ask no more, nor e'en that he forego
 The Latium so dear to him, or waive
 The king he is to be. I only ask
 A little paltry time to rest me in,
 And stay this agony, till day by day 580
 My bruised heart learn to bear its grief. I beg
 But this last favor;—oh, let pity plead
 Thy sister's cause!—and but he grant me this,
 Then he may go, and I shall lay on him
 No other burden than that I am dead." 585

So keeps she pleading, and her messages
 Of tears, in sorrow o'er and o'er again
 The sister bears. No tears move him: no prayers
 Doth he relent to hear. The Fates stand guard,
 And Jove hath locked the warrior's ears that ne'er 590
 Were deaf before. So, sweeping from the Alps,
 The whirlwinds of the north beat back and forth
 Some oak that hath the strength of centuries,
 And strain, each fiercer for the rest, to root
 It from the earth: loud roars the gale, and far 595
 And wide, down from the surging boughs, the leaves
 Are strewn upon the ground: the tree itself
 Clings to its rocky hold, and high in air
 As towers its top, so deep toward hell go down
 Its roots. So is the hero buffeted 600
 At every turn, incessantly besought,
 His stout heart on the rack. But like a rock
 His purpose stands: tears deluge him in vain.
 Hopeless at last, in terror at her fate,

Dido but asks to die, and tires to look 605
 Upon the canopy of heaven. As if
 To better work her wish and speed her death,
 While at the fragrant altars offering gifts,
 She notes the sacred liquors — fearful sight! —
 Grow black, the wine-flow change to ominous blood. 610
 To none, not e'en her sister, she reveals
 The omen. There was, too, within her courts
 A marble temple, which religiously
 She kept in honor of her former lord,
 With snow-white fleeces hung and sacred wreaths. 615
 Thence, oft as night lay dark upon the earth,
 Came whispers, and her husband's voice that seemed
 To summon her. A solitary owl
 Hooted its weird complaint upon the roof,
 In mournful cadence long drawn out. Moreo'er, 620
 The priests foreboded much, and tortured her
 With warnings terrible. E'er in her dreams
 Æneas, still relentless, drives her wild ;
 She seems to be forever left alone,
 To go alone a never-ending road, 625
 And grope for Tyre through trackless wilds. So 'tis,
 When crazy Pentheus swarms of furies sees,
 The sun show double, and a double Thebes :
 Or when, upon the stage, a madman, cowers
 Orestes, Agamemnon's son, before 630
 His mother's crown of flame and hissing snakes,
 While vengeful demons squat where'er he turns !
 And so it is that when she feels her doom
 Is sealed, o'erwhelmed with grief and bent on death,
 In secret she the time and method plans, 635

And works upon her grieving sister thus,
Her face a traitor to the truth, her brow
Serene with hope: "Dear sister, give me joy!
I know a way to bring him back to me,
Or loose the love that fetters me to him. 640
Near Ocean's outer bound, where sets the sun, —
Remotest dwelling-place of Ethiop,
Where mighty Atlas on his shoulder turns
The axis of the glittering, starry sky, —
Was pointed out to me a priestess once, 645
Who kept the temple of the Hesperides,
And served the dragon's food, and had in care
The branches of the sacred tree, and flung
Down honey-drops and drowsy poppy-seed.
She claims with spells to set from passion free, 650
And lay its torturing cark on whom she will,
To stay the rivers, or turn back the stars.
At night she wakes the dead; beneath her feet,
You see the earth quake and the woods come down
The mountain. By the gods I swear, by thee, 655
Sweet sister mine, by thy dear head, it is
Against my will I dare these magic arts!
But secretly do thou erect a pyre
In open air, within the inner court,
And on it pile the hero's sword, which he 660
Left hanging in my chamber, every rag
The traitor vaunted, and the bridal bed
On which I was undone. The priestess bade
To blot out every relic of the wretch,
And told me how." This said, she silent grew, 665
And pallor fell upon her face the while.

Yet ne'er dreamed Anna that her sister made
 These strange rites but the cover of her death,
 Nor knew that woman's heart could suffer so,
 Nor feared aught worse than when Sichæus died ; 670
 And so she did the bidding of the queen.
 But Dido, when within the inner court
 In open air the mounting pyre is built
 Of rifted pine and oak, hangs garlands there
 And wreathes it with funereal leaves. On it 675
 She lays whate'er he wore, the sword he left,
 And on a bed his effigy, for she
 Well knows what is to come. Altars surround
 The pyre. A priestess with dishevelled hair
 Thrice calls in thunder tones a hundred gods, 680
 Calls Erebus and Chaos, and invokes
 The triple Hecate, the three in one
 Of the immaculate Diana. She
 Had showered feigned waters from Avernus' lake,
 And now was forth beneath the moon to cut 685
 With brazen knife a crop of herbs full grown
 And with black poison rank, or rip from out
 The forehead of a foal the love-lump ere
 Its dam could snatch it. Dido, all the while,
 Her frock unloosed, one foot unshod and bare, 690
 Still at the altars spreads with reverent hands
 The salted meal, and bent on death, implores
 The gods and stars, that long have read her fate,
 To vindicate her purpose. If there be
 One Power so just, so gracious as to care 695
 When love to love is false, to that she prays.
 'Twas night ; and weariness o'er all the earth

In peaceful slumber sank to rest. No breath
Was in the woods or on the fitful sea.
It was the time when, half their circuit o'er, 700
The stars began to fall ; when fields and flocks
Lay still, and birds weré nestling 'neath their wings
Of many hues ; when all that lives within
The water-depths, and all that in the fields
And forest dwell, under the silent night 705
In deep sleep lying, dreamed all care away,
And human hearts forgot that life is toil.
But not the aching heart of Dido. Ne'er
In slumber resteth she, nor in her breast
Nor on her eyes the blessing of the night. 710
Her soul is dark ; her love springs fresh again,
And wild with every gust of passion beats.
So now she ponders and her heart o'erflows :
“ O gods, what is there left ? Shall I tempt back
The bygone lovers that would mock me now ? 715
Shall I among the Nomads on my knees
A husband beg, when I so many times
Have spurned their suit ? Or shall I rather chase
The galleys of the Trojans, and how'er
Degrading be their terms, submit, because 720
They take it kindly I once aided them,
And a good memory feels gratitude
For favors done ? Nay, who of them, were I
To go, would give me place, or let me, whom
They hate, step foot upon his haughty deck ? 725
Fool that I am who know not yet, nor see
The treachery of this lying Trojan race !
What if I join their flight ; shall I expose

Myself to their insulting crews alone, —
 Or go accompanied with Tyrians, 730
 With all my people in my train, and thus
 Cast on the sea again and bid set sail
 Before the wind those whom I have but now
 Dragged from their Sidon homes? Nay, let me die,
 As die I ought, and with the sword let out 735
 My grief! Sister, 'twas thou that at the first,
 Surrendering to my tears, made folly worse
 With all this load of ills, and to the foe
 Made me an easy spoil. They would not let
 Me live a quiet, blameless widowhood 740
 From marriage free, unharassed by these woes:
 I broke the faith I pledged Sichæus' ghost."
 Such was the plaint came sobbing from her breast.

Æneas on his lofty deck, now sure
 To go, and every preparation made, 745
 Had thrown him down to sleep. Upon his dreams
 Broke in the figure of the god returned
 With face unchanged, like Mercury in all,
 In voice, in hue, the yellow hair, the grace
 Of youthful shape, and thus a second time 750
 His warning seemed to give: "Thou goddess' son,
 Canst sleep at such an hour as this? See'st not
 The dangers that encompass thee? Art mad,
 That hearest not the kindly zephyrs breathe?
 She nurses mischief in her breast, and fierce 755
 Revenge, resolved to die, yet beat about
 By every gust of passion. Hasten hence
 Thy flight, while hasten it thou canst. If once
 The morn dawn on thee lingering at the shore,

Thou shalt behold the harbor swarm with rafts, 760
 The vengeful torches mass a sheet of flame.
 Up, up, away! Break through thy sluggishness!
 Always is woman fickleness and change."

So spake, then melted in the black of night.

Then did indeed Æneas spring from sleep 765
 Affrighted at the sudden darkening,
 And woke his men. "Quick, wake, my men, and man
 The boats! Set sail! No time to lose! A god,
 Sent down from upper air, hath bidden me
 A second time to speed my flight and cut 770
 Our cables. Holy angel of the gods,
 Whoe'er thou art, we gladly follow thee,
 And thy command again obey! Be near,
 O god, and grant thy aid, and set in heaven
 Propitious stars!" He spake, snatched from its
 sheath 775

His gleaming sword, and severed at a stroke
 The lines. His zeal at once inspires them all:
 They lift the kedge, they rush aboard: and now
 Not one is left upon the shore. The waves
 Glide underneath their keels. Bent to the oar, 780
 They toss the spray and cut the azure deep.

No sooner from Tithonus' blushing bed
 Aurora sprang and dewed the earth with light
 When quick as e'er the queen beheld the dawn
 Grow pale, and from her tower the fleet well out 785
 To sea with all sail set — the shore, the port
 Stripped to the very oars — incessantly
 She beat her lovely breast, her yellow hair
 She tore. "O Jove, shall this adventurer

Go hence," she cried, "and make our realm his sport? 790
 Will not my people arm and follow him
 From all the town? Why launch they not my boats?
 Go, go, quick spread the flames! make sail, pull, pull
 The oars! — Why do I call? or where am I?
 What madness is't that sets my mind aw whirl! 795
 Thou poor wretch Dido, thy misdeeds recoil
 Upon thee now! Then was the time to give
 Command when thou did'st hold him in thy power.
 Lo! this the honor, this the faith of him
 Who with him takes, they boast, his country's gods, 800
 And on his shoulders bore his aged sire!
 Had I not power to tear him limb from limb,
 To fling him in the sea, to put to sword
 His men, nay e'en his son Ascanius
 Serve for a banquet at his father's board! 805
 What though the fortune of the fight had hung
 In doubt? What, though it had, had I to fear,
 Who was resolved to die? I might have put
 His camp to torch, his hatches stuffed with flames,
 Burnt up the sire, the son, and the whole tribe, 810
 And on their bodies sacrificed myself.
 O Sun, whose pathway streams with light o'er all
 The works of earth; thou, Juno, messenger
 And witness of my griefs; thou Hecate,
 Howled nightly through the town where three ways
 meet; 815
 Ye venging Furies, and ye gods who look
 Upon Elisa's death, take heed, redress
 My wrongs as they deserve, and hear my prayers!
 If it be fate that this accursèd wretch

Make port or come to shore, and so the will . 820
 Of Jove decrees, and that must be the end,
 Yet vexed by war and a brave people's arms,
 Expelled his borders, torn from the embrace
 Of his Iulus, may he beg for help,
 And look on the dishonored death of friends : 825
 Nor, when he yields to grinding terms of peace,
 Let him enjoy his realm or length of life,
 But let him die before his time, and rot
 Unburied on the sands. For this I pray ;
 This my last wish with my heart's blood I pour. 830
 And ye, my Tyrians, his race pursue
 And all his generations hence with hate !
 Be this the rite ye pay my memory ;
 Between our peoples let there be nor peace
 Nor league ! Let the avenger from my dust 835
 Go forth and scathe these Trojan vagabonds
 With fire and sword ! Now and henceforth, and long
 As heart hath strength to beat, be it my curse
 That shore to shore, and wave to wave, and arm
 To arm be deadly foe ; and that the two 840
 And their descendants wage eternal war ! ”

Thus saying, every wit she sets at work
 How quickest she may end her hated life,
 And briefly Barce bids, Sichæus' nurse :
 (Her own lay buried in her native land.) 845
 “ My good nurse, get me sister Anna here ;
 Bid her with running water sprinkle her,
 And sheep and sacrifices with her bring :
 So let her come. About my temples wreathe
 Thyself the sacred fillet, for I go 850

To offer unto Stygian Jove the gifts
 I duly have prepared, so I may end
 Our woes, and burn the Trojan's effigy."
 So spake. At an old woman's hobble hastes
 The nurse. But Dido, frightened at her own 855
 Unholy work, restless her blood-shot eyes,
 The tender, trembling lids bedewed with tears,
 Ghastly her face at the approach of death,
 Bursts through the inner doors, in frenzy mounts
 The summit of the pyre, and draws the sword — 860
 A gift ne'er meant for such a use. And when
 She sees the Trojan dress, the well known bed,
 Tears and the awakening of memory
 Stay her a little ; then she throws herself
 Upon the couch, and these her last sad words : 865
 "Ye relics, sweet while Jove and fate were kind,
 Receive my soul and solve me from my pain !
 My life is o'er, and I have run my course
 As fortune led the way ; my spirit free
 Now to the country of the dead shall go. 870
 A noble city have I built, and walls
 Beheld that are my own. I have avenged
 My husband's wrongs, and wreaked the penalty
 Upon a brother who did murder him.
 Happy, alas ! too happy, had but ne'er 875
 A Trojan keel grated on Libya's shore."
 She spake and kissed and kissed the couch, and cried :
 "Shall I die unavenged ? Nay, let me die !
 Thus, thus I glory as I go to death.
 Oh ! may the cruel Trojan's eyes drink in, 880
 Far out at sea, the blazing of this fire,

And with him bear the omens of my death !”
While yet she speaks, her women see her fall
Upon the sword, and blood spirt up the blade,
Bespattering her hands. Echo their shrieks 885
Outside the palace walls. The story speeds,
And sets the town acraze ; rings every house
With lamentations, groans, and women’s cries ;
And the loud wailing stuns the very air,
As though the foe had come, and ancient Tyre 890
Or Carthage perished root and branch, while flames
Surged madly o’er the roofs of citizens
And temples of the gods. Anna has heard
The tale. Breathless, in terror-stricken haste,
Beating her face and bosom, through the throng 895
She rushes, and her dying sister calls
By name : “ O sister, was it this ? Wert thou
Deceiving me ? and were that funeral pile,
Those fires and altars to prepare me this ?
Bereft of thee, I count no other loss. 900
Did’st thou disdain to let thy sister prove
Thy sister too in death ? To share thy fate
Had’st thou but summoned me, with but one pang a
One instant should the sword have slain us both.
Have I with mine own hands built up this pyre, 905
With mine own lips our country’s gods invoked,
But to be far — as if my heart were flint —
When thou wert dying on it thus alone ?
O ! sister, thou hast utterly destroyed
Thyself and me, people and ministers, 910
And Tyrian commonwealth. Give water here,
And let me wash her wounds, and if there yet

One last breath linger, catch it from her lips."
 Thus speaking, she hath mounted up the steps,
 Caresses now her dying sister clasped 915
 Within her arms, while still she sobs, and tries
 To stanch the crimson blood against her frock,
 And Dido strains to raise her heavy lids
 Then faints again. The steel that pierced her side
 Grates in its gash, as thrice she strives to rise 920
 Leaning upon her arm, and thrice falls back
 Upon the couch. With eyes that grope and faint,
 Up to the sky she looks to catch the light,
 And sighs when it is lost as soon as found.

In pity then at anguish scalded, 925
 So hard a death, almighty Juno sent
 Iris from heaven, to loose the mortal coil,
 And let the struggling spirit free at last ;
 For dying, not at bidding of the law,
 Nor yet in nature's course, but wickedly 930
 Before her time, and in the sudden heat
 Of passion, Proserpine not yet had cut
 A yellow ringlet from her head nor yet
 Consigned her soul to Pluto, lord of Styx.
 And so it was that Iris of the Dew 935
 On shimmering pinions sped athwart the sky,
 Trailed from the sun a thousand rainbow hues,
 And poised o'er Dido's head. "The sacred lock
 To Pluto due I bear as bid to him,
 And loose thee from this body of the flesh." 940
 So spake, and with her right hand cut the lock.
 Out went life's flickering glimmer instantly :
 The spirit shot into the wandering air.

FIFTH BOOK.

MEANTIME straight on his voyage Æneas fared,
And cut the waves that roughened with the
wind,

His eyes e'er on the city riveted
That now was blazing with poor Dido's flames.

It puzzles all what lights so great a fire: 5

And yet the consciousness how sharp the pang
When passionate love is blighted, and how much
A woman's frenzy dares, awakes a sense
Of dark foreboding in each Trojan breast.

Soon as the fleet is out at sea, no land 10

In sight, only the water and the sky,
A murky tempest gathers overhead,
Heavy with darkness and with storm. The waves
Grow black. The pilot Palinurus shouts

Astern: "Zounds! how the clouds are gathering! 15
What hast thou, father Neptune, in the wind?"

Thus spake, and bade the seamen reef the sails,
And pull with steady stroke. Close to the wind
He hauled, and thus called out: "Though Jove
himself,

Æneas, were my sponsor for the risk, 20

I should not hope in weather such as this
To make the coast of Italy. The wind
Has changed, and blows a gale across our course
Out of the threatening west. The heavens are one

Thick cloud. No use for us against the wind 25
 To pull, nor can we hold our own. Bad luck!
 But let us make the best of it, and where
 It forces us, there turn and go. Nor far,
 If memory serve me right as I review
 Our bearings by the stars, are we, I think, 30
 From Eryx' safe fraternal shore, the ports
 Of Sicily." Pious Æneas back :

"Ay, ay! I see the winds will have it so,
 And thou art battling them in vain. Give way,
 And run before the gale. No sweeter land 35
 I know, or where more willingly I beach
 My weary keels, than where of Trojan stock
 Acestes dwells, and in whose soil are laid
 My sire Anchises' bones." Soon as he speaks,
 They make for harbor, while the west wind fills 40
 Their sails and helps them on. Over the tide
 The fleet rides swift, and merrily at last
 The sailors leap on the familiar shore.

While yet afar, from off the mountain top
 Acestes, wondering to see them come . 45
 And heave in sight their friendly craft, all rough
 With javelins and Libyan bear-skin frock,
 Came running down. A Trojan mother gave
 Him birth, his sire the stream Crimisus. He,
 Remembering their common ancestry, 50
 Heartily glad to see them back again,
 His rustic hospitality extends,
 And cheers fatigue with kindly courtesies.

Soon as the morrow's sun at early dawn
 Had put the stars to flight, Æneas called 55

His men to council from along the shore,
And spake them from a knoll : “ Heroic men
Of Trojan stock, who from the exalted blood
Of gods descend, the circle of the year
Is rounded to a month, since we to earth 60
My sainted father’s bones and relics gave,
And paid our mournful honors to his tomb.
Once more, unless I err, the day hath come
Which, by the blessing of the gods, I keep
In sorrow and in reverence evermore. 65
Though me an exile on Gætulian sands
It find, or on the Grecian sea embayed,
Or in Mycenæ’s walls, still will I pay
My annual vows, and solemn rites as meet,
And strew the altars with befitting gifts. 70
Not of ourselves, meseems, but by the will
And blessing of the gods, revisit we
The bones and ashes of my father here,
And enter, off our course, this friendly port.
Come then, him let us all glad honors pay, 75
And beg for breezes fair ; and may it be
His will that, when our city stands, each year
In temples raised to him, I offer there
The selfsame reverent rites. Acestes, born
Of Trojan stock, two head of oxen gives 80
To every crew. Our host Acestes’ gods,
Bid to your feast together with your own.
Moreo’er when, nine days hence, Aurora sheds
Her happy light on mortals, and enwreathes
The great globe with her beams, I will appoint, 85
First, races for the Trojan boats, and then

Let all, whoe'er is swift of foot, who boasts
His strength, who best can hurl the javelin,
Or the light arrow shoot, and who dares stand
The buffet of the bloody boxing-glove, 90
Be present there and hope to win the prize
Of victory. With happy voices all
Attend, and wreath your temples round with leaves."

So spake, and with his mother's myrtle bound
His head. Alike Acestes, full of years, 95
And the mere lad Ascanius wreathed their brows,
And Elymus, and all the people there.

Forth from the council mid the multitude
He marched the vast procession to the tomb,
There the libation duly made, and poured 100
Two cups of wine upon the ground, two cups
Of milk, two cups of consecrated blood,
Strewed on it flowers of rich dark hues, and cried:

"Hail, sainted parent! hail again ye ghost
And soul and ashes of my father, whom 105
In vain I hither bore, since 'twas not mine
That thou should'st reach with me the Italian strand,
The fated land, the Tiber, be that where
In Italy it may!" Scarce spake he thus,

When, gliding from the bottom of the shrine, 110
A huge and glossy snake its seven great folds
Drew seven times round the tomb in gentle curves,
Then softly glided through the altars' midst.

Its back was marked with purple rings, its scales
Glistened with spots that shone like gold. So draws 115
The rainbow from the sun athwart the clouds
A thousand intermingling hues. Dazed stood

A trumpet from a central summit sounds
The signal of the opening of the games.

Selected out from all the fleet, four boats, 150
Stout-oared and fairly matched, begin the sport.
Mnestheus swift Pristis starts with a smart crew—
Italian Mnestheus afterwards, whose name
Still lingers in the house of Memmius.
Gyas the great Chimæra starts, its size 155
Enormous, big enough to float a town :
The Trojan youth row it in triple tiers.
Sergestus, whence the Sergian family,
In the great Centaur sits ; Cloanthus,— whence,
Cluentius, thou,— in sky-blue Scylla's stern. 160

Straight off the foam-dashed shore, just out at sea
Rises a rock ; great waves sweep over it,
And lash it ever when the winter storms
Enshroud the stars. In weather fair it sleeps,
Its broad back lifted like a plain above 165
The ocean's calm, whereon the water-fowl
Delight to rest them, basking in the sun.
On this Æneas, master of the games,
Sets up the goal, a green and bushy bough
Of oak to tell the rowers when to turn, 170
Where the wide circuit to begin to make.
Their places then the captains choose by lot.
Standing astern, they in the distance seem
Ablaze, tricked out in purple and in gold ;
While all the crew are crowned with poplar leaves, 175
Their naked shoulders shining glossed with oil.
They sit the thwarts, their arms outstretched to poise
The oar. Eager they wait the sign to go :

The hazard and the ardent thirst to win
Set every heart aleap and high with hope. 180

Then when the ringing trumpet gives the sound,
Quick as a flash all shoot out from the line:
Up goes the sailors' cry. Their stout arms pull
A stroke that leaves the water tossed with foam.
Alike they cleave their way, and the whole sea 185
Swashes, ploughed by the oars and trident beaks.
Not swifter, when they race across the plain,
Rushing like torrents from the starting place,
Do two-horse chariots fly, the charioteers
Shaking above their teams the slackened reins 190
And leaning forward to lay on the lash.

The people make the whole grove ring with shouts
And clap of hands, and cheer their favorites.
The narrow shores far onward roll the sound,
And back the echoing hills the clamor fling. 195

'Tis Gyas leads, first on the open sea
To glide and leave the din and crowd behind.
Cloanthus follows, with a better oar,
But with a craft of over-heavy pine.
Next them, Pristis and Centaur, side by side, 200
Strain each to get the lead. Now Pristis wins:
Now the huge Centaur leaves her in the lurch:
And now together beak and beak they go,
And in long furrows cleave the briny deep.

'Tis as they near the rock and reach the goal, 205
That Gyas well ahead, victorious
The first half of the race, Menœtes hails,
The pilot of his boat: "Why dost thou keep
To starboard so? Sheer up, hug close to shore,

And let the larboard oar-blades graze the rock! 210
 The rest may have the sea-room if they want."
 He thus: but timorous of hidden reefs,
 Meneetes turns the bow still out to sea.
 "Why wilt thou keep her off, Meneetes? hug
 The rocks!" yells Gyas yet again; for, lo! 215
 He turns and sees Cloanthus close astern,
 And keeping nearer in. 'Twixt Gyas' boat
 And the rocks' roaring edge Cloanthus steers
 To larboard, well inside, then suddenly,
 The leader led, into smooth water glides, 220
 And leaves the goal behind. Burned Gyas then
 Down to his very bones with speechless rage,
 Nor could he keep his cheeks from tears, nay e'en
 Forgot his rank, the safety of his crew,
 And pitched the ass Meneetes from the stern 225
 Head-foremost overboard, and took himself
 The helm; pilot and master both, he cheered
 The men and turned the rudder to the shore.
 Meantime Meneetes, rather old and stiff,
 Up bobbing from the bottom of the sea, — 230
 It almost seemed he ne'er would rise again, —
 His garments soaked and dripping, clambered up
 The rock, and sat and sunned him on its top.
 The Trojans laughed when down he went, and laughed
 When up he came, and now they laughed still more, 235
 As he threw up his bellyful of brine.

At this, a glad hope fires the hindmost two,
 Both Mnestheus and Sergestus, to outstrip
 The crippled Gyas, lagging in their front.
 Sergestus takes the lead, and nears the rock, 240

Not a whole length ahead, only in part.
The rival *Pristis* laps him with her beak.
Straight through his boat goes *Mnestheus* 'mid his men
With words of cheer: "Now, now, spring to your oars,
Hector's compatriots, whom, when *Ilium* fell, ²⁴⁵
I made my comrades! Now put forth the nerve,
The pluck ye on *Gætulian* quicksands showed,
The *Ionian* sea, or *Malea's* chopping waves!
I, *Mnestheus*, seek not now to win first place,
Or conquer certainty. Would, though, . . . ! but win ²⁵⁰
Let them, to whom thou, *Neptune*, giv'st to win.
But shame be on us if we come in last:
Such a disgrace avert, companions mine,
And let it not be ours!" With all their might
They pull: beneath their sturdy stroke, the boat ²⁵⁵
Shivers from brazen beak to stern. The sea
Seems swept from underneath. Panting for breath,
Their muscles quiver and their parching lips:
Rivers of sweat down all their faces run.

Sheer luck secures the men the boon they crave. ²⁶⁰
For while *Sergestus*, on the inner side,
Loses his head, keeps sheering towards the rocks,
And risks the lack of room enough, he grounds,
Poor devil, on the out-running reefs, that seem
To shiver with the shock; the oars snap short, ²⁶⁵
Entangled in the jagged rifts; the boat
Hangs swinging from the bow. Up spring the men
In such an uproar they but make it worse.
They get out iron-bound poles and sharpened stakes,
And from the water cull their broken oars: ²⁷⁰
While *Mnestheus*, who exults, and whom success

More eager makes to win, with quickened stroke,
The winds invoking, rides an easy course,
And runs along the open sea. So doth
Some dove whose nest and tender fledgelings lurk ²⁷⁵
Beneath the cliffs, affrighted suddenly,
Dart from its shelter, springing up in air,
And terror-struck about its covert beat
With noisy flapping of its wings, but soon
Through the still ether glides along, and skims ²⁸⁰
Its liquid way, its swift wings motionless.
So Mnestheus, so the Pristis cleaves her flight
Over the homeward stretch, while e'en her own
Momentum speeds her on her course. At once
She leaves behind Sergestus, on the reef ²⁸⁵
And in the shallows struggling, where in vain
He bawls for help and tries to work his way
With broken oars; next Gyas overtakes,
And huge Chimæra, which, of pilot reft,
Falls back. Just at the race's end is left ²⁹⁰
None but Cloanthus in her path, and him
She seeks, and presses hard with every nerve
Strained to the last. The shouts redouble then,
While everybody cheers the gaining boat,
And the air rings with thunders of applause. ²⁹⁵
The winners fire at thought of losing now
The glory almost theirs, the prize just grasped,
And count life nothing if but fame be won.
Success inspires the others; and they can,
Because they feel they can. And possibly ³⁰⁰
They both had won the prize, with beak to beak,
Had not Cloanthus, stretching both his hands

Above the tide, burst forth in prayer and begged
The gods to hearken to his vows: "Ye gods,
Whose empire is the sea, whose waves I cross, 305
Upon this shore a snow white bull will I,
My vows redeeming, sacrifice to you,
Its entrails cast into the ocean's brink,
And pour the flowing wine." He spake: far down
In lowest deeps, the choir of Nereids all, 310
Of Phorcus and of virgin Panopea,
Gave heed: father Portunus with his own
All powerful hand impelled him on his way.
Swifter than wind or arrow's flight, the boat
Sped to the land, and harbored close to shore. 315
Æneas then, all summoned in due form,
The herald loud proclaiming it, declares
Cloanthus victor, laying on his brow
The wreath of laurel green. Gifts to each crew
He gives, choice of three bulls apiece, and wine, 320
And a great coin of silver for to keep.
He to the captains special honors adds.
The victor gets a scarf inwrought with gold,
Round which the Melibæan purple runs,
A rich and double border: there you see, 325
Inwoven in its threads, the royal boy
On leafy Ida, eager, out of breath,
As the swift stags with chase and spear he tires;
The eagle, Jove's swift thunder-bearer, drags
Him up from Ida, while all helplessly 330
His aged keepers stretch their hands to heaven,
And, glaring up, the watch-dogs fiercely howl.
To him whose pluck secured the second place,

He gives, to keep for ornament as well
 As use on battle fields, a coat of mail 335
 Fine-wrought with rings of gold of triple ply,
 Which he himself, 'neath Ilium's lofty walls,
 By Simois swift stream, from Demoleus
 In victory stripped. Phegeus and Sagaris,
 Slaves they, whose shoulders bend beneath the load, 340
 Scarce lug its many folds: yet Demoleus,
 Once clothed in it, the Trojans chased like sheep.
 The third he gives two caldrons made of brass,
 And cups of silver wrought, with figures bossed.
 Rewarded thus, each happy in his prize, 345
 They now were moving on, their temples wreathed
 With scarlet knots, when from the cruel rock
 Torn with great toil at last, oars lost, one tier
 Quite gone, came steering his derided boat
 Sergestus, with no feather in his cap. 350
 'Twas like a snake caught half across a road,
 O'er which a brazen wheel hath run, or which
 Some traveller hath left half-dead and crushed
 Under a stone flung heavily: in vain
 It tries to fly, and writhes through all its length; 355
 In one part fierce, its eyes ablaze, it lifts
 Its arched neck high and hisses, while the rest,
 Retarded by the wound, delays it there
 Inknotting knots and twisting round itself.
 With such a stroke the lumbering boat comes on: 360
 Yet they make sail, and enter port with all
 Their canvas up. Glad that the boat is saved,
 The men brought safely back, Æneas grants
 Sergestus the reward intended him

Who came in fourth. He gets a woman slave, 365
 Skilful to weave and spin, Cretan by birth,
 Named Pholoë, two young ones at her breast.

This trial done, pious Æneas leads
 The way into a grassy field, whose slopes
 On every side are fringed around with woods. 370

Midway the enclosure of this theatre
 Is the race-course. Thither the hero strides
 Into the centre of the pit, a crowd
 Of people following him, and on a throne
 Sits down. He sets the prizes forth, and tempts 375

With rich rewards the rivalry of those
 Who care to try their speed. The Trojans most,
 But some Sicilians, enter for the race ;
 But foremost Nisus and Euryalus :
 Euryalus distinguished for his grace 380

Of figure and the suppleness of youth ;
 Nisus, because so tenderly he loved
 The boy. Next after them Dioces comes,
 Of royal blood and Priam's noble stock :
 Salius and Patron enter both at once, 385

Native of Acarnania was the one,
 The other an Arcadian and akin
 To the Tegeæan race. Then Elymus
 And Panopes, two youths of Sicily,
 Used to the woods, and old Acestes' friends ; 390

And many more whose fame oblivion
 Has blotted out. Æneas in their midst
 Thus counsels them : " Hear what I say, and give
 Your hearty heed. None of your list shall go,
 And not some token have. To all give I 395

One common gift to take away — to each
 Two Cretan darts with broad and shining heads,
 A battle-axe with silver chasing wrought.
 The first three shall have prizes, and their brows
 The yellow olive-leaf shall crown. A horse, 400
 With trappings decked, the victor shall receive ;
 The next an Amazonian quiver, filled
 With Thracian arrows, shoulder-slung with broad
 Gold belt, and caught with gemmed and flashing clasp.
 The third with this Greek helm must be content." 405

This said, they stand in line and, quick as heard
 The signal, snatch the track and like a blast
 Sweep from the start, their eyes upon the goal.
 Nisus, ahead and gleaming past them all,
 Runs swifter than the wind or lightning's wings. 410
 Salius next, but next a good way off.
 Then after him, but with a space between,
 Euryalus is third, while Elymus
 Is next Euryalus : and close on him,
 Pressing his shoulder, lo ! Dioreas flies, 415
 And grazes heel on heel, and, had the course
 Been longer, had outstripped him, or had left
 The outcome of the race a doubtful thing.

Already on the homeward stretch, they neared
 The very limit of the race, well blown, 420
 When luckless Nisus slipped upon an ooze
 Of blood, that flowing from a slaughtered bull
 Had puddled on the ground and the green grass.
 Already counting on sure victory,
 The soldier staggered there, and could not keep 425
 His foot-hold on the sward, but headlong fell

Into the mud and consecrated gore.
Yet then he thought him of Euryalus,
And of the love they did each other bear :
For rising from the slippery turf, he threw 430
Himself in front of Salius, who went down,
Turned topsy-turvy mid a cloud of dust.
Euryalus shoots by, and victor wins
By favor of his comrade, flying home
Amid the cheers and plaudits of his friends. 435
Next Elymus : third prize Diores gets.
But Salius now with outcries fills the pit
Right in the faces of the elder men,
And claims the prize should be restored to him,
Robbed of it by a trick. But favor saves 440
Euryalus, and his becoming tears,
His merit heightened by his handsome face.
Diores helps him, bawling at the top
Of his hoarse voice, for all in vain won he
A prize, or came in for the last reward, 445
If the first honors unto Salius go.
Then spake father Æneas : “ Boys, your gifts
Stand as they are, and no one shall disturb
The order of the prizes ; yet I must
My friend’s mishap — no fault of his — regard.” 450
So spake, and unto Salius gave a huge
Gætulian lion-skin, heavy with shag
And claws with gilded tips. But Nisus said :
“ If such the honor of defeat, and thou
Tak’st pity on a slip, what gift hast then 455
Worthy of Nisus, who had merited
The victor’s crown, had not the same mishap

Befallen him that Salius did 'befall."

And as he spake he showed them all his face
 And figure daubed with mire. On him the best 460
 Of patrons smiled, and bade be brought a shield,
 The workmanship of Didymaon, wrenched
 From some Greek Neptune's temple gate. With this
 Excelling gift he marked the soldier's worth.

The races over, and the honors given, 465
 "Now if there be in any breast the heart
 To dare and do, let him stand forth, and lift
 His arms to put the gauntlets on," he says,
 And makes the offer of a double prize:
 To him who wins, a bull with gilded horns 470
 And garlanded, — to comfort him who yields,
 A sword and shining helm. Quick striding up
 With blustering show of strength, comes Dares forth
 Amid the people's loud applause. He used
 To box with Paris; at great Hector's tomb 475
 On the dun beach he struck and stretched in death
 The giant victor Butes, who was wont
 To boast that he was kin to Amycus
 Of the Bebrycian stock. Such Dares is,
 As loftily the challenger he stalks, 480
 Bares his broad shoulders, striking out his arms
 Alternately, and beats the air with blows.
 They seek a match for him, but no one there
 Dares meet the man or don the boxing-gloves.
 Set up at this, thinking all yield the palm, 485
 He swaggers up before Æneas' feet,
 Nor waiting grasps the left horn of the bull,
 And roars: "Son of a goddess! if none dare

To risk him in the fight, then end the thing!
What use to keep me dawdling here? Bid me 490
Bear off the prizes!" The Trojans all applaud,
And shout to let him have the promised gifts.

At this Acestes taunts Entellus hard,
As he sits next him on the greensward bank :
" Entellus, bravest of our heroes once, 495

But to no use, if now so patiently
Thou see'st such honors won without a fight !
Where now for us that godlike Eryx, whom
Thou vainly dost thy master call? Or where
Thy fame that rang throughout all Sicily, 500

The trophies hanging from thy roof?" He quick
Replied: " Not cowed by fear hath fled the love
Of praise, the hope of glory; but the blood
Grows dull and chill with stiff old-age, and life
Wears out and leaves the body frozen up. 505

Had I the youth which once was mine, and which
This swashing rascal boasts, I had gone in
Unhired by prize or bull however fine ;
I value not the gifts." As thus he spake,

He shied two monstrous gauntlets in the ring, 510
In which grim Eryx used to fight, his arms
Encased within the tough raw-hide. All stand
Agape at seven huge ox-hides stiff with lead
And iron sewed inside—nobody more

Than Dares, who keeps well aloof. E'en brave 515
Æneas tries their weight, and to and fro
He swings the gauntlets' monstrous folds, until
The old man thus addresses him: " What if
A man of you the gauntlets and the arms

Of Hercules had seen, or that sad fight 520
 On this same shore ! Thy brother Eryx once
 Used wear these very gloves : thou see'st them marked
 With blood and bits of broken heads : in these
 He stood before great Hercules. These arms
 Used I to wield when younger blood gave strength, 525
 Nor envious age as yet grew thin and gray
 Above my temples. Still, if these our gloves
 Your Trojan Dares shirks, if it seems fair
 To good Æneas, if Acestes bids
 And takes the risk, then let our armor be 530
 The same. I yield thee Eryx' hides. Fear not,
 But put thyself thy Trojan gauntlets off."
 Thus as he spake he threw his folded robe
 From off his shoulders, and displayed his limbs
 Huge-jointed, and his bones and sinews huge : 535
 Giant he stood mid-centre of the ring.

Æneas then brings boxing-gloves alike,
 And binds the hands of both with equal arms.
 Each leans at once his weight upon his toes,
 And fearless keeps his guard well up in air. 540
 They hold their tall heads back at good arm's length,
 And sparring hand to hand provoke the fight,
 One nimble on his feet and confident
 In youth, the other strong of limb and weight,
 While yet his weak and trembling knees give way, 545
 And his hard panting makes his great limbs quake.
 Many the blows they give and take unhurt.
 Each other's ribs they pummel, and you hear
 Their sides ring back again ; incessantly
 The fist is at their temples and their ears, 550

Their teeth a-chatter with the stinging blows.
Stiff stands Entellus in one posture fixed,
And only by his guard and eyes alert
Wards off the blows. The other is like one
Who batters with the enginery of war 555
Some lofty citadel, or camps about
Some mountain keep besieging it: now this,
Now that approach he tries, o'er the whole field
His skill essays, and every point assaults,
But all in vain. At last, Entellus springs, 560
Strikes from the shoulder, but betrays his hand,
For instantly the other sees the blow
As down it comes, and with a sudden swerve
Glides quick aside. Entellus spends his strength
Upon the air, and, heavy as he is, 565
Hurls heavily to earth his ponderous weight.
Torn from its roots, so sometimes falls the pine
On Erymanthus' top or Ida's heights.
All Troy and Sicily are up, and heaven
The echo rings. In sympathy of years, 570
Acestes is the first to run and lift
His old friend from the ground. But at his fall
Nor checked nor made afraid, the hero springs
More zealous to the fight; his wrath makes nerve;
Shame fires his heart, and consciousness of power. 575
Maddened, he beats down Dares till he reels
About the ring: he hits him right and left
Blow after blow. No rest nor let-up more
Than when the incessant hail beats on the roof:
With blows as rapid rained from both his fists 580
He drives and batters Dares all abroad.

At this, father Æneas suffers not
 Their heat go further, nor Entellus feed
 His fury more, but ends the fight at once ;
 And rescuing Dares utterly knocked up, 585
 With these words comforts him : “ Art thou so mad
 As not to see, poor fellow, that the brawn
 Is on the other side, and fate averse ?
 Yield to the gods.” He spake, and at his word
 The contest ceased. Dares aboard a boat 590
 His boon friends help, his knees so weak they drag,
 His head lopped either way, while blood in clots
 He spits, and with it now and then a tooth :
 Called back, they take the helmet and the sword,
 But leave Entellus victory and the bull. 595
 He, conqueror and elate, proud of his bull,
 Cries out : “ Son of a goddess, and ye men
 Of Troy, now look on this, and see what power
 Was in this arm of mine when I was young ;
 And rescued from what death ye have preserved 600
 Your Dares !” Thus he spake, stood face to face
 Before the bull that was the battle-gift,
 Drew back his fist, and rising to the blow
 Drove the tough gauntlet straight betwixt the horns,
 And stove the skull into the oozing brains. 605
 Down goes the brute and quivering lies dead,
 While he stands over it and shouts : “ To thee,
 Eryx, I speed this braver soul, in lieu
 Of Dares’ death. This my last victory,
 I bid the gauntlet and the ring good-bye.” 610
 Æneas next calls all who wish to shoot
 The whizzing arrow, sets the prizes forth,

Erects with his stout hand a mast from out
 Serestus' bark, runs through its top a rope,
 And thence suspends a fluttering dove, at which ⁶¹⁵
 To aim the shafts. The archers group; a helm
 Of brass receives the lot that each casts in.
 Unto Hippocoön the first place falls,
 The son of Hyrtacus, who shouts with joy.
 Him Mnestheus follows, crowned with olive-wreaths, ⁶²⁰
 The boat-race who but now had won. The third
 Eurytion is, — thy brother, Pandarus,
 Whose glory 'twas, when bid to break the truce,
 That thou against the Grecian ranks wert first
 To wing thy shaft. At bottom of the helm, ⁶²⁵
 Acestes lies till last, not he afraid
 To try his handcraft in the youngsters' sport.

With sturdy pull they bend the arching bow,
 Each from the quiver choosing him a shaft.
 Then from the twanging string and through the air, ⁶³⁰
 The arrow of the young Hippocoön
 Is first to cleave the swift wind, as it strikes
 And nails the mast, that trembles while the dove
 In terror flutters, and all rings again
 With thunders of applause. Lithe Mnestheus next, ⁶³⁵
 His bow full bent, stands up and aims in air,
 His eye and arrow one. Yet, pity 'tis,
 He cannot hit the pigeon with his shaft,
 Yet cuts the knot, the hempen string by which
 Foot-tied it hung suspended from the mast: ⁶⁴⁰
 Free to the winds and gathering gloom it flies.
 Quick then Eurytion, who already had
 His arrow fitted and his bow in poise,

While yet a prayer he breathed his brother's ghost,
 While yet the dove exulted loosed in air, 645
 And joyfully did flap its wings, took aim
 And nailed it on the dark cloud's edge. Shot dead,
 Bringing the shaft that pierced it, down it fell,
 Its life abandoned in the starry skies.
 The palm of victory gone, Acestes sole 650
 Remained, yet none the less the old man shot
 His arrow up, showing alike his skill
 And the excellence of his loud-twanging bow.
 Then sudden flashed upon the sight a sign
 Of something terrible to come. The great 655
 Event that followed taught its lesson ; all
 Too late the boding seers the omen read.
 For shooting through the murky clouds, in flames
 The arrow burst, sparks flashed along its path,
 Till burnt it faded out in vacant air, 660
 E'en as a shooting star unloosed from heaven
 Sweeps with its trail of fire across the sky.
 Awe-struck both Trojans and Sicilians stand,
 Prayers trembling on their lips. The mighty man
 Æneas welcomes it as sign of good, 665
 Embraces glad Acestes, loading him
 With generous gifts, and thus he cries : " Take them,
 Thou patriarch, for by these auspices
 Olympus' mighty King wills thou should'st have
 Especial honors. Thine shall be this gift 670
 From venerable Anchises' self — a cup
 Chased heavily, that Thracian Cisseus gave,
 Long time ago in his munificence,
 Unto my sire, to keep in memory

And pledge of friendship." So he spake, and bound ⁶⁷⁵
Acestes' temples with the laurel green,
And named him victor over all the rest.
Nor good Eurytion, though he it was
Brought down the bird, begrudged the preference.
The next prize fell to him, who cut the string; ⁶⁸⁰
The last, who with his swift shaft nailed the wood.

Father Æneas next, the games not done,
Calls to himself the son of Epytus,
Tutor of young Iulus, and his friend,
And whispers thus his faithful ear: "Go quick, ⁶⁸⁵
And tell Ascanius, if now he hath
His band of boys in hand, and hath arranged
The evolutions of his cavalcade,
To bring his troops, and show himself in arms,
In honor of his grandsire." Then he bids ⁶⁹⁰
The crowd back from the broad arena fall,
And leave an open field. The boys advance.
Each on his prancing steed is glorious
In his own father's eyes; and as they move,
All Troy and Sicily admire and shout. ⁶⁹⁵
The hair of each is garlanded with leaves;
Each bears two javelins tipped with iron blades;
Part have light quivers on the shoulder, held
By flexile chains of gold across the breast
And round the neck. Three troops of horse they go ⁷⁰⁰
With each a captain, each a separate troop
Of twelve their leader following, and each
With trainers guiding them. One youthful line,
Proud of their chief, doth little Priam lead,
Who bears his grandsire's name — thy honored son ⁷⁰⁵

Polites, yet to increase the Italian race :
 He rides a Thracian horse, dappled with white,
 Fore fetlock showing white, its forehead white,
 Its neck high arched. The next, young Atys leads —
 From whom the Latin Atti have descent — 710
 The boy Iulus' chosen boyish friend.
 And last Iulus, loveliest shape of all,
 Comes riding in upon the Tyrian steed
 Fair Dido gave to him in memory
 And pledge of love. Horses of Sicily, 715
 By old Acestes lent, the others mount.
 The Trojans with a hearty welcome greet
 The excited boys, and gaze on them in pride,
 As in their faces they recall again
 The features of their sires. Soon as they ride, 720
 Full of delight before their parent's eyes,
 Around the ring, the son of Epytus,
 Who stands apart, gives with a shout the sign,
 And cracks his whip. They equally divide,
 And the two squads draw off in ranks of three. 725
 Signalled again, they wheel and spear to spear
 Make charge. Now they advance, and now they fly,
 And now, each by the other flanked in turn,
 They meet, and wage mock battle under arms.
 E'en so 'tis said that once in lofty Crete 730
 The Labyrinth had paths made intricate
 With turns obscure, a maze that lost itself
 Amid a thousand avenues, where you
 No clew could follow but misled the way
 To error you could neither solve nor cure. 735
 So 'twas the Trojan boys crossed in and out,

And mixed the sportive conflict and the flight,
 Like dolphins, swimming through the deep, that cut
 The Libyan or Carpathian seas, and play
 Atop the waves. Ascanius 'twas who first, 740
 When Alba Longa he had walled about,
 This custom of the course, these tournaments
 Revived, and taught the native Latins thus
 'To celebrate them. As the boy himself
 Had trained with him the Trojan youth, so trained 745
 The Albans theirs. Hence down so many years
 Has mightiest Rome long made its own and kept
 This sport our fathers honored, now called Troy, —
 The boys still as the Trojan Squadron known.

Thus far the games in honor of the sire 750
 Had gone, when fortune, changing all at once,
 Broke faith. For while with various sports they pay
 Their homage at the tomb, from upper air
 Saturnian Juno, moving heaven and earth,
 The old wound rankling still, sends Iris down 755
 Where lay the Trojan fleet, and as she flies
 Wafts her still quicker with the wind. Unseen,
 The maiden speeding on her rapid way
 Glints down the rainbow's thousand hues. She darts
 Along the shore, and sees the mighty crowd, 760
 The port deserted and the abandoned fleet.
 Far off apart upon the lonely beach
 The Trojan women mourn Anchises' death,
 And all in tears look out upon the deep,
 One sigh on every lip, because for them 765
 So weary yet remain so many shoals,
 So wide a sea to cross. They beg a home :

It irks to bear the perils of the sea.
 She, knowing this and e'er at mischief apt,
 Falls in with them, but lays aside the face 770
 And vesture of a goddess, and becomes
 Thracian Doryclus' wife, old Beroë,
 Who once could boast descent and name and sons.
 Thus guised, she mingles with the Trojan dames,
 "Unhappy ye," she cries, "whom hand of Greek 775
 Dragged not to death in war beneath the walls
 Of native land! O luckless race, what course
 Doth fortune destine you! Already turns
 The seventh summér since the fall of Troy,
 While still we traverse every sea and shore, 780
 Sweep past so many savage rocks and 'neath
 So many stars, and o'er the ocean chase
 An Italy that flies but farther yet,
 E'er tossing on the waves. Here is the soil
 Of Eryx, brother of our chief, and here 785
 Acestes welcomes us. Whose ban forbids
 We here raise roofs and give our people homes?
 Oh! native land, gods of my country, vain
 Your rescue from the foe! Shall walls ne'er rise
 To take the name of Troy? Shall I behold 790
 Nowhere a Xanthus and a Simois,
 Those rivers glorious with Hector's fame?
 Nay, quick with me, and burn the accursed boats!
 In sleep the prophetess Cassandra's ghost
 Appeared and gave to me a flaming torch; 795
Here look for Troy! Here is your home! she cried.
 E'en now waits opportunity on will.
 And when so many signs to action prompt,

Let naught delay. Lo! here four altars flame
 To Neptune's praise. The very god himself 800
 The torch, the resolution ministers."

While yet she spake she led the way, caught up
 The ruthless brand, and wildly round her head
 Whirled it aflash, lifted her right hand high,
 And flung it forth. The Trojan women's hearts 805
 Are thrilled, their reason overthrown: and one,
 Pyrgo, the eldest of them and so long
 Nurse of king Priam's sons, cries out: "Ye dames,
 Doryclus' Trojan wife nor Beroë
 Is this! Behold what marks of grace divine! 810
 How glow her eyes! what ecstasy of soul!
 Her look, her voice, the very step she walks!
 But now from Beroë myself I came
 And left her sick, unhappy that of all
 She only could not share these rites nor pay 815
 The honors to Anchises he deserves."

At this the women, doubtful at the start,
 Began to scan the fleet with eyes of hate,
 Cleft 'twixt their hunger for the land they trod
 And for the realms to which fate beckoned them; 820
 When through the sky the goddess rose aloft
 On even wing, and as she fled drew thwart
 The clouds her bow sublime. Then 'tis at last,
 Bewildered at the sight, by fury driven,
 They shriek, snatch from the sacred hearth its fire, 825
 While some e'en rob the altar, and collect
 Leaves, brush, and brands. The flame remorselessly
 Devours bench, oar, and wood-work of the boats.

Eumelus is the messenger that tells

To them who at Anchises' tomb still sit 830
 And watch the games, the burning of the boats.
 Nay, they look back and see the black smoke rise
 And mingle in the haze. Ascanius,
 While yet he proudly leads the tournament,
 Is also first fiercely to speed his horse 835
 Into the very riot of the camp,
 Nor can the frightened trainers keep him back.
 "What crazy freak is this?" he cries. "Ye gods!
 What drive they at, the fools? No foe, no camp
 Of hostile Greek, but your own hopes ye burn. 840
 Lo! I am here, your own Ascanius,"
 And at their feet from off his head he throws
 The idle helm that in the mock of war
 He lately wore. With him had hastened up
 Æneas and a throng of Trojans, while, 845
 In terror scattering all along the shore,
 The women fly and hide where'er they can
 Amid the woods and hollows of the rocks,
 Ashamed to face their mischief or the light.
 Restored to sense they recognize their friends, 850
 Their hearts once rid of Juno's witchery.
 Yet not for that the flames and fire abate
 Their savage hold. The oakum smoulders still
 In the wet planks, and puffs a lazy smoke.
 The subtle blaze clings eating at the hulks: 855
 From stem to stern it searches like a plague;
 Nor human might nor floods of water serve.
 Pious Æneas then throws off his robe,
 Calls on the gods for help and lifts his hands.
 "Almighty Jupiter, if be but one 860

Among the Trojans that thou hatest not,
 If e'er thy pity moved at human woes,
 Grant now, O Father, that the fire may spare
 My fleet, and save the little left of Troy 865
 From utter blot ; or else, — for nothing else
 Remains, — if aught I merit, strike me dead
 With the fell thunderbolt, and with thine own
 Right hand destroy me." Scarce he spake ere burst
 The thick cloud instantly and poured in rain, 870
 While hill and plain with thunders shook, and down
 From the whole heaven gushed forth the swollen clouds,
 That blacker grew before the lowering winds.
 The boats o'erflow ; the half-burnt wood is soaked
 Till all the fire is quenched, and every keel, 875
 Save four destroyed, is rescued from the fire.

Father Æneas then, stunned at a blow
 So hard, frets at his heavy load of care,
 And shifts from plan to plan, uncertain still
 Whether to settle on Sicilian soil, 880
 Reckless of fate, or tempt the Italian coast.
 'Twas then old Nautes, whom especially
 Tritonian Pallas had trained up, and made
 Famous for his much skill, and who could read
 What meant these dread inflictions from the gods, 885
 And what the order of the fates required,
 Consoled Æneas, and thus spake to him :
 " Son of a goddess, let us follow fate,
 Or it lead on or back ! Hap what hap will,
 The lot is always beaten that is borne. 890
 Dardanian Acestes, sprung from gods,
 Is near ; make him the comrade of thy thought ;

League thou with him who only waits the word ;
 To him transfer the crews whose boats are burnt,
 Those, too, who tire them of thy mighty quest 895
 And of thy fortunes, and the aged men
 And women faint with voyaging ; select
 Whoe'er are weak, or peril fear ; here let
 Their weariness find rest, and they shall call
 The town Acesta, if Acestes will." 900

Urged by these sayings of his ancient friend,
 A thousand cares yet vex Æneas' soul.
 Came in her two-horse car the sable Night,
 And veiled the sky. Then gliding down from heaven,
 Seemed, on the sudden, sire Anchises' face 905
 To utter words like these : " My son, to me
 Once dearer than my life, when life was mine !
 My son, o'erburdened with the fates of Troy !
 I hither come at Jove's command, who tore
 The fire from off thy fleet, and hath at last 910
 Looked from high heaven in pity down. Pursue
 The counsels that old Nautes hath but now
 So excellently given. The chosen men,
 The bravest hearts, lead thou to Italy ;
 For yet in Latium with a hardy tribe, 915
 Trained to rough usage, thou must fight it out.
 But first the infernal home of Pluto dare,
 And through Avernus' depths seek interview
 With me, my son. Thither the Sibyl maid,
 After much blood of black sheep spilt, shall lead 920
 Thy feet. There thou the story of thy race,
 The city that is fated thee, shalt learn.
 Farewell. The tearful Night turns down the sky,

And now the panting steeds of ruthless Morn
Are breathing on my cheek." And while he spake, ⁹²⁵
Like smoke he blended with the vacant air.

"Why hastest thou? Why break'st thou from me thus?"
Æneas cried, "From whom dost fly? What is't
That keeps thee from my arms?" While thus he speaks,
He wakes the ashes and the smouldering fire, ⁹³⁰
Adores, with sacred meal and censer full,
His country's gods and the pure Vesta's shrine.

Then calls his friends, Acestes first of all,
And tells them Jove's command, his dear sire's words,
And what is now the purpose in his mind. ⁹³⁵
No time is wasted in debate, nor doth
Acestes shirk the bidding. They enroll
The women in the city; set apart
Whoever of the people will, who'er
For glory have no thirst; and for themselves ⁹⁴⁰
Renew the thwarts, repair the half-burnt hulks,
And oars and rudders fit—their number small,
But deathless valor theirs on battle-field.

In the meantime Æneas with a plough
Marks out a town, allots the settlers' homes, ⁹⁴⁵
Bids this be Ilium and that be Troy.
Trojan Acestes glories in his realm,
Sets up a forum, summons senators,
And deals out law. On Eryx' top they lift
Idalian Venus' temple towards the stars. ⁹⁵⁰
A priest is stationed at Anchises' tomb,
And trees set round, held sacred far and wide.

Now had they all enjoyed their nine days fête,
The honors to the sacred dead all paid.

Fair breezes sweep the sea ; the south wind breathes, 955
 And oft doth call them to the deep again ;
 The rolling tide curls high along the shore.
 A day and night they linger and embrace.
 The very women, whom the ocean's stretch
 So cruel and its name so hateful seemed, 960
 Now long to sail and undergo the toil
 Of exile to the end. With kindly words,
 Them good Æneas quiets, and in tears
 Commends them to Acestes kin to them.
 He bids to Eryx sacrifice three steers, 965
 To Storm a lamb, and then the cable loose.
 Crowned with the olive-leaf and standing off
 Upon the prow, he lifts the bowl, spills out
 The entrails in the salty waves, and pours
 The flowing wine. As forth they go, up springs 970
 The wind and follows dead astern. The men
 Vie as they sweep the sea and toss the spray.

But meanwhile Venus, all solicitude,
 Thus from her heart to Neptune makes complaint :
 "The bitter hate, the insatiable spite 975
 Of Juno 'tis that drives me, Neptune, thus
 Forever on my knees. Nor length of time,
 Nor honest worth her vengeance can allay.
 Nor, though she break the law of Jove and fate,
 Doth she desist. 'Tis not revenge enough, 980
 That from the nations of the earth she blots
 The sovereignty of Phrygia, or drags down
 The remnant of the race through every stress ;
 Nay, she pursues the ashes and the bones
 Of the dead Troy. She only knows what cause 985

There is for rage so great. Thou wert thyself
 But late a witness what a hurricane
 She on a sudden raised on Libyan waves.
 Trusting, though vain, the blasts of Æolus,
 She mingled all the sea and sky, nay dared 990
 To trespass on thy realm. Behold but now
 The hellish craft that crazed the Trojan dames
 To fire inhumanly the fleet, and drove
 In exile on a stranger shore the crews
 Whose boats were burnt! Since nothing else is left, 995
 I beg thee waft them safely o'er the deep,
 And let them make the Italian Tiber's mouth.
 Naught do I ask save what is promised them,
 For there the fates decree their home shall be."

Then Neptune, Lord of the deep sea, spake thus : 1000
 "Venus, by every right thou mayest trust
 This realm of mine, whence cometh thy descent.
 I too have merited thy confidence :
 Oft have I stayed the storm, though ne'er so wild
 The madness of the sea and sky. Nor less 1005
 On land, let Simois and Xanthus tell,
 Hath thy Æneas been my care. For when
 Achilles chased the panting Trojan rout,
 And drove them to the wall, and sent to death
 So many thousands that the rivers choked 1010
 And groaned, nor could the Xanthus find its way
 Or flow out to the sea, then rescued I
 Æneas mantled in a hollow cloud —
 No match for grim Achilles he in strength,
 Or favor of the gods — and this I did, 1015
 Though 'twas my wish to level from their base

The perjured Trojan walls my hands had laid.
 Still to this hour my purpose stands the same.
 Fear not. Safe shall he reach Avernus' gates,
 As thou desir'st. There shall be only one 1020
 Whom, lost at sea, he shall lament—one life
 Alone be sacrificed for all the rest."

Soon as the Father thus has calmed the breast
 Of the glad goddess, to his golden car
 He yokes his steeds curbed with the foaming bit, 1025
 And lets the reins run out of hand; swift glides
 The azure chariot o'er the water's crest;
 The waves go down, and 'neath the thundering wheels
 The billows break in showers of spray: the clouds
 Fly from the vast of heaven. Then round him throng 1030
 The various shapes that keep him company;
 Huge whales, old Glaucus' train, Palæmon, son
 Of Ino, Tritons swift, all Phorcus' band,
 And on his left Thetis and Melite,
 The virgin Panopea and Nesæe, 1035
 Spio, Thalia and Cymodoce.

And now at last a sweet content pervades
 Father Æneas' o'erwrought heart. He bids
 Quick hoist each mast and stretch the spars with sail.
 All tack at once, together all let go 1040
 The larboard now, and now the starboard sheets,
 And square or shift the yards. Fair breezes speed
 The craft, while Palinurus, in advance
 Of all the others, leads the clustering fleet.
 The rest are bid to shape their course by him. 1045
 The dewy night had almost turned the goal;
 On the hard thwarts in quiet slumber stretched,

The sailors lay at rest beneath their oars,
When noiseless Sleep from starry ether fell,
Parted the dusky air and cleft the night, 1050
Thee, Palinurus, seeking, — bringing thee,
Thou innocent, the sleep of death. There sat
The Spirit on the lofty stern, in shape
Like Phorbas, and thus whispered in his ear :
“ See, Palinurus, son of Iasius, 1055
The very tide bears on the fleet: the wind
Blows fair, the hour is set apart to rest.
Lay down thy head and let thy weary eyes
From watching steal away a little while,
And I will do thy duties in thy stead.” 1060
But Palinurus, though he scarce could lift
His eyes, thus answer made: “ Dost thou bid me
Forget what lurks when ocean’s face is calm
And waves are still, or risk a sea like this ?
So oft by cheat of pleasant weather caught, 1065
Shall I Æneas trust to treacherous winds ? ”
While thus he spake, he grasped the rudder hard,
And, clinging to it, ne’er let go, but kept
His eyes upon the stars. But lo! across
His brow the Spirit shook a twig that dripped 1070
With the Lethean dew and with the sleep
Of death, and shut the fainting lids that tried
So hard to wake. The sudden drowsiness
Had scarce begun to lax his limbs, when down
The Spirit leaned on him, and overboard 1075
He fell, the stern-post and the rudder torn
Into the tide with him, where all in vain
He shouted to his comrades oft and loud,

While through the viewless air the Spirit rose.
Safe on its way no less the fleet flew on, 1080
Borne o'er the deep, for Father Neptune's pledge
Left naught to fear. Already now it made
The islands of the Sirens, dangerous once,
And bleached with many sailors' bones. Far off
The roaring breakers echoed to the dash 1085
Of the untiring sea. Æneas woke
To find his boat adrift, his pilot lost ;
And, mid the darkness and the waves, himself
Its guidance took, though many a groan he heaved,
Stunned at his friend's mishap. "Trusting too much 1090
To truce of wind and wave, on some lone strand
Thou, Palinurus, wilt unburied lie."

SIXTH BOOK.

So spake and wept : then crowds all sail until
At last he grates Eubœan Cumæ's shore.
The bows are turned to sea : at anchor ride
The boats, the fluke imbedded firm : the beach
Is crested with the rounded sterns. The crews, 5
Eager to press the Italian soil, leap out.
Some strike the sparks of flame, that lurk within
The tissues of the flint. Some rove the woods,
The wild and tangled haunts of savage beasts,
And point the streams where water may be found. 10
But good Æneas seeks the lofty heights
O'er which Apollo sits, the cavern vast
Wherein the awful Sibyl hides from sight,
Whose mighty mind and heart the prophet-god
With inspiration fills, disclosing her 15
The things that are to be. Already now
They reach Diana's groves and golden roofs.

When Dædalus fled Crete, the legend goes,
He on swift pinions dared attempt the air,
Winged his strange journey to the icy north, 20
And lightly poised at last on Cumæ's heights.
Because he first alighted here, to thee,
Apollo, consecrated he the wings
That had been oars, and built a temple vast.
Upon its gates he carved Androgeos' death ; 25
Next that—sad sight—the Athenians doomed each year

To sacrifice the bodies of their sons
 And daughters — seven of either sex ; there stands
 The urn from which the lots but now were drawn.
 Upon the other side appears the isle 30
 Of Crete uprising from the sea, and there
 Is wrought the brutal passion for the bull,
 Pasiphaë's unnatural device,
 The cross of man and beast, that monstrous birth
 Two shapes in one, that monument of lust 35
 Too foul for utterance, — the Minotaur.
 There too the inextricable Labyrinth,
 The elaborate keep to shut the monster in :
 Yet Dædalus himself — so pitied he
 The princess Ariadne's desperate love — 40
 The trick and mazes of the structure solved,
 And traced its intricacies with a thread.
 Thou also, Icarus, in work of art
 So wondrous would'st have had no slighted niche,
 Had grief allowed. Twice strove thy sire in gold 45
 To carve thy fall : twice drooped the father's hands.

And they had lingered gazing at all this,
 Had not Achates, who had gone before,
 Returned, and with him brought Deiphobe,
 Daughter of Glaucus, Phœbus' priestess she 50
 And Hecate's, who thus did speak the king :
 "Not these the sights the hour demands. Haste thou
 To sacrifice seven bulls ne'er bent to yoke,
 And fitly-chosen sheep as many more."

So spake she to Æneas. Then away, 55
 The while they haste to do her priestly will,
 She calls the Trojans to the spacious cave,

Cut from the tall Eubœan cliff, and made
 Into a temple, where a hundred doors
 Lead in, a hundred out, and whence respond 60
 As many voices to the Sibyl's spell.
 The moment they upon the threshold step,
 The virgin cries: "Now seek thy destiny!
 The God! Behold the God!" And as she spake,
 There at the gates changed instantly her look 65
 And hue; down streamed her hair; panted her breast;
 Her wild heart swelled with frenzy, and her height
 Seemed loftier, and her voice no mortal sound,
 Toned by the nearer presence of the god.
 "Trojan Æneas, where are now," she cried, 70
 "Thy vows and prayers? Still dumb? Ah! never, then,
 Shall swing this awful temple's mighty gates."
 So spake she, and was still. Cold shudders thrilled
 The Trojans' stiffening bones. The king poured out
 His deepest heart in prayer. "O Phœbus, thou, 75
 Who ever pitied'st the woes of Troy,
 And Trojan Paris' shaft and hand didst aim
 Against Achilles' breast, still hast thou been
 My guide, while I have dared so many seas
 Washing so many shores, and wandered far 80
 Amid Massylian tribes and through the lands
 That border on the Syrtes! Now at last
 We press the Italian strand that fled so long.
 Thus far the fate of Troy its course hath run:
 But henceforth, all ye gods and goddesses, 85
 Whom Ilium and Troy's great glory irked,
 'Tis justice that ye spare the Trojan race.
 Thou, too, most holy prophetess, who dost

Foresee what is to come, grant me who ask
 No realm that is not fated me, that yet 90
 The persecuted deities of Troy,
 The Trojans, and their wandering gods may rest
 In Latium. There temples will I build
 Of solid marble, cut to Hecate
 And Phœbus, and establish festivals 95
 For Phœbus named. And stately shrines await
 Thee also in my realm. In them will I
 Repose thy oracles, the secret fates
 Revealed unto my race ; and I, sweet maid,
 Will consecrate thee chosen ministers. 100
 Only write not thy legends on the leaves,
 Lest whirled away they fly, and be the sport
 Of the wild wind. Thyself, I pray thee, speak."
 His prayer was ended and he held his peace.
 Not yet submissive to Apollo's will, 105
 Wild raves the prophetess within the cave
 To wrest the mighty god from out her breast.
 So much the more he tires her frothing mouth,
 Conquers her stormy heart, and fashions her
 By mastering her. Then freely open wide 110
 The temple's hundred stately doors, from whence
 The Sibyl's answers echo through the air :
 "O thou, who hast great perils of the sea
 O'ercome at last, yet heavier wait thee still
 Upon the land. The Trojans sure shall go 115
 Into the kingdom of Lavinium —
 Relieve thy heart of that — yet shall they wish
 They had not come. Wars, savage wars I see,
 The Tiber streaming with a flood of gore :

Xanthus thou shalt not lack, nor Simoïs, 120
 Nor Grecian camp. In Latium, even now,
 Achilles in another lives, he too
 A goddess' son. Nor anywhere on earth
 Will Juno cease to haunt the Trojans' flank.
 What race in Italy, what city there, 125
 Wilt thou not then, a suppliant in distress,
 Entreat? Again the cause of woes so great
 Shall be the wife who charms her Trojan guest —
 Again the marriage with a foreigner.
 Yield not to ills. Go but the braver on, 130
 Where'er thy fortune leads. Where least thou think'st,
 There will the path of safety open first,
 From out a city of the very Greeks."

Thus from the shrine her awful mystic words
 Sings the Cumæan Sibyl; through the cave 135
 She wails, and clouds the truth with mysteries.
 Apollo lashes her to rage, and goads
 Her to the quick. Soon as her fury faints,
 And quiet grows the raging of her tongue,
 Hero Æneas thus: "Maiden, no front 140
 Can Danger lift I have not seen and met;
 All things have I forecast, and in my mind
 Already borne. I ask but this — since this
 Is called the gateway of the king of hell,
 The gloomy lake where Acheron out-flows — 145
 That I may to the presence and the face
 Of my dear father go. Show me the way,
 And ope the sacred doors. 'Twas I bore him
 Upon these very shoulders through the fire,
 Ay, through the gantlet of a thousand spears, 150

And snatched him from the thickest of the foe.
 He was the comrade of my wanderings,
 With me dared every sea, and with me shared
 All perils of the ocean and the storm,
 Though weak beyond the strength and lot of age. 155
 Nay, he it was whose lips the bidding gave
 That I, a suppliant, should come to thee,
 And on thy threshold stand. Sweet maid, I pray,
 Pity the father and the son, for thou
 Can'st all things do, nor Hecate in vain 160
 Hath made thee mistress of Avernus' grove.
 If trusting only to his Thracian lute
 And tuneful strings, could Orpheus back allure
 The spirit of his wife; if Pollux went
 So oft from heaven to hell, from hell to heaven, 165
 And paid the ransom of his brother's life
 By dying in his stead alternate days;
 Nay, why great Hercules or Theseus name,—
 Count I not Jove, the King of gods, my sire?"
 So pleaded he, and to the altars clung; 170
 Till thus the prophetess began: "O thou,
 Trojan Anchises' son and sprung from blood
 Immortal! Easy the descent to hell:
 The portals of its sable king gape wide
 Both day and night: but to recall the step, 175
 To reach again the upper air of heaven,—
 The pinch, the peril that! A few, heaven-born,
 Whom kindly Jove hath loved, or pure desert
 Hath lifted to the heavens, have won their way.
 Woods gloom o'er all the intervening space; 180
 Cocytus winds its murky current round.

Yet if thy heart so yearn, if so intense
Thy craving twice to cross the Stygian stream,
Twice see the gloom of hell, and the mad risk
Thou dar'st indulge, learn what must first be done. 185
In the thick foliage of a tree there lurks
A branch with leaves and supple stalk of gold,
Said to be sacred unto Proserpine.
The whole wood hides it: in the gorge's gloom
The shadows shut it round. Yet ne'er shall he 190
The deep recesses of the earth invade,
Who hath not plucked this golden-clustering shoot,
Which stately Proserpine doth bid him bring:
To offer unto her. The first torn off,
There lacks not still another branch of gold; 195
The twig puts forth again its golden leaves.
Look high, and reverently, when 'tis found,
Lay hold on it, for if the fates so bid
'Twill follow easily and of itself:
But otherwise thou hast not strength to break, 200
Nor steel an edge to lop it off. Nay, more —
Alas! thou know'st it not — thy friend lies dead,
The whole fleet poisoned with his corse, whilst thou
My counsel seek'st and lingerest at my door.
Him to his resting place first bear and lay 205
Within the grave. Then sacrifice black sheep,
And let them be thy earliest offerings.
So shalt thou see at length the Stygian stream,
The realms the living dread." The Sibyl spake
No more; her lips were sealed, and she was mute. 210
Forth from the cave Æneas goes, his eyes
Cast sadly down, and ponders in his mind

The tangled turn of things, while at his side
 Faithful Achates walks, like full of care.
 In conversation long and ranging wide, 215
 They question who may be the comrade dead,
 As spake the prophetess, — whose corse it is
 Needs burial. So, till on the dry sea-sand
 They come, and find Misenus there, cut off
 By an inglorious death — Misenus, son 220
 Of Æolus, who had no peer when he
 His trumpet blew to stir the soldier's heart,
 And fire the battle with its blast. The friend
 Of mighty Hector had he been: alike
 Distinguished with the bugle and the spear, 225
 At Hector's side full many a fight he dared:
 And when victorious Achilles spoiled
 That hero of his life, Misenus joined,
 Himself among the bravest of the brave,
 Trojan Æneas' ranks, nor did he then 230
 Follow a less illustrious leadership.
 And yet but now, while he by merest chance
 Made the sea echo with an empty shell,
 And dared, the fool, the gods to vie with him
 To make the welkin ring, if true the tale, 235
 The envious Triton caught him off his guard,
 And with a wild wave dashed him on the rocks.
 So round him now, with lamentations loud,
 All mourn, and good Æneas most of all.
 Without delay they haste, though still in tears, 240
 To do the Sibyl's hest, an altar-pyre
 Of tree-trunks build, and lift it to the sky.
 Into an ancient wood they go, where haunt

The savage beasts. The pitch-pines thunder down :
Struck with the axe the holly rings : ash boles 245
And straight-grained oaks are with the wedges cleft,
And from the hills great logs come rolling down.
Himself among the foremost in the work,
Æneas spurs the men and shares their toil.
But as he views the forest stretching far, 250
'Tis thus he muses in his own sad heart,
And bursts in prayer : " Amid so dense a wood,
Oh, that upon my sight there now might glint
That golden branch on but a single tree !
Alas ! too truly sang the prophetess 255
Thy fate, Misenus." Scarce he spake so much,
When, chance it seemed, twin doves came flying forth
From out the sky before the hero's eyes,
And settled down upon the grassy turf.
His mother's birds the mighty warrior knew, 260
And full of joy he prayed : " Be ye my guides,
If path there be, and through the air direct
Your flight to groves where on the fertile sward
The golden bough its shadow casts ! and thou,
My goddess mother, fail me not in this 265
Extremity ! " So spake, stood still, and watched
The signs they gave, the way they took, while they,
Stopping to feed at times, flew on and on,
Yet but so fast, that following them his eyes
Could keep them still in sight. Soon as they reach 270
The jaws of dank Avernus, swift they soar,
Glide through the liquid air, and side by side
Perch on the very tree for which he longs ;
While from its leaves gleams the bright glint of gold,

As sometimes in the woods, in winter time, 275
 The mistletoe that clings about the tree
 That bore it not, shoots a new leaf and wreathes
 The shrivelled bole with yellow vines. So shone
 The golden twig from out the clustering oak :
 So its leaves rustled in the gentle wind. 280
 Æneas snatched it quick ; eager he broke
 Its hold, and bore it to the Sibyl's door.

Meantime upon the shore the Trojans mourn
 Over Misenus' corse, and the last rites
 Pay to his lifeless ashes. First of all, 285
 A huge pyre they erect, inflammable
 With pitch-pine and with oak. Its sides they trim
 With dark green leaves ; funereal cypresses
 They place in front, and on the top of all
 The blazon of his shining arms. Some bring 290
 Warm baths in kettles bubbling with the heat,
 Wash and anoint the body cold in death,
 And with a wail of grief weep o'er the limbs
 Laid out upon the pyre, and o'er them throw
 His purple vestments and familiar cloak. 295
 Some lift the mighty bier — sad ministry —
 And, following the custom of the sires,
 Their faces turned aside, apply the torch.
 Heaped up, the offerings of frankincense,
 The sacrificial meats, the out-poured bowls 300
 Of oil together burn ; and when the corse
 To ashes turns, and flickers out the flame,
 They dash the relics and the thirsty coals
 With wine. Then Chorinæus gathers up
 The bones and seals them in a brazen urn ; 305

Thrice with pure water circles he his mates,
 Sprinkling the light spray o'er them with a branch
 Of happy olive, purifies the men,
 And calls the last farewells. Piously, too,
 Æneas builds a towering sepulchre 310
 Unto the hero, with his arms, his oar,
 His trumpet laid upon it, at the foot
 Of that high mount that now from him is called
 Misenus — name that through all time shall last !

This done, he hastes to do the Sibyl's hest. 315
 A deep and ragged cave with yawning mouth
 Lay guarded from approach by gloomy lake
 And forest shade, o'er which no bird could wing
 Its flight in safety, such the stench that rolled
 From its black throat and swept the arch of heaven ; 320
 Whence comes the name Avernus with the Greeks.

Opening the rites, the priestess hither brought
 Four black-haired bulls, and 'twixt their eyes dashed
 wine ;

Between their horns the topmost lock she cut,
 And laid it, first of all the offerings, 325
 Upon the altar fires, while she invoked
 Hecate, goddess both in heaven and hell.

Others apply the sacrificial knife
 And catch the tepid blood in bowls. To Night,
 The mother of the Furies, and to Earth 330
 Her mighty sister, with his own right hand
 And sword Æneas kills a black-fleeced lamb ;
 To thee, a farrow cow, O Proserpine.

Unto the king of Styx at night he builds
 An altar, and outstretches on its fire 335

A holocaust of bulls, and on the fat
 And burning carcasses libations pours.
 And lo! at earliest break of morning light
 The earth beneath their feet begins to heave,
 The forest heights to move, and through the gloom, ³⁴⁰
 As comes the goddess forth, they seem to hear
 The howling of her hounds. "Begone, begone
 Afar, O ye profane," the prophetess
 Exclaims, "and get ye wholly from the grove.
 Do thou alone, Æneas, dare the way, ³⁴⁵
 And from the scabbard draw thy sword, for now
 Is need of all thy will and fortitude."

So spake, and madly plunged into the cave.
 With fearless step he keeps his leader's side.
 Ye gods, whose empire is the realm of souls, ³⁵⁰
 Ye silent ghosts, and ye, both Phlegethon
 And Chaos wrapped in silence of the night,
 Let me repeat the wonders I have heard,
 And with thy sanction open up to view
 The mysteries of the womb and deep of earth. ³⁵⁵

Alone, amid the gloomy shades of night,
 They wandered on through Pluto's vacant halls
 And dreary realms, as in the woods one walks
 Beneath the envious and uncertain moon,
 When Jupiter with vapors hides the sky, ³⁶⁰
 And dark night makes the whole world colorless.

Before the vestibule and in the jaws
 Of hell, Grief and Remorse have made their bed.
 There dwell ghastly Disease and sad Old Age,
 And Fear, and Hunger bent on crime, foul Want, ³⁶⁵
 And Death, and Toil — forms horrible to see.

And next to them are Sleep, the twin of Death,
 And all the guilty Passions of the heart,
 Death-dealing War, the Furies' iron rack,
 And Discord raving mad, her hair a nest 370
 Of vipers into bloody fillets twined.

Midway, a huge and shady elm spreads out
 Its boughs and ancient limbs, wherein, 'tis said
 Perch lying dreams that cling 'neath every leaf.
 Bide at the gates all sorts of monstrous brutes ; 375
 Centaurs ; and Scyllas, man and beast in one ;
 Briareus with his hundred hands ; the snake,
 Monster of Lerna, hissing horribly ;
 Chimæra vomiting her flames ; Gorgons ;
 And Harpies ; and three-bodied Geryon's ghost. 380
 Here, sudden struck with fear, Æneas draws
 His blade and forward thrusts its naked point
 As they approach and, but his wiser guide
 Had minded him they were but bodiless
 And airy wraiths in unsubstantial tricks 385
 Of shape that wont to flit, he had charged on
 And with his sword dispersed but idle shades.

Thence runs the way to Acheron's gloomy flow ;
 Miry and bottomless its eddies boil,
 And belch into Cocytus all their sand. 390
 Frightful in filth, Charon the ferryman
 These streams and waters guards : upon his chin
 Lies his unshorn and matted beard : his eyes
 Are shafts of fire : his squalid mantle hangs
 Tied at the shoulder with a knot. His boat, 395
 Trimmed with a sail, he pushes with a pole,
 And in his rusty skiff takes ghosts across, —

An old man now, but with a god's old age
 Still fresh and green. Here ever to the bank
 A thronging, countless multitude press up — 400
 Mothers and chiefs, boys, maidens never won,
 Great heroes' shades bereft of life, and youths
 Before the faces of their parents stretched
 On funeral pyres. Not faster fall the leaves
 When the first frost of autumn chills the woods, 405
 Or flock the birds from ocean to the land
 When winter sweeps the sea and chases them
 To summer climes. Pleading, they stand in hope
 To be the first to cross, and stretch their hands
 In eager yearning for the farther shore. 410
 Implacable, the pilot takes now these,
 Now those, and drives the rest far up the beach.

Æneas wondering and moved to hear
 Their lamentations, cries: "What means, O maid,
 This thronging to the river bank? What is't 415
 They seek so eagerly? What line divides
 'Twixt those who linger on the shore, and those
 Who o'er the livid stream embark to row?"
 Brief answers back the long-lived prophetess.
 "Anchises' son, sure offspring from the gods, 420
 Thou look'st upon Cocytus' stagnant flood
 And creeping Styx, by whose dread name not gods
 Dare swear and not abide. This multitude,
 Whom hither thou behold'st, unburied lie
 And destitute: Charon yon ferryman: 425
 While they who ride the waves had burial.
 For none may he across these ghastly banks,
 This groaning flood transport, till in the earth

Their bones are laid to rest. A hundred years
 They wander to and fro and flit along 430
 These shores, admitted then at length to cross
 The waters they have longed to gain." Stayed then
 His step Anchises' son, and stood stock still,
 O'erwhelmed and full of pity for a lot
 So hard, as there the wretched throng he scanned, 435
 Robbed of the honor e'en of death, and saw
 Leucaspis, and Orontes commodore
 Of his own Lycian fleet, whom both from Troy
 Sailing the stormy sea, the south wind wrecked,
 The waves engulfing bark and mariners. 440

Lo! pilot Palinurus presses up,
 Who late on Libya's sea, while he kept watch,
 Had fallen from off the stern amid the waves.
 Mid the thick gloom Æneas scarcely knew
 His face, so sad it was, yet spake him first: 445
 "What god, O Palinurus, robbed us thee,
 And drowned thee in mid ocean, tell me now!
 For Phœbus, never found at fault before,
 Deluded me in this one oracle,
 Singing that thou should'st safely cross the deep 450
 And come into the bounds of Italy.
 Lo now, is this the keeping of his faith?"
 But answered he: "Neither the oracle
 Of Phœbus hath deceived thee, Trojan king,
 Nor e'er the god did drown me in the sea. 455
 For while I steered our course, and held the helm
 That to my watch was left, I headlong fell
 And dragged it with me in my own mishap,
 Wrenching it violently off. I swear

By every stormy sea, far less I felt 460
 Fear for myself than lest, the rudder gone
 And pilot overboard, the bark that bore
 Thy fate might swamp beneath such heavy waves.
 Three wintry nights on o'er the boundless sea
 The fierce wind tossed me with the tide ; at dawn, 465
 Upon the fourth, high on a billow's top
 I caught a glimpse of Italy. To land
 I slowly swam, and had at safety grasped,
 But that some savage tribe, that stupidly
 Thought me worth plundering, slew me with their
 swords 470

While weighted down in garments soaked with brine,
 And with my fingers clutching at the sharp
 And jutting crags. And now the billows sport
 With me, and beat me to and from the shore.
 By heaven's sweet light and air, and by thy sire, 475
 By every hope that in Iulus springs,
 I pray thee, save me from this woe, thou man
 Of victory ! Seek thou the Velian port,
 And lay me in the earth, for this thou can'st ;
 Or else if way there be, if any such 480
 The goddess that did give thee birth can show —
 For not without the help of gods think I
 'Thou dar'st so deep a flood or Styx's tide
 To cross — give thy poor shipmate thy right hand,
 And take me with thee o'er the stream, that I 485
 At least in death may rest in peace at last."

While thus he spake the prophetess broke in :
 "Whence comes, O Palinurus, wish so rash?
 Would'st look unburied on the waves of Styx

The Furies' awful river, or would'st thou 490
 Unbidden press its bank? Hope thou no more
 To turn with prayers the edict of the gods!
 But take to memory what now I say
 To solace thy hard lot; for warned from heaven
 The people of the towns, that border near 495
 Thy death, shall lay thy bones, erect thy tomb,
 And at it pay thee solemn rites; and hence
 Forevermore the spot shall bear the name
 Of Palinurus." Fade his fears, as thus
 She speaks, and grief from his sad heart is driven, 500
 Made happy that a land is named for him.

On then they push their journey well begun.
 They near the stream. Soon as the ferryman
 Looks from the Styx and sees them coming through
 The silent grove and making for the bank, 505
 The first to speak, he gruffly bawls at them:
 "Whoe'er thou art that dost, in armor clad,
 Approach my realm, say quick why comest thou?
 Halt where thou art! This is the abode of ghosts,
 Of Sleep and slumberous Night. No keel on Styx 510
 May ferry o'er a living man. Not I
 Am over fond, remembering I took,
 When faring o'er the river, Hercules,
 Or Theseus, or Pirithoüs, though they
 Were god-born and invincible in might. 515
 The one caught by the hand and bound in chains
 Hell's watch-dog Cerberus, and dragged him forth
 Whining from underneath e'en Pluto's throne;
 The others had the daring to attempt
 To drag the queen from off the royal bed." 520

Short answer makes Apollo's prophets :
 "Here is no trick like that. Stop vaporing !
 His armor means not force. Let in his den
 The monster watch-dog bark eternally
 To frighten bloodless ghosts ; unsullied still 525
 Shall Proserpine within her threshold keep.
 Trojan Æneas, famed in piety
 And war, into the nether world descends
 To meet his sire ; and if so bright a mark
 Of filial love affect thee naught, at least 530
 Thou know'st this branch." And here the branch
 she lifts,
 That hitherto lay hidden in her robe.
 At this his mounting ire subsides, nor more
 He mutters. Wondering at the awful gift,
 The fateful rod last seen so long ago, 535
 He veers his dusky boat and makes the bank,
 Then hustles out the ghosts that on the thwarts
 Already sit in crowds, and clears the hold.
 E'en while he takes the great Æneas in,
 His yawl of patches cracks beneath the weight, 540
 And lets a flood of water through its leaks.
 At last, safe o'er the stream, hero and seer
 It lands mid the green sedge and spongy mire.
 Here howls huge Cerberus, three throats at once,
 And makes all ring again, at full length stretched 545
 Within a cave that guards the way. To whom,
 Soon as she sees the snakes about his neck
 Begin to squirm, the Sibyl throws a loaf
 With honey and with drowsy tinctures soaked.
 Rabid with hunger, all three jaws apart, 550

He snatches at the gift : then tumbling down,
His monstrous limbs relax, and lie across
The cave from side to side. The watch dog drugged,
Æneas quick fills up the way, and mounts
The bank of that dread stream none cross but once. 555

Wailings at once he hears, and piercing cries.
Right at the threshold moan the ghosts of babes,
Whom, cheated of sweet life, a dark hour snatched
From off the mother's breast and whelmed beneath
The bitterness of death. Next are the souls 560
Condemned to die on accusations false,
Yet not without a sentence or a court
Their doom is cast. Minos, presiding judge,
Doth shake the urn. The arraignment of the dead
He makes, and hears the indictment of their lives. 565

Next, the abode of melancholy souls,
That, guiltless else, sought death by their own hand,
And laid down life because life burdened them.
Glad were they now if but in upper air
Rough toil or want they bore. But fate forbids : 570
The grim flood pens them with its gloomy wave ;
Nine times the inflowing Styx around them coils.

Near by, extending far and wide, are seen
The mourning fields, for so they call them, where
In secret hidden paths and myrtle groves 575
Stray those who pine so pitiably, and waste
With unrequited love. Still e'en in death
Doth love abide. Here Phædra he beholds,
And Procris, and sad Eriphyle who
Shows wounds her own hard-hearted son struck home. 580
Along with them Laodamia walks,

And Cæneus, once a boy, a woman now,
Again by fate restored to her first shape.
There too, in that great wood, her wound still fresh,
Sidonian Dido wanders to and fro : 585
Nor sooner near her stood the Trojan chief,
And mid the gathering gloom saw who she was,
As one who sees, or fancies that he sees,
The faint, young moon uprising through the clouds,
Than burst he into tears and spake to her 590
With loving tenderness : “ Poor Dido, true
Was then the messenger that came to me,
And told me thou wert dead and with the sword
Had struck the fatal blow. And I, alas,
Did cause thy death ! By all the stars, O queen, 595
By all the gods, I swear, nay if there be
Truth in the deepest of the worlds below,
That from thy shore I went against my will.
The bidding of the gods forced me away
As now, on through these glooms, this black of night, 600
These regions dank with mould, it forces me !
I could not think parting would pain thee so.
Stay yet thy feet nor from my sight draw off.
Turn not away : the words I speak thee now
Are fated for the last ! ” With such a tongue 605
Æneas would have quieted the soul
That flashed back fire and scorned him in her eyes ;
So would have melted her to tears. Aloof
She held her gaze chained to the ground, nor moved
A lid to hear him, more than had she stood 610
Statued in solid flint or Parian stone,
Till in disdain at last she broke away,

And fled into the shadows of the grove :
 There doth her first love still to her respond,
 Sichæus' heart as loving as her own. 615
 Yet none the less, touched at a fate so hard,
 Æneas followed her with tearful eyes,
 And filled with pity as she fled afar.

Thence on his way he toils. Already now
 They reach the farthest boundaries, where apart 620
 Dwell mighty men of war. There face to face
 He Tydeus meets ; Parthenopæus there,
 Illustrious in arms ; and there the ghost
 Of wan Adrastus ; Trojans there, who fell
 On battle-fields, still freshly mourned on earth : 625
 He scanned the long procession and he sobbed.
 Glaucus and Medon and Thersilochus
 He saw ; the three sons whom Antenor had ;
 And Polybætetes, one of Ceres' priests ;
 The charioteer Idæus clutching still 630
 His armor and his car. Their spirits throng
 Around him right and left, nor is't enough
 To see him once, but still they linger there,
 Keep pace with him, and ask him why he came.
 But when the Greek chiefs and the phalanxes 635
 Of Agamemnon look upon the man,
 His armor flashing through the gloom, they fly
 In craven fear. Some turn their backs as once
 When driven to their boats. Some fain would lift
 A feeble cry : their voices seem to faint 640
 Ere yet the lips have closed that oped to speak.

Here too he saw Deiphobus, the son
 Of Priam, mangled top to toe, his face

And both his hands hacked horribly, his ears
 From his shorn temples cut, his nose lopped off 645
 By an inhuman stroke, — scarce knowable,
 So trembled he and sought his hideous wounds
 To hide the while, Æneas speaking first,
 He heard the accents of that well-known voice :
 “ Gallant Deïphobus, born of the blood 650
 Of royal Teucer, who hath dared inflict
 Such cruelty of punishment, or who
 So had thee at his mercy? Came to me
 The tale, that, weary on that final night
 With slaughtering so many Greeks, thou fell’st 655
 At last upon a heap of mingled dead.
 Then did I build upon the Trojan shore
 A cenotaph, and loudly thrice invoked
 Thy ghost: thy name and arms still mark the spot.
 But oh, my friend, I ne’er could find the corse 660
 To lay it, ere I went, in native soil !”
 And thus the son of Priam answered back :
 “ Naught didst thou leave for me undone, my friend :
 All honor hast thou paid Deïphobus
 And to his soul in death. But destiny 665
 And Helen’s fatal wickedness it was
 That whelmed me in these woes. She left these scars.
 Rememberest thou how false the revelry,
 Mid which we squandered that last night — too well
 We needs remember it — when o’er the walls 670
 Of lofty Troy leapt in the fatal horse,
 And from its womb armed infantry did bear?
 She, feigning ’twas some sacred dance, led forth
 The Trojan women with their Bacchic howl,

While she, encircled by the group, held high 675
A mighty torch, and from the temple's top
Waved in the Greeks. 'Twas then, worn out with toil,
And dead with sleep, I kept my hapless bed ;
Sweet sleep and deep was on me as I lay,
The very counterfeit of quiet death. 680

Meantime stripped this rare wife of mine my house
Of all my arms, — took e'en my trusty sword
From underneath my head : within my gates
She Menelaus called, and opened him
The doors, hoping perhaps so great a prize 685
Would win his love, and blot the stigma out
Of older crimes. Why eke the tale ? They burst
Into my chamber : added to the rest,
Ulysses, hatcher of all mischief, came.

Do likewise to the Greeks, ye gods ! I ask 690
With reverent lips that vengeance at your hands.
But tell me now in turn, what chance hath brought
Thee here in mortal shape ? Dost hither come,
Cast by the dangers of the sea adrift,
Or at the warning of the gods ? What strait 695
Compels thee seek these sunless, sad abodes,
This valley of the shadows of the dead ? ”

While yet they spake, on her ethereal course,
Aurora in her rosy chariot
Over half heaven had swept, and haply they 700
Had thus consumed the whole allotted time,
Had not the Sibyl her companion warned
And cut him short : “ The night is rushing on,
Æneas, and we waste the hours in tears.
This is the spot where parts the way in two : 705

The right leads up to mighty Pluto's walls, —
 By it we journey to Elysium ;
 The left inflicts the torments of the damned,
 And sends them down to hell." Then answered back
 Deïphobus: "Great priestess, chide no more. 710
 I will depart, fill my allotted place,
 And to the shadows render me again.
 Go, go, thou glory of our race! Be thine
 A better fate." So much he spake, no more ;
 Then turned upon the word and went away. 715

Æneas suddenly looks back and sees,
 Guarded with triple walls, a stronghold vast
 Beneath the cliffs upon his left. Round it
 Hell's rushing river Phlegethon rolls flames,
 And whirls a roar of rocks along. In front, 720
 Huge gates, their posts of solid adamant,
 That mortal arm nor e'en celestial might
 Can shatter, stand. An iron turret mounts
 The air, and, there enthroned, Tisiphone,
 Girt in her bloody robe, guards day and night 725
 With sleepless vigilance the vestibule.
 Thence groans are heard, the cruel lash, the clank
 Of bolt and dragging chains. Æneas stops,
 And terror-struck drinks in the din. "Tell me,
 O maid," he cries, "what manner is't of crime, 730
 Or what the punishment it undergoes ?
 What means so loud a wail upon the air?"

Then thus the prophetess began reply :
 "Thou glorious leader of the Trojans, ne'er
 Can guiltless foot tread that accursed gate. 735
 Yet Hecate, when she committed me

The keeping of Avernus' groves, herself
 Taught me the punishments the gods inflict,
 And told me all. These realms, to mercy deaf,
 The Cretan Rhadamanthus rules, who hears 740
 And lashes crime : whate'er the wrong on earth,
 Late though death screen it, vain its furtive stealth !
 He wrings confession out. Tisiphone,
 With scourge uplift, in vengeance reveling,
 Makes quake the guilty soul, her left hand thick 745
 With loathsome snakes, while to her side she calls
 The grim assemblage of her sister hags."

At last on shrieking hinge the accursed doors
 Are open thrown. "See'st thou," she said, "what
 guard

Is at the door? what shape the threshold keeps? 750
 More frightful yet, a monster hydra sits
 Within, its fifty black jaws yawning wide :
 There hell itself gapes down and splits the gloom
 Twice deeper than the height of heaven's blue arch.
 The ancient brood of Earth, the Titan clan, 755
 Writhe in its pit, there struck by thunderbolts.
 The monster bodies of Aloëus' twins
 Here have I seen, who dared to lift their hands
 To rend high heaven and drag down Jupiter
 From his supernal throne. Here have I seen . 760
 Salmoneus bear his cruel punishment,
 Because he mocked Jove's lightnings and the roar
 Of thundering Olympus. He it was
 His four-horse chariot drove and waved a torch,
 Exulting as he swept through Elis town 765
 Amid the Grecian populace, and bade

Them render him the honors due the gods.
Mad fool! to think with brazen wheel or thud
Of horn-hoofed steeds to counterfeit the storm,
Or the inimitable thunder blast! 770
The Almighty Father through the gathering gloom
Hurl'd down the bolt — no fire-brand that, nor blaze
Of smoky torch — and in a mighty gust
Caught up and dashed him headlong to the earth.
There might one Tityon see, the foster-child 775
Of the all-mother Earth: his body lies
Astretch o'er nine broad acres: with hooked beak
A monster vulture at his liver pecks,
That yet ne'er wastes, — his entrails that still grow
To longer eke his punishment; on these 780
It prowls and feasts, and o'er his vitals haunts;
Nor ever rests the flesh that cannot die.
Why name Ixion, or the Lapithæ,
Or that Pirithous, o'er whom the flint,
On point to fall, nay, as if now it fell, 785
Its shadow hangs? Bright shine the golden feet
On which the lofty banquet-couches rest;
The feast with royal luxury is spread
Before their very eyes; but close at hand
Reclines the grandam Fury and forbids 790
To touch the table's edge; her face she lifts,
And roars in thunder tones. Here too are they
Who cherished brothers' hate, while life was theirs,
Or parent struck, or client's trust betrayed;
They, too, who gloated o'er their hoarded wealth 795
Nor shared it with their kin. But more by far
Are they who for adultery were killed;

And who took up unhallowed arms, and dared
 Their duty to their masters violate.
 Endungeoned here, their sentence they await : 800
 Bid me not tell what sentence 'tis, nor how,
 Nor where it overwhelms their souls. Some roll
 Huge rocks or hang outstretched on spokes
 Of wheels. There sits and will forever sit
 The wretched Theseus, while more wretched still 805
 Hear Phlegya's warning cry amid the gloom,—
Learn reverence by me and fear the gods.
 Here he who sold his native land for gold,
 Imposed on it the tyrant's yoke, and made
 And unmade laws, and had his price. Here he 810
 Who spoiled his daughter's bed—unnatural lust ;
 And here all they who monstrous deeds have dared,
 And mastered what they dared. Not if I had
 A hundred tongues, a hundred mouths, a voice
 Of iron, could I sum up all their crimes, 815
 Or all their penalties go o'er by name."

The long-lived priestess of Apollo thus :
 "But now take up thy way," she cries ; "complete
 The task thou hast in hand, and let us haste.
 The walls by Cyclops' forges wrought I see, 820
 The portal's arch in front where we were bid
 To lay our offering." Then side by side
 Along the shadowy paths they quickly snatch
 The intervening space, and reach the gates.
 Æneas at the entrance lingers yet, 825
 Sprinkles his body with fresh water there,
 And fixes in the door the sacred branch.

When these are done and presentation made

Unto the goddess of their offering,
 They come into the happy quietudes, 830
 The pleasant verdure of the blissful groves,
 Home of the blest. The air is purer here,
 And clothes the fields with brighter light. Their own,
 The sun and stars on which they gaze. Some try
 Their strength within the grassy wrestling-ring, 835
 In sports engage, and on the yellow sand
 Contend ; while others trip the echoing dance
 And raise the song. In flowing robes the bard
 Of Thrace the gamut sweeps and strikes his lyre
 Or with his finger or with ivory style. 840

Here are old Teucer's scions, noble stock :
 Heroes of mighty soul, the golden age
 Was theirs. Here Ilus, and Assaracus,
 And Dardanus the establisher of Troy.
 Afar, Æneas wondering sees the arms, 845
 The empty chariots of the chiefs : their spears
 Stand planted in the ground, and here and there
 Feed their unbridled steeds along the mead.
 Whate'er the love of chariot or of arms
 In life, or taste to keep the glossy steed, 850
 The same goes with them buried underground.
 Yet others right and left upon the turf
 He sees afeast, or singing, as they dance,
 Exulting pæans 'mid sweet laurel groves,
 Whence, flooding down, the Po flows through the
 wood. 855

Here they who, fighting for their country, earned
 Their scars ; priests of pure lives while life did last ;
 Here holy prophets of Apollo, who

Spake as the god would have them speak. Here they
 Whose wise inventions bettered human life, 860
 And who have earned the memory of their race,
 Each wreathed with snow-white fillets round his brow.
 Thus to the clustering throng the Sibyl speaks,
 Singling Musæus from the rest, for he
 Stands in the centre of the group, that lifts 865
 Its gaze in wonder as his shoulders tower
 Above them all: "Tell me, ye blissful souls,
 And thou, the best of bards, in what retreat,
 What spot Anchises dwells. We for his sake
 Have hither come and crossed hell's mighty
 floods." 870

Thus briefly back the hero answered her:
 "No fixed abode doth any have. We haunt
 The shadows of the woods, and find a couch
 Upon the river banks, and rove o'er meads
 That freshen with the brooks. Yet if indeed 875
 Your hearts' desire be thither, mount yon hill;
 Thence will I guide you by an easy path."
 He spake, and led the way. The shining fields
 From the hill's top he points: thence they descend.

Meanwhile the sire Anchises, lost in thought, 880
 Mused on the souls that cluster deep within
 That verdant dale, ere yet to upper air
 They shall return. Perchance he counted o'er
 The list of all his kin, his offspring dear,
 The fates, the destinies, the characters 885
 And deeds heroic of the men to be.
 But when he saw Æneas o'er the lawn
 And full in view approach, he eagerly

88

Stretched both hands out, tears streaming down his
cheeks,

While burst his lips in speech : "Hast come at last, ⁸⁹⁰
And hath the love thy father witnessed oft
O'ercome the rugged way that leads thee here?

Thanks to the gods, I see thy face, my son,
And hear and answer in familiar tones.

It was but now, o'errunning in my mind ⁸⁹⁵
The reckoning of the time, I seemed to feel
It would be so, nor was my heart at fault.

What lands, what seas hast crossed that I behold
Thee here, my son? What perils racked thy bark?
I feared lest Libya's realm should do thee harm." ⁹⁰⁰

Æneas answered him : "Father, thy ghost,
Thy sad ghost 'twas oft came, and guided me
Into these paths. The fleet at anchor rides
Upon the Tuscan sea. Thy right hand clasp,
Clasp, father, in my own ; nor draw thou back ⁹⁰⁵
From my embrace." And while he spake, his face
Was deluged with his tears. Thrice he essayed
To throw his arms about his father's neck :
Like the light wind or like a flitting dream,
Thrice fled the ghost the hands that clutched on
naught. ⁹¹⁰

Meantime, within an angle of the vale,
Æneas sees a far secluded grove,
Its sylvan foliage rustling in the breeze,
And Lethe gliding past its still retreats.
Here flitted in and out throngs numberless ⁹¹⁵
Of every race and tribe ; as in the fields
In cloudless summer-time, from flower to flower

The bees fly forth and swarm the lilies white,
While all the meadow murmurs with the hum.
Struck at the sight Æneas stops, and asks 920
In wonder what it means — what stream is there —
And who are they who cluster so its banks.
Father Anchises answers him : “ ’Tis souls,
Fated to yet another mortal coil,
That now at Lethe’s flood nepenthe quaff 925
And deep oblivion. Long have I wished
To tell thee of them, bring them to thy eyes,
And number thee the offspring of my loins,
That so the more thou may’st with me rejoice
Now Italy is found.” “ But must I, sire, 930
Believe me then that souls, uplifted hence,
Go back to upper air, and are returned
Into the weary flesh? Is love of life
So strong in hearts that once its pangs have known? ”
“ Nay, I will make it plain to thee, my son, 935
Nor keep thee in suspense,” Anchises says,
And in its order everything explains.

“ In the beginning came the breath of life,
That from within sustains the sky and earth,
The liquid sea, the moon’s resplendent orb, 940
The sun and stars. Infused through all its veins,
Mind thrills the universe and throbs through all
Its frame. Thence men and flocks, fowls of the air,
And whatsoever shapes the sea brings forth
Beneath its glittering tide. A spark divine, 945
The energy of fire, is in these seeds,
Though yet our sickly bodies quell their growth,
Cramped by this coil of flesh, these wasting limbs.

Hence spring desire and fear, hence joy and grief :
The soul, in prison-cell and darkness shut, 950
Ne'er heeds the heaven from which it sprang. Nay, e'en
When life's last glimmer fades, not all the ill,
Not every pest infibred in our wretched lives,
Is sloughed ; many and long inured, they needs
Must cling, still rooting wonderfully in ; 955
And therefore are they purged by punishment
To pay the penalty of former wrongs.
Some hang laid open to the idle winds.
From some the infection of their crimes is washed
With floods of water out, or burnt with fire. 960
We suffer each the afterdeath we earn.
Through wide Elysium next we go, and reach
At last, in number few, the abodes of bliss.
There length of days, time's circuit perfected,
Blots out the ingrown stain and leaves undrossed 965
The ethereal soul, the pure essential spark.
These ghosts thou see'st, when they a thousand years
Have onward rolled the wheel of time, the god
Summons in mighty throngs to Lethe's flood,
Whence they oblivious revisit earth, 970
Inclined once more to put the body on."
Anchises leads the Sibyl and his son,
As thus he speaks, where thickest is the throng
And loud the hum, and stands upon a knoll
Whence, as in long array they pass in front, 975
He may survey them one by one and make
Acquaintance with the faces that approach.
" And now give ear while I thy destiny
Unfold, and tell what glory doth await

The Trojan race ; what offspring^d shall arise 980
 From out the Italian stock ; what souls shall yet
 Add lustre to our name in time to come.

“Yon youth, that on his headless spear doth lean,
 Is destined next to see the light ; he first
 Shall rise to upper air, and mix the blood 985
 Of Italy with thine — thy latest child,
 And Silvius his Alban name. Him late,
 When thou art old, thy wife Lavinia
 Shall in the forest bear, to be a king
 And sire of kings through whom our race shall rule 990
 O'er Alba Longa. Next him Procas stands,
 An honor to the Trojan stock : Capys,
 And Numitor : Æneas Silvius there,
 Alike illustrious in piety
 And arms, in whose name thou shalt live once more 995
 Whene'er he to his own shall come again
 And rule o'er Alba. See ! what youths they are !
 What manliness is theirs ! Next, they, who lift
 Their temples with the civic oak-leaf crowned,
 Shall for thee found Nomentum, Gabii, 1000
 The city of Fidena : they shall build
 Upon the mountain-top Collatia's towers,
 Pometii, Bola, Cora, and the hold
 Of Inuus : such then shall be their name ;
 Now are they lands without a name. Nay, look ! 1005
 There, at his grandsire's side, comes Romulus,
 Who hath in him the blood of Mars, and whom
 His mother Ilia shall bear, herself
 Of Trojan stock. Dost note upon his head
 The double crest ? The Father of the gods 1010

With his own grace hath him already marked.
 By him inspired shall glorious Rome, O son,
 Her empire measure by the ends of earth,
 Her daring by the pinnacle of heaven.
 Her walls alone shall circle seven high hills,— 1015
 In her heroic children blessed as is
 The Berecynthian mother of the gods,
 Who, proud of such a womb, rides turret-crowned
 Through Phrygia's cities in her chariot
 To greet her hundred grandsons, all enthroned 1020
 And dwellers on the lofty heights of heaven.
 Here, here direct thine eyes: look on this stock,
 These Romans—all thine own. Cæsar is here;
 And all who from Iulus spring, and who
 Are yet to come 'neath heaven's high canopy. 1025
 This, this is he, the man thou hast so oft
 Heard promised thee,—Augustus Cæsar, son
 Unto a god. He shall in Latium
 The golden age restore throughout the land
 Where Saturn once was king: his empire he 1030
 Shall limit nor by Garamant nor Ind;
 But his domain beyond the stars shall reach,
 Beyond the year's great pathway of the sun,
 Where Atlas on his shoulders lifts and turns
 The heavens with glittering constellations gemmed. 1035
 E'en now, at his approach, the Caspian realms
 Shudder to hear the warnings of the gods,
 While quake the borders of the Euxine sea,
 The frightened seven-mouthed outlets of the Nile.
 Ne'er Hercules so wide a circuit ranged, 1040
 Though he the brazen-footed hind transfixed,

The groves of Erymanthus freed from fear,
 And made the Hydra cower before his shaft :
 Nor Bacchus, though victorious he drove
 His span of tigers from high Nysa's top 1045
 And lashed them with a vine-leaf for a rein.
 Doubt we henceforth our valor into deeds
 To put, or fear to root in Italy?

“ But who is yon, crowned with the olive-leaf,
 That bears the sacred wares? I recognize 1050
 The locks, the gray beard of that king of Rome
 Who first shall found the city on the base
 Of law, and rise from Cures' humble town
 And low estate to mighty sovereignty.
 Tullus shall follow him ; from its repose 1055
 His country rouse, and stir to arms again
 The slumbering populace, the ranks now long
 Unused to triumph on the field. Next him,
 Ancus, too wont to boast, too eager he
 To ring his praises in the people's ears. 1060
 Would'st thou behold the Tarquin kings, the stern
 Avenger Brutus' soul, the fasces wrenched
 From tyrant's grasp? He of the Romans first
 To hold the consulship, to wield its badge —
 The heartless axe — and, father though he be, 1065
 Condemn to death, for freedom's dearer sake,
 His sons rebelling 'gainst the commonwealth!
 Unhappy sire ! yet, let posterity
 Regard the deed howe'er it may, the love
 Of native land, the measureless desire 1070
 To win the meed of praise, shall conquer all.
 There too the Decii, the Drusi see !

Torquatus spares not e'en his son the axe :
 Camillus wrests our banners from the foe.
 But they, whose arms flash on thy sight alike, 1075
 United now the while their souls are shades,
 Alas! the wars, the battle-fields, the blood
 Between them they shall answer for, if e'er
 They reach the light of day! Father-in-law
 The one, who from the Alpine hills comes down 1080
 And from Monœcus' heights; his son-in-law
 Confronting him with squadrons from the East.
 Whet not your souls to such malignant strife,
 O youths, nor turn your manhood's energies 1085
 Against the vitals of your native land!
 And be thou first to spare her, thou who dost,
 Blood of my blood, from heaven derive thy birth;
 Cast thou at once thy weapons from thy hands!
 "Stands next, who to the lofty Capitol
 Shall ride in triumph over Corinth's fall. 1090
 Next, who, avenger of his Trojan sires
 And of Minerva's desecrated shrines,
 Now razes Argos and Mycenæ, home
 Of Agamemnon, — nay, in triumph leads
 Æacides again, the very kin 1095
 E'en of Achilles peerless on the field.
 "Thy name, great Cato, who shall fail to speak?
 Or, Cossius, thine? Or Gracchus and his sons?
 Or the two Scipios, twin thunderbolts
 Of war, and scourge of Africa? Or that 1100
 Fabricius, whose poverty was power?
 Or Cincinnatus sowing in his fields?
 Whither do ye not tempt me, Fabii,

Though I already falter at the task?
 That Maximus art thou, who — none else can — 1105
 Sav'st Rome by bidding all and risking naught.

I doubt not other lands shall finer mould
 The bronze until it breathe, or marble cut
 To lineaments that live, or better plead
 A cause, or with the rod the astronomy 1110
 Of heaven describe and name the rising stars ;
 But, son of Rome, remember it is thine
 To stretch thy empire o'er the human race.
 This be thy aim, — to dictate terms of peace,
 The vanquished spare, but bring the haughty low." 1115

Father Anchises thus ; then added, while
 Their wonder grew : "Lo! there Marcellus comes,
 Illustrious with triumphal trophies won,
 In victory topping o'er all other men.
 He is the knight who, when wild panics threat, 1120
 Upholds the Roman state : 'tis he who routs
 The Carthaginians and the rebel Gauls,
 And is the third who hangs to Father Jove
 Arms captured from the leader of the foe."

Æneas here breaks in ; for, he beholds, 1125
 There walking at Marcellus' side, a youth
 Whose shape is grace itself, whose armor shines,
 Yet all too faint the gladness on his brow,
 And sad the lustre of his eyes : "O, sire,
 Who is't that saunters at the hero's side ? 1130
 His son ? some grandson of that glorious stock ?
 How close his comrades throng ! How in himself
 A paragon ! yet round his head e'en now
 Death's shadow hovers with its boding wings."

Anchises then, tears gushing from his eyes, 1135
 Thus answers him : "Wake not, my son, the grief
 That o'er thy children hangs so heavily.
 Fate doth but show him to the world — no more.
 Too mighty had ye deemed the Roman seed,
 Ye gods, gave ye this fruitage for its own. 1140
 What groans from out the people's heart of hearts
 Shall Campus Martius echo back to Rome !
 What funeral rites shalt thou, O Tiber, see,
 When thou shalt wash the fresh turf on his grave !
 No son of Trojan stock shall ever lift 1145
 The Latin fathers' hopes so high : nor e'er
 The land of Romulus so pride itself
 On nursling of its breast. Ah me, what truth,
 What honor of the olden time in him !
 His good right hand invincible in war, 1150
 All had gone down before him in the fight,
 Whether on foot he flung him on the foe,
 Or ploughed with spurs his foaming charger's flanks !
 Alas ! poor boy, if ever thou canst burst
 Fate's fetters through, Marcellus shalt thou be ! 1155
 Fling lilies with o'erflowing hands, and let
 Me strew his grave with violets, at least
 These honors showering o'er my grandson's shade,
 And rendering him the service to the dead."
 So stray they here and there the whole realm
 o'er 1160
 Through fields of airy space, and all survey.
 And as Anchises to his son unfolds
 Scene after scene, and fires his soul with thirst
 For glory yet to come, he tells him too

Of wars that must be waged, instructing him 1165
Anent the inhabitants of Latium,
The city of Latinus, and how best
To meet or fly each peril as it comes.

Two gates hath Sleep: one said to be of horn,
Whence the true dream wings easily its flight; 1170
The other wrought of pure bright ivory,
Whence send the dead false dreams into the world:
So when Anchises, talking all the way,
Thus far attends the Sibyl and his son,
He gives them exit by the ivory gate. 1175

Æneas hastens to the fleet, rejoins
His men, and coasts the shore straight to the port
Of Caiëta. There at anchor ride
The prows: the sterns are beached upon the sand.

SEVENTH BOOK.

NURSE of Æneas, Caieta, thou
In death didst give our shores eternal fame :
Still there thy honor keeps its hold, and still
Thy name, if that be glory, marks the spot
Where in great Italy thy bones were laid. 5
There duly paid thy funeral obsequies,
The turf raised o'er thy grave, soon as the deep
Is calm, Æneas wings his way and leaves
The port behind. Stiffens the wind at night ;
Along his course the moon shines full and fair, 10
And the sea gleams beneath its trembling sheen.
The coast of Circe's land is skirted next,
Where that luxurious daughter of the sun
With ceaseless singing fills the fatal groves,
And 'neath her proud roof, to illumine the night, 15
The fragrant cedar burns while shrilly flies
Her shuttle through the slender web. From off
The land you hear the angry lions roar,
Shaking their chains and howling late at night :
Rage bristling swine and prisoned bears, and loud 20
Bark monstrous wolves : all these by potent herbs
The cruel goddess Circe hath transformed
From human forms into the face and shape
Of savage beasts. Lest the good Trojans too,
Into her harbor driven or drawing near 25
A coast so dire, the selfsame horrors share,

Neptune with fair winds fills their sails, swift speeds
Their flight, and lifts them o'er the fervid shoals.

The sea was reddening with the morning sun,
And from her airy height shone ruddy down 30
Aurora in her rosy car, when lo!

The wind grew calm, not e'en a breath did stir,
Nor e'er a ripple wrestled with the oar.

From off the deep Æneas looks and sees
A thick wood, out of which with eddies swift 35

The Tiber's grateful stream leaps to the sea,
Yellow with drifts of sand. Birds of all hues
Haunt at and o'er its banks and bed, charm all
The air with song, and fly from tree to tree.

He bids his men bear in and make the shore, 40
And eagerly ascends the shady stream.

Help, Muse of Love, while now I sing the kings,
The times, the state of ancient Latium,

When first the shores of Italy this band
Of strangers trod, and how the fight began! 45

Do thou, O goddess, fire thy bard! Grim wars
Will be my song, and battle-fields, the kings
Whose valor spurred them to the death, the troops
Of Tuscany, and all Hesperia

Ablaze with arms. A loftier chord I strike; 50
A nobler theme I dare.

An old man now,
Latinus, king, long time had ruled the lands
And cities of his realm in tranquil peace,
Son, it is said, of Faunus and the nymph 55
Marica of Laurentum. Faunus' sire
Was Picus, who himself claimed parentage

From thee, O Saturn, founder of the line.
Gods' will it was this king no issue male,
No son should have; none bloomed that was not
snatched 60

Away ere youth did bud. His mighty realm
And race hung on one only daughter's fate,
Ripe now to wed, just flowered to womanhood.
From wide o'er Latium and all Italy
Sought many a one her hand. Seeks Turnus it, 65
The handsomest of all, noble by link
On link of ancestry. Him the king's wife
Strove with all zeal to make her son-in-law.
By manifold dread signs the gods forbade.

Midway the palace in the inner court, 70
Now reverently kept for many years,
A laurel waved its sacred foliage.
Father Latinus, so 'tis said, himself,
When he foundations for the temple laid,
Found and to Phœbus consecrated it, 75
And thence the name Laurentum gave to all
That land. Hither, strange tale to tell, a hive
Of bees, loud buzzing through the clear air, came
And clustered in its top, till suddenly
From off a leafy bough hung foot to foot 80
The swarm. At once the prophet cried: "Behold,
A stranger comes! Whither and whence the bees,
So strangers swarm to rule our citadel."

While near her sire the maid Lavinia stood,
As she too fed the shrines with sacred fires, 85
They saw her flowing tresses catch the blaze
Alas! and burn all ringed with crackling flame.

Her royal locks and diadem of gems
On fire, she stood enwreathed in smoke, amid
A yellow halo, while the sparks o'er all 90
The palace flew. Startling and wonderful
Indeed the sight: her, so the augurs said,
Fame and the fates would make illustrious;
Yet to the land it meant a mighty war.

The king, moved by these signs, the oracles 95
Of Faunus his prophetic sire consults,
And seeks the groves 'neath deep Albunea,
Where in the thickest of the forest purls
A sacred spring, and from its gloomy damps
A baleful vapor breathes. 'Tis in this spot 100
The Italian tribes and all Enotria come
For guidance when in doubt. Hither a priest
His offering brings, and 'neath the silent night
Lies on his bed of skins of victim sheep,
That he may dream. Then sees he many ghosts 105
That strangely flit, and varied voices hears,
Enjoys the conversation of the gods,
And speaks the deities of lowest hell.
Here also now father Latinus sought
Response; a hundred sheep he sacrificed, 110
And on their skins and fleeces made his bed.
Quick came a voice from out the forest gloom:
"Seek not to wed thy daughter, son of mine,
To Latin lord. Trust not the intended match.
From foreign shores a son-in-law shall come 115
Whose seed our glory to the stars shall bear,
Whose sons shall see all lands from shore to shore,
On which at rise or set the sun looks down,

Submissive at their feet, and ruled by them.”
 Nor did Latinus lock his lips upon 120
 His father Faunus’ words and warnings given
 In the still night ; but rumor flying fast
 Already through the Italian towns did spread
 Them far and wide, e’en while the Trojan youths
 Moored to the river’s grassy bank their boats. 125

Beneath the foliage of a lofty tree,
 Æneas and his chiefs and the fair boy
 Iulus laid them down. They spread the feast,
 Along the turf for platters for their food
 Ranged wheaten cakes — ’twas Jove suggested it— 130
 And heaped wild fruits upon this cereal board.
 And when the rest was eaten, and the want
 Of more to eat compelled them set their teeth
 Into this scanty stock and violate
 With touch and reckless taste the fatal crust, 135
 With not a single quarter of the round
 To spare, “ Woe’s me ! we eat our trenchers,” cried
 Iulus, laughed and said no more. That word,
 Soon as they heard it, marked their wanderings’ end.
 His father caught it from his speaking lips, 140
 Awed at the providence too much to speak.
 But soon he cried : “ Hail to the land that fate
 Hath owed me long ! Hail, too, ye faithful gods
 Of Troy ! This is our home, our country this !
 I mind me now, my sire Anchises left 145
 Just this phase of my destiny obscure :
When driven upon an unknown shore, my son,
Thy food cut off, hunger shall force thee eat.
Thy trenchers too, remember thou, he said,

However weary, then and there to hope 150
To find thy home, and there lay deep thy walls
And guard them well. The hunger that he meant

Is this. This test, that lingered last of all,
 Will put a limit to our sufferings.

Up then! and merrily at break of day 155
 Let us find out what tract of land it is,
 Who dwell on it, and where the city lies,
 Each following from the port his separate way.
 Now pour the bowl to Jove; invoke with prayers
 Anchises sire, and crown the board with wine." 160

So spake, and wreathing leaves around his head,
 Prayed to the Genius of the place, to Earth
 The mother of the gods, to nymphs and streams
 Unknown till then; then one by one invoked
 Night, and the Night's uprising stars, and Jove 165
 Of Ida, and the Phrygian Cybele,
 And both his parents, one above and one
 Below. At this the Almighty Father thrice
 Loud thundered from his heavenly height, and flashed
 From his quick-darting hand from forth the sky 170
 A cloud that flamed with fire and gold. At once
 A rumor 'mongst the Trojans spreads that now
 The time hath come when they their promised walls
 May lay. On goes the feast, and full of mirth
 They gayly lift the glass and crown the wine. 175

At daybreak when with light the morrow spans
 The earth, they go apart to find what sort
 Of city, country, shore or race it is.
 They find the streams from Fount Numicus flow,
 The river is the Tiber, and that here 180

The valiant Latins live. Thereat, forthwith
 Æneas bids a hundred envoys, picked
 From every grade, with olive-branches crowned,
 Go to the stately palace of the king,
 Bear gifts to him, and for the Trojans ask 185
 A truce. No moment lost, they haste his will
 To do, and rapidly move on, while he
 Marks out his city by a narrow ditch,
 Makes strong the place, and, settling on the shore,
 Surrounds it like a fort with mounds and wings. 190

And now their journey done, the ambassadors
 Arrive in sight of Latium's high towers
 And roofs, and make its walls. Before the town,
 Boys and just budding youths on horses ride,
 Their chariots drive mid clouds of dust, or draw 195
 The twanging bow, or hurl the slender lance,
 Each other challenging to run or strike ;
 When quick a mounted messenger reports
 To the old king's ears that mighty men approach
 In stranger garb. He bids to bring them in, 200
 And mid them sits on his ancestral throne.

Upon the summit of the city stood,
 High on a hundred columns raised, a dome
 Spacious and grand, the royal palace once
 Of Picus of Laurentum, gloomed with shade 205
 And with the holy mysteries of eld.
 Happy the king who here assumed the crown,
 Or here the sceptre first did lift. To such,
 This temple was his court. Here sacred feasts
 Were held ; and here, the victim killed, long sat 210
 Our fathers at the board. Nay, e'en there stood,

Within the vestibule in order ranged,
 The images of far-back ancestors
 Carved from old cedar. There stood Italus ;
 Father Sabinus, planter of the vine, 215
 Who leaned upon the scythe beneath his hand ;
 The old man Saturn ; and the double face
 Of Janus. Other kings were there, e'en from
 The earliest times, scarred with brave wounds they won
 In fighting for their country. Many arms 220
 There also were, hung to the sacred posts,
 Chariots in battle taken, axes curved,
 The crests of helmets, massive bolts of gates,
 Darts, shields, and brazen beaks from galleys torn.
 Horse-tamer Picus with his prophet's wand, 225
 His scanty robe girt in, here sat and held
 In his left hand a shield. Struck by her rod
 Of gold, and by her poisons shaped anew,
 Him amorous Circe, mad with passion, made
 A bird and decked his wings with many hues. 230
 Seated in such a temple of the gods
 And palace of his sires, Latinus calls
 The Trojans in before him, greeting them,
 As there they enter, with a pleasant word :
 " Speak, men of Troy, for not unknown to us 235
 Your race or city, nor unheard that ye
 Were hither voyaging. What is't ye seek ?
 What need hath borne ye o'er the water blue
 To the Italian coast ? Whether it be
 Your reckoning lost, or beat about by storms, 240
 Or by whatever perils of the sea
 Ye gain at last our Tiber's banks and ride

At anchor in our port, refuse ye not
 Our hospitality, nor e'er forget
 From Saturn that the Latins spring, whom fear 245
 Nor laws make just, but who of their free will
 Follow the example of that ancient god.
 Nay, I recall, though years have dimmed the tale,
 The old Auruncans used to say, that born
 In these parts, Dardanus hence made his way 250
 To the Idæan towns of Phrygia
 Through Thracian Samos, now named Samothrace.
 From Carythus, a Tuscan city, hence
 He went, and now enthroned in golden halls
 He sits in starry heaven, while here on earth 255
 His altar swells the worship of the gods."

He paused. Thus answered back Ilioneus:
 "O king, of Faunus' noble blood, 'twas not
 The lowering storm that drove us, tossed at sea,
 To land upon thy shores, nor have we lost 260
 By star or coast the reckoning of our way.
 With willing minds and purposely this town
 We sought, here driven from realms, the greatest once
 In all its circuit from extremest East
 The sun looked down upon. From Jove we spring: 265
 The Trojan boy boasts Jove his ancestor.
 Trojan Æneas sent us to thy gates.
 Lives not the man on earth's remotest edge,
 With ocean rolled between, or isolate
 Where midmost of the zones the tropic burns 270
 Beneath a scorching sun, who hath not heard
 How wild a storm from fierce Mycenæ burst
 And swept the Idæan fields, or what the fates

That flung at one another's throats the worlds
Of Europe and of Asia. From that wreck, 275
Over so many wastes of ocean borne,
We come to ask a meagre spot to plant
Our country's gods, a kindly shore, whereon
The water and the air are free to all.
We shall not be unworthy of thy realm ; 280
Nor lightly would we value thy renown,
Nor soon forget the gratitude we owe
For such a favor. Italy shall ne'er
Regret it gave Troy welcome to its soil.
Nay, by Æneas' fortunes, his stout hand, 285
Proved as he is in honor, war, and arms,
I swear not few the tribes, not few the lands,
(Despise us not that of our own free will
We lade our hands with wreaths, our lips with prayers,)
That have with us alliance sought and urged. 290
It is the gods' decrees have driven us,
Obedient to their will, to seek thy shores.
Here Dardanus was born : us hither back
Apollo calls, and by his mighty hest
To Tuscan Tiber and the sacred flow 295
Of Fount Numicus urges us. Nay more,
Æneas sends thee these — but slender gifts,
Relics of better days — saved from the flames
Of Troy. Father Anchises at the shrines
Oft poured libations from this cup of gold : 300
This sceptre Priam swayed as was his wont
When he amid the assembled people voiced
The majesty of law : this sacred bowl,
These robes, wrought by the dames of Troy, were his."

The while Ilioneus was speaking thus, 305
Latinus steadily bent down his face
And kept it fixed upon the ground, his eyes
Uneasily intent. Less heeds the king
The embroidered purple robe or Priam's staff
Than weighs the match and marriage of his child. 310
At heart he ponders on the oracle
Of ancient Faunus, thinking this perchance
May be that son-in-law from foreign land
Portended by the fates, and called to share
His realm in common with himself: that hence 315
A race of such rare valor shall descend,
Its prowess yet will master all the world.
Content at last, he cries: "Now let the gods
Our undertakings and their auguries crown.
Whate'er thou wishest, Trojan, shall be thine. 320
Nor do I spurn thy gifts. Ye shall not want,
Long as Latinus reigns, fertility
Of generous soil nor e'en the opulence
Of Troy. Let but Æneas come himself,
If he so seek us and so yearn to seal 325
The bond of friendship and be called ally.
Let him not fear the faces of his friends!
'Twill-be the part of peace with me to clasp
The chieftain's hand. Now to your king in turn
My bidding bear. I have a daughter, whom 330
The oracles from my ancestral shrine,
And sign on sign from heaven, forbid me give
To husband of our race. They prophesy
A son-in-law shall come from foreign shores
And here in Latium abide, whose blood 335

Shall lift our glory to the stars. I feel
That this is he the fates point out; and him,
If aught of truth my mind forecast, I choose."

This said, the sage chose horses from his steeds —
Three hundred sleek steeds standing in his stalls — 340

And bade be led to every Trojan there
A courser fleet, trapped with embroidered stuffs
And purple ornaments. Breastplates of gold
Hung from their necks. Bedecked with gold they
champed

A yellow golden bit. Remembering 345

Their absent chief Æneas, him he sent

A chariot and twain coursers yoked to it —

Whose nostrils breathed forth fire; immortal blood

Mixed in their veins — born of that mongrel stock

That crafty Circe cheated from her sire 350

And bred by stealth from out a common mare.

So with Latinus' words and gifts return

The Trojans on their steeds, and peace report.

Lo! at that moment Jove's malicious spouse

Up from Inachian Argos went her way, 355

And as she sped had all the world in view.

High in the air, e'en o'er Pachynus' point,

The extreme of Sicily, she caught the sight

Of glad Æneas and the Trojan fleet.

She saw his roofs already rise, his hopes 360

But now entrusted to the soil, his boats

Deserted. Rent with pangs of rage, she stopped;

Then shook her head and burst forth thus: "Again

That hated race, the Trojans' destinies

That battle with the destinies of mine! 365

Could they not die upon Sigea's plains?
Could not captivity them captive keep?
Could not the fires of Troy their champions burn,
That they have found their way through steel and flame?
Am I to think my might is spent at last, 370
My vengeance sated, and I pacified?
Dared I not chase them, their relentless foe,
With shipwreck o'er the deep, and block their fleet
On every sea? The power of wind and wave
Hath been exhausted on these men of Troy. 375
What help to me the Syrtes; Scylla e'en;
Or deep Charybdis? Safe past sea and me,
They shelter in the long-sought Tiber's bed.
Mars could exterminate the mighty race
Of Lapithæ. The Father of the gods 380
Himself demolished ancient Calydon
To sate Diana's rage. Yet what the crime
That Lapithæ had done, or Calydon,
That had deserved so ill? While I, proud wife
Of Jove, who, foiled, yet nothing left undared 385
But turned me still to each expedient,
Am by Æneas beat! If my own might
Be not enough, I shall not hesitate
To beg whose'er I can. If powerless
To sway the gods of heaven, I will move hell! 390
What though it be, that from the Latin realm
I may not bar him out; what though it be
Irrevocable fate, Lavinia
Shall be his wife: yet may I hinder him,
Yet pile delays ere he achieve so much, 395
And yet may waste the peoples of both kings!

Such be the cost, in their own subjects' lives,
At which the father and the son-in-law
Their bargain make. Maiden, thy dower shall be
The blood of Trojan and Rutulian ; 400
Thy bridesmaid, War. Not Hecuba alone,
Big with a torch, bore firebrands to her lord.
Venus shall have her own again, again
A Paris, and again the deadly flames
Enveloping this resurrected Troy!" 405

Thus spake, and sought the earth, on vengeance bent.
From the grim Furies' home and shades of hell
She calls Alecto, mischief-hatcher, up,
Whose happiness is in malignant strife,
In feuds and plots and all inhuman crimes. 410
E'en father Pluto hates the monster, nay,
Her hell-hag sisters hate the sight of her,
So many a face she makes, so grim her look,
Black with so many snakes she sprouts withal !
Goads Juno her, as thus to her she speaks : 415
"O virgin child of Night, thy own aid lend,
Lest now my honor and my fame fall hurt,
Lest too the Trojans find their way alike
To trick Latinus in a marriage league,
And get the Italian borders in their grasp. 420
E'en loving brothers thou canst arm in strife,
Turn home to hate, and bring beneath its roof
Blows and the torch of death. A thousand forms,
A thousand arts of hurt thou hast. Bestir
Thy teeming gall, break up this truce of peace, 425
And sow the thorns of war. Let youthful blood
Crave arms, demand and snatch them all at once."

Charged with the venom of the Gorgons, straight
 Alecto wends forthwith to Latium,
 To the proud palace of Laurentum's king, 430
 And silently Amata's threshold sits ;
 Who, womanlike, to fever burns with fear
 And anger 'twixt the Trojans' coming there
 And Turnus' suit. At her the hell-hag flings
 From out her slimy locks a single snake 435
 That penetrates her bosom to the heart,
 So by this devil maddened she may set
 The whole house by the ears. Beneath her robe
 And over her fair breast, it slips and glides
 With touch unfelt, and breathes its viper's breath, 440
 While never dreams the queen what crazes her.
 About her neck a massive twisted chain
 Of gold it seems ; as her long fillet-band,
 It catches up her hair ; along her limbs
 It slickly shoots. And while the infection, caught 445
 From its exuding venom, thrills her nerves
 And makes her marrow smart, nor reason yet
 Is wholly fevered in her breast, she speaks
 Still gently and as mothers wont to plead,
 Sobbing to think her child must wed with Troy : 450
 " And wilt thou force Lavinia to wed,
 Her father thou, these Trojan vagabonds ?
 Hast thou no pity for thyself, thy child,
 Or me, a mother of her daughter reft
 By this perfidious robber, who will fly 455
 And put to sea quick as the wind blows north ?
 In Sparta was't not thus the Phrygian swain
 Crept in, who spirited away to Troy

Ledæan Helen? This thy solemn troth,
 Thine old love for thine own, the right hand pledged 460
 So oft by thee to Turnus, kin of thine!
 If't be a son-in-law of foreign blood
 Thou seek'st for Latium, if such be fate,
 And thy sire Faunus' bidding be the law,
 Meseems that every land is foreign land 465
 That from our sceptre lies apart and free.
 'Tis so the gods intend. Nay, if we trace
 The springs of Turnus' lineage, then were
 Acrisius and Inachus among
 His sires: his birth-place was the heart of Greece." 470

With prayers like these she pleads in vain; and when
 She sees Latinus standing firm, while deep
 Within her breast the serpent's frenzying sting
 Strikes in and shoots through every vein, then mad
 Indeed, chased by distorted fantasies, 475
 Frantic beyond all bounds, through that great town
 She storms. So sometimes 'neath the twisted lash
 Flies round the top: boys, busy with their sport,
 In wide rings drive it in some vacant lot:
 Sped by the thong it circles round and round: 480
 The thoughtless crowd, the beardless urchins stare
 In wonder at the whirling wood, and put
 Their very souls into their blows. Such, too,
 The speed at which throughout the city's midst,
 And mid the fiery populace, the queen 485
 Is driven. Nay, e'en into the woods she flies,
 Under pretence of Bacchus' influence,
 To do a greater wrong, and folly worse
 Attempt. There in the coverts of the hills

She hides her child, that so she may outwit 490
 The Trojans of the match, the nuptials stay.
 "Hail, Bacchus!" is her cry. "Thou dost alone,"
 She shouts, "deserve the maid. Be it for thee
 She bears thy graceful sceptre, dances round
 Thy path, and dallies with thy sacred locks." 495

The panic spreads. Their hearts to fury wrought,
 One frenzy drives the women all at once
 New roofs to seek. Now have they fled their homes,
 Baring their breasts and tresses to the winds;
 While others fill the air with fitful shrieks, 500
 And robed in skins wield spears with vine leaves
 wreathed.

Midst them the mad queen lifts her flaming torch;
 Never at rest her blood-shot eyes, she shouts
 The marriage vows of Turnus and her child.
 Sudden and wild she cries: "Where'er ye are, 505
 Ye Latin women, hear! If any love
 For poor Amata fires your faithful hearts,
 If gnaws the jealousy for mother's right,
 Let loose your locks and revel ye with me!"
 Such was the queen, whom pricked with Bacchus'
 spur, 510

Alecto through the savage wilderness
 And through the woods kept driving to and fro.

Soon as she deems the frenzy keen enough,
 And all Latinus' plans and home distraught,
 The ill-omened witch mounts on her dusky wings 515
 And seeks the bold Rutulian's city, built
 By Danaë and Grecian colonists
 By stormy south winds thither blown, 'tis said.

Ardea the place was by our fathers called ;
To-day the grand name Ardea still remains, 520
Though fortune hath departed thence. 'Twas here,
Under his lofty roof and 'neath the black
Of midnight, Turnus lay at rest. Off flings
Alecto her fierce look, her fury's shape,
And an old woman's face puts on ; she ploughs 525
Her rugged front with wrinkles : with a band
She ties her hoary hair, and round it wreathes
An olive-branch. She turns to Calybe,
Priestess in Juno's temple, old and bent.
Before the chieftain's eyes, she speaks him thus : 530
" Turnus, wilt thou endure all toils for naught ?
Or let the sceptre that should be thine own,
To Trojan squatters by a pen-stroke pass ?
The king forbids the match, the dowry thou
His kinsman seek'st denies, and would his realm 535
Transmit to heir of foreign blood. Unthanked
And mocked, up now and perils dare ! Up, up !
And rout the Tyrrhene ranks ; but shelter thou
The Latins in the fold of peace ! 'Twas thus
Almighty Juno bade me boldly speak, 540
Whilst thou at night wert resting peacefully.
Rise then and proudly bid thy young men arm
And from thy gates go forward to the war ;
Exterminate the Trojan chiefs who root
On the fair river's bank, and burn their boats 545
From decoration down to very keel !
It is the mighty will of heaven that bids.
Let king Latinus, if he still refuse
To keep his word or fix the marriage, feel

And test at last the might of Turnus' arm." 550

The youth but mocked the witch, and thus began:

"Not, as thou think'st, the tale had 'scaped my ears

That barks have anchored in the Tiber's bed.

Conjure me not such terrors. Juno ne'er

Unmindful is of me. Old age, good dame, 555

Worn to decay and barren of the truth,

Hath vexed thy timid soul with senseless fears,

And cheats thee mid the armaments of kings

With false alarms. Thine be the charge to keep

The temple and the statues of the gods: 560

Let men, who bear the brunt, make war and peace."

At this Alecto's anger flashes fire.

E'en while he speaks a sudden tremor thrills

His limbs: his eyes stand fixed, so thick with snakes

The Fury hisses, and so terrible 565

Her face appears. Darting a lightning glance,

She drove him back, eager and struggling hard

To speak her more. Up from her hair she reared

Twin serpents, lashed her scourge, and spake from lips

Afoam with wrath: "Behold me now, whom age, 570

Worn to decay and barren of the truth,

Cheats mid the armaments of kings with false

Alarms! Look thou on these! From the abode

Of the Dire Sisters I am hither come.

Battle and death I bear within my hand." 575

So spake, and hurled her torch against the youth,

And thrust its lurid smoking flames beneath

His breast. A mighty fear breaks through his sleep.

Sweat starts at every bone and joint, and streams

From every pore. Frenzied he raves for arms. 580

Guards to his palace and his bed he calls.
The thirst for fight, the fell insanity
Of war, but most his anger, crazes him.
So with loud roar a fire of fagots curls
Under the swaying kettle's ribs : up leaps 585
The water with the heat : hisses within
The liquid mass, and bubbles out in foam
And vapor ; now it overflows, and forth
Into the air the steam's dark cloud ascends.
Then orders he his chiefest warriors go 590
To king Latinus who hath broke the peace,
And bids for war prepare, shield Italy,
And from its borders drive the foe, himself
Alone a match for Troy and Latium both.
So bade he, and the gods invoked. Then sprang, 595
As each would be the first, the Rutuli
To arms, moved by his matchless grace of form,
His youth, or by his royal pedigree,
Or that his hand had wrought such glorious deeds.
While Turnus with this stirring spirit fills 600
The Rutuli against the Trojans, fares
Alecto on her hellish wings. She marks,
For mischief fresh, the spot where on the shore
The fair Iulus hunts with snare and steed.
A sudden madness quick the infernal hag 605
Breathes in the hounds ; with the familiar scent
Their nostrils pricks, and fires them chase the stag.
'Twas thus all woes began. Such was the spark
That sent the rustics flaming into war.
A stag of noble shape and branching horns 610
There was, that, stolen from its mother's dugs,

Tyrrheus, the keeper of the royal herds
And fields, and Tyrrheus' sons had made a pet.
Their sister Sylvia gave it all her care ;
It answered to her call ; its horns she decked 615
With wreaths of tender flowers, sleeked its wild coat,
And bathed it in the purest streams. Her hand
It knew, and at its mistress' table fed.
It wandered through the woods, yet ever home
Early or late to the wont threshold came. 620
Straying too far, Iulus hunting there,
'Twas startled by his maddened hounds, e'en while
By chance it swam adown the stream, and cooled
Its heat upon the verdant bank. Inspired
With eager thirst for praise, Iulus shot 625
From his own straining bow the shaft, nor fate
Did fail the hand that else had missed its mark.
With heavy thud through flank and belly driven
The arrow came. Then fled the wounded beast
For refuge to its well-known home, and ran 630
Bellowing into its stall. Dripping with blood,
It made the whole roof echo with its plaint,
Like one who cries for help. Beating her arms
And hands, the sister Sylvia instantly
Shouts, Help! and calls the hardy rustics in. 635
They come at once — for silent in the woods
The avenging Fury lurks — armed with burnt stakes
Or heavy knotted clubs : whate'er each finds
At hand, rage turns it to an arm of war.
Tyrrheus who happened then, the wedges in, 640
Be cleaving into fours an oak, calls up
His clan, and breathing fury grasps his axe.

Then the fierce demon, seeing from her post
A chance to hurt, squats on the stable's ridge.
From off the roof she sounds the rustic blast, 645
And through a bent horn swells her hellish voice
Till the whole forest trembles, and the woods
Loud echo back. Hears it Diana's lake
Far off; hears it the pale sulphureous flow
Of river Nar; hears it Velinus' source, 650
While frightened mothers to their bosoms press
Their babes. Whither that dreadful trumpet calls,
The hardy farmers at its summons throng
From every side, their weapons in their hands.
Nor less the Trojan warriors burst their gates 655
And rally to Iulus' aid. They form
In battle lines. No rustic bout with staves
Fire-hardened and with cudgels-tough is this.
With mortal steel they fight; the deadly crop
That bristles far and wide is naked swords; 660
Their sunstruck helmets gleam and toss the light
Back to the clouds. So, when the wind begins
To blow, the ripples foam; but speedily
The sea uplifts, higher and higher flings its waves,
Then leaps from deepest deep against the stars. 665
Then falls young Almon, Tyrrheus' eldest son,
Struck by a shrill shaft at the battle front.
It hits and wounds him in the throat, and chokes
With blood the liquid journey of his voice,
The slender breath of life. Around him falls 670
Full many a hero. Old Galæsus falls,
Richest in land and justest he of all
The Italians, e'en while pressing 'twixt the lines

To stay the fight. Five flocks, five herds he had
And with a hundred ploughshares turned the sod. 675

While thus afield the uncertain battle fares,
Her promise kept, now that the war is red
With blood and at the onset Death is in,
The fiend flies Italy and, scaling heaven,
Exulting and loud speaks Juno thus : 680

“Lo, discord wrought for thee, and battle grim!
Now bid them league as friends or treaty make,
Troy thus besprinkled with Italian blood!
Nay more I'll do, if unrelenting still
Thou bid'st. With rumors I will prick to fight 685
Their neighbor towns; with war's mad fire will I
Fever their souls to rally to the aid

Of either side, and barb the fields with arms.”
But Juno answered back: “Enough of wile
And terror; war hath taken root; and fares 690
The battle hand to hand. Blood hath afresh
Spattered the arms that chanced the first to clash.

Be such the nuptials, such the marriage songs
For Venus' paragon of sons, or king
Latinus' self, to celebrate! For thee, 695
The Father Ruler of Olympus' top
Would have thee roam no more in upper air.
Back to thy haunts! If fortune hence attend
Our plot, I will myself assume command.”

So Juno spake. On wings that hissed with snakes 700
The other rose, then fading from the light,
Back to Cocytus' deep abyss went down.

Close at the lofty mountain's foot, midway
Of Italy, there is a noble spot,

Well-known to fame from shore to shore — the vale ⁷⁰⁵
 Amsanctus. Gloomed in thick foliage, the woods
 On both sides shut it in, and in its midst
 A brawling stream in eddies whirls, and roars
 Along its rocks. A frightful cave is here :
 Hence cruel Pluto's blasts : here Hell's huge maw ⁷¹⁰
 Gapes through and opes its pestilential jaws.
 Through these the Fury — hideous monster — sinks
 And of her burden rids both earth and heaven.

Nor less queen Juno to the bitter end
 Forces apace the war. Pour each and all ⁷¹⁵
 The peasants in from battle-field to town ;
 Tell of the slain ; of the boy Almon speak,
 And of Galæsus' cloven skull ; invoke
 The deities, and on Latinus call.
 Turnus is there, and to their charge of fire ⁷²⁰
 And murder adds the terror of his own : —
 To wit, the Trojans in the realm have share ;
 The Trojan and the Latin race do mix ;
 And he is banished from the palace gate.
 They too, whose mothers mad with Bacchus leap, ⁷²⁵
 And through the dark woods dance, Amata's name
 Still potent, gather in on every hand
 And shout for war. In spite of Heaven's decrees,
 Spite of the omens, all as one demand
 War to the death. At king Latinus' gates, ⁷³⁰
 The eager Latins throng. He, like a rock
 That ocean cannot move, resists them still
 Like some sea-cliff, beat by the mighty storm,
 The ceaseless billows lashing it, that stands
 In its own weight secure ; in vain its reefs ⁷³⁵

And breakers froth with foam, and from its edge
 The bruised sea-weed is tossed. But when no power
 Is his to stay their mad designs, and all
 Goes wild at Juno's nod, upon the gods
 And on the void of heaven the patriarch calls, 740
 And cries: "Alas! fate crushes us; we bend
 Before the storm; and ye, poor wretches, yet
 Shall pay the price of sacrilege in blood.
 Turnus, thou pest, the penalty of woe
 Shall wait thee hence: too late will be the prayers 745
 In which thou then shalt kneel unto the gods:
 Thou robb'st me of a happy death, just when
 My rest is won, and I, all dangers past,
 Am making port." He ceased: then shut him in
 His palace, and laid down the reins of state. 750

In Latin Italy a custom was,
 Which e'er the Alban cities sacred held
 When entering upon war: imperial Rome
 Preserves it still, whether the purpose be
 With Getæ, Hyrcans, or Arabians 755
 To wage heart-rending battle, or to march
 To Ind, the sun pursue, and back demand
 The standards from the Parthians. Two gates
 Hath War — so runs the legend — sanctified
 Both by religion and the awe grim Mars 760
 Inspires. Bolt them a hundred brazen bars
 And everlasting ribs of iron: nor e'er
 Their keeper Janus from the threshold goes.
 Whene'er the Senators resolve on war,
 In augural robe and Sabine girdle garbed 765
 The consul doth himself these grating gates

Unbar ; himself to battle calls ; while all
 The other fighting-men respond ; and loud
 Their hoarse assent the brazen trumpets sound.
 E'en thus was then Latinus bid declare 770
 War 'gainst the Trojans, and those awful doors
 Throw back. The patriarch from the touch recoiled,
 Fled turning from the loathsome task, and hid
 Within the dark recesses of his courts.

Then Juno, queen of gods, from heaven flew down, 775
 With her own hand the tardy portals struck,
 And burst on swinging hinge War's iron gates.

The heart of Italy, till then unmoved
 And slumbering, burns. Afoot they haste to camp,
 Or mounted gallop in a cloud of dust, 780
 All hot for arms. They rub their polished shields,
 Their shining spears with lumps of fat, and grind
 Their axes on the stone. They glow to lift
 The standard and to hear the trumpet's sound.

Nay, five great cities on their anvils forge 785
 Their swords afresh, — Atina in her might,
 Proud Tibur, Ardea, Crustumerium,

Antemnæ with its towers. The hollow helm
 To guard the head they shape, and frame-work weave
 Of willows for their shields. Corslets of brass, 790
 Thin greaves of silver-leaf they hammer out.

No honor hence to sickle or to plough,
 Nor thought of furrow more ; but at the forge
 They temper fresh the ancestral blade. The horn
 Hath sounded now ; the die of war is cast. 795

Here, who his helmet snatches as he runs
 From out his door : there, who the impatient steed

Yokes to the chariot-pole, dons shield and mail
Of triple gold, and girds his faithful sword.

Ye Muses, open Helicon, and now 800
Inspire my song. What kings were roused to war!
Who led the ranks that filled the battle-fields!
Whose were the arms that shone; what warriors were
E'en then the flower of good Italia's soil!
For, Muses, ye remember and can tell: 805
To us scarce filters down fame's fainting breath.

First in the field, despiser of the gods,
The bold Mezentius from Etruria's shores
His army leads. Lausus is at his side, 810
His son — none other handsomer than he,
Save Turnus of Laurentum — Lausus who
Horse-tamer was, and conqueror in the chase.
In vain — worthy to heir a happier realm,
A better father than Mezentius —
A thousand men he from Argylla brings. 815

Next them, the brawny Aventinus, son
Of brawny Hercules, parades afield
His chariot decked with palms of triumph won,
And his victorious steeds: upon his shield
His sire's device he wears — a hundred snakes, 820
A hydra with a hundred serpent-heads.
Within the woods upon Mount Aventine,
A woman in the embraces of a god,
The priestess Rhea stealthily gave birth
To him, what time the victor Hercules 825
From slaying Geryon came to Italy
And washed his Spanish herd in Tiber's flood.
His soldiers in their hands to battle bear

Javelins and deadly pikes, and fight with swords
Polished and sharp, and with the Sabine darts. 830

Around him flung a mighty lion's skin,
That with its bristling shag and glittering teeth
Surmounts his head, he strides afoot. 'Twas thus
This savage entered at the palace door,
His shoulders cased in that Herculean garb. 835

Catillus and bold Coras, Grecian stock,
Twin brothers, next leave Tibur's walls — a town
After Tiburtus called, their brother's name.
Upon the battle's edge, where thickest is
The fight, they stalk. So from high mountain-top 840
Move down the cloud-born Centaurs twain, and leave
Behind them Omole and Othrys' snows,
Swift striding on: huge forests yield to give
Them room: loud crash the branches 'neath their feet.

Nor wanting there king Cæculus, who laid 845
Præneste's walls, and whom all legends say
Was got by Vulcan mid the fields and flocks,
And in a fire-place found. A rustic horde
March in loose order in his train — whoe'er
Dwell on Preneste's height, or on the fields 850
Of Gabii where Juno's temple is,
Or on the bank of icy Anien,
Or on the Hernician fastnesses that flash
With waterfalls — whome'er, Anagnia,
Thy wealth, or, father Amasenus, thine, 855
Doth feed. Not arms enough for all, nor clang
Of shields or car: the greater part sling balls
Of livid lead: some brandish javelins,
With two in either hand: upon the head

A tawny wolf-skin cap : with left foot bare 860
 They step, an untanned boot upon the right.

Messapus next, tamer of steeds, and son
 Of Neptune, fated nor by fire nor sword
 To die, unsheaths his blade, and sudden calls
 To arms his people who have slumbered long, 865
 His forces long unused to war. With him,
 Fescennia's line and the Falisci true,
 And they who dwell along Soracte's heights,
 Or the Flavianian fields, or lake and hill
 Of Ciminus, or in Capena's groves. 870

Singing the praises of their king, they march
 In even ranks : as when the snow-white swans
 Fly back from pasturing through the melting clouds,
 And stretch their necks to sing their measure shrill,
 While river and far-echoing Asian marsh 875
 Resound. One would have thought them, not indeed
 So many mingling squadrons armed for fight,
 But some aerial cloud of screaming birds
 That from the sea were flocking to the shore.

Lo! of old Sabine blood his mighty host, 880
 A mighty host himself, doth Clausus lead,
 From whom are now diffused through Italy
 The Claudian tribe and family, e'er since
 The Sabines have in Rome had part. With him
 Come Amiternum's crowded ranks ; the old 885
 Quirites ; all Eretum's soldiery ;
 All from Mutusca's olive-bearing soil ;
 All they whose home is in Nomentum town ;
 Who on Velinus' dewy fields abide,
 Or Tetrica's rough rocks, Severus' top, 890

Casperia, Foruli, Himella's banks ;
 Or drink from Tiber's stream, or Fabaris ;
 Or whom the icy Nursia sends, besides
 Hortanum's quotas, and the Latin tribes,
 And all whome'er the Allia — woful name — 895
 Asunder parts and flows between. Not more
 The waves that roll on Libya's sea, when fierce
 Orion plunges in its wintry tide ;
 Nor thicker scorch in June the ears of corn
 On Hermus' meads or Lycia's golden fields. 900
 Shields clang ; earth startled trembles 'neath their
 tread.

Halesus next, of Agamemnon's race,
 Hating the name of Troy, yokes to the car
 His steeds, and hastes a thousand fighting-men
 To Turnus' aid. His followers they, who vex 905
 The Massic glebe so fruitful of the vine, —
 They whom the Auruncan sires from their high hills,
 Or, from their coasts hard by, the Sidicines
 Have sent, — they who have Cales left behind —
 Who dwell beside Vulturnus' reedy stream, — 910
 The rough Saticulan as well, and troops
 Of Osci. Pointed darts their weapons are,
 Fitted, as is their custom, to the wrist
 With a light cord. A small round shield defends
 Their left: their swords are curved for combat
 close. 915

Nor shalt thou, Cæbalus, go forth unsung,
 Whom, so they say, the nymph Sebethis bore
 To Telon, when, an old man then, he reigned
 In Caprea, the Teleboan's realm.

But not contented with his father's lands, 920
 The son had now, to do him homage, brought
 The Sarrasts and the plains by Sarnus washed,
 And who in Batulum and Rufrae dwell,
 Or on Celenna's fields, or where look down
 Abella's apple-bearing heights — trained they 925
 In Teuton fashion all to hurl the dart ;
 Their helms the stripping of the cork-tree bark ;
 Their brazen swords and bucklers glittering.

Thee, Ufens, famed in story and for arms,
 By fortune blessed, have Nursæ's mountain-peaks 930
 To battle sent,—thy clan the Equicoli,
 Rare rough, wont in the forest much to hunt,
 And living on a rugged soil. They till
 The earth with arms at hand, and e'er delight
 To mass fresh spoils and live by plundering. 935
 Nay, e'en Maruvium's priest, brave Umbro, comes
 At king Archippus' bidding, with his helm
 Wreathed with auspicious olive-leaves. 'Twas he
 Who could, with touch or magic-spell, on snake
 Or poison-breathing hydra slumber cast, 940
 And still its rage : its bite he had the art
 To heal : but stab of Trojan spear he had
 No power to cure. No slumber-song, nor herb
 Plucked on the Marsi's hills, 'gainst such a wound
 Availed him aught. Angitia's groves have mourned 945
 Thy death ; the crystal waves of Fucinus,
 Its placid lake, over thy fall have wept.

Came also to the battle Virbius,
 Son of Hippolytus — his fairest son —
 Sent by his native town Aricia. 950

Brilliant he was, trained in Egeria's groves
And by the borders of the lake, where stood
Diana's opulent and kindly fane.

As goes the tale, after Hippolytus,
Through his step-mother's wiles, was dragged and
killed 955

By frightened steeds, and expiated thus
In his own blood his father's wrongs, — recalled
To life by Pæan herbs and Dian's care —
He to the starry skies came back again
And to this upper breath of heaven. Then 'twas 960
The almighty Father, angry that to life
Should mortal from the shades of death return,
With his own hand the thunderbolt did fling
At Esculapius, author of the art

Of medicine, and to the shades of hell 965
Did hurl him down. But good Diana hid
Hippolytus in some sequestered nook ;
Then took him to the nymph Egeria's grove
And gave him her, there in Italian woods
Companionless to spend his days, unknown 970
To fame, his very name to Virbius changed.

Hence 'tis, no horse may e'er Diana's fane
Or sacred groves approach, because his steeds,
By the sea-monsters terrified, o'erturned
The chariot and this youth. Yet none the less 975
The son his fiery coursers o'er the plain
Doth urge, and in his car to battle speed.

Himself the noblest figure mid his chiefs,
Head taller than the rest, strides Turnus, spear
In hand. His high helm streams with triple crest, 980

Upon its front Chimæra vomiting
 The fires of Ætna from her jaws, and e'er
 More wild her rage, and mad her awful flames,
 As fiercer grow the fight and flow of blood.
 Io, her horns thrown up, is carved in gold 985
 Upon the shield he wears a-left — the girl
 Already now a heifer with her coat
 Of hair. A rare device it is, for here
 Is also Argus, keeper of the maid,
 While from an urn, embossed upon the shield, 990
 Her father Inachus his flood pours out.
 A cloud of footmen follow; everywhere
 Gather the hosts that seem a mass of shields;
 The Argive youth; the Auruncan phalanxes;
 The Rutuli; Sicanian veterans; 995
 Labici with their bright embellished shields;
 Sacranian troops: who, Tiber, plough thy heights,
 Or the hallowed borders of Numicus; they
 Who with the ploughshare turn Rutulian slopes
 And Circe's mount; they o'er whose fields preside 1000
 The Anxur Jove, and, glad in her green groves,
 Feronia; they from where the dismal lake
 Of Satura spreads out, or Ufens cold
 Flows through the valleys and is lost at sea.
 The Volsci's warrior-queen Camilla next 1005
 Comes leading after these her troop of horse,
 Her ranks in brazen armor glittering.
 Not wont to distaff or Minerva's toils,
 The maid is trained to bear the brunt of war,
 And on her feet outstrip the very wind, 1010
 Whether along the topmost blades of grass,

Scarce touched, she flies nor breaks beneath her step
The tender shoots, or o'er mid-ocean skims,
Poised on the billow's edge, nor with its dew
Flecks her swift feet. To gaze upon her, youth 1015
From farm and city pour, while women crowd
To look, and as they see her move, they gape
Amazed, — so royally her purple robe
Across her shining shoulder sweeps, her hair
Caught up with golden clasps, — so gracefully 1020
She wears her Lycian quiver and her spear,
A shepherd's shaft of myrtle tipped with steel.

EIGHTH BOOK.

SCARCE Turnus from Laurentum's citadel
Had thrown the battle sign, and loud had rung
The trumpet's call to rouse the fiery steed,
And wake to arms, ere every heart was fired.
All Latium panted with alarm, and stirred 5
The fever in the blood of youth. The chiefs,
Messapus, Ufens, and Mezentius
Despiser of the gods, from every hand
Their quotas draft, and of its tillers rob
The soil afar and near. Goes Venulus, 10
Sent to the city of great Diomed,
To ask for help and bear to him the tale
That Trojans camp in Latium ; that there
Æneas with a fleet hath come and brought
His beaten gods, claiming that fate doth mark 15
Him for a king ; and that full many a tribe
Hath made alliance with this man from Troy,
Till far and wide through Latium his name
Is growing great. Clearer to Diomed
Than Turnus king, or king Latinus, might 20
Appear what meant Æneas by these steps —
What war-wage, went all well, he sought to win.
Through Latium thus. The Trojan hero saw
It all. Tossed on a mighty tide of cares,
Now here, now there he turns his rapid thought ; 25
Takes up each thread, yet comprehends the whole :

As when the sunshine or the moonlight clear,
 Dancing on water in a brazen vat,
 Glints everywhere, now sparkles up in air,
 Now strikes the fret-work of the very roof. 30

'Twas night. All breathing things the wide world
 o'er,

Tired birds and flocks, lay buried in deep sleep.
 Father Æneas on the river bank
 Lay 'neath the heaven's chill canopy, heart-sick
 At thought of cruel war, and stretched his limbs 35
 In slumber late. To him a vision came :
 The Genius of the spot, old Tiber, rose
 From the calm stream amid the poplar leaves,
 Veiled in a sea-green mantle's gauzy folds,
 A crown of reeds enshadowing his hair, 40
 And spake these words that put all fear to flight :
 "O born of stock divine, who from the foe
 Dost Troy restore to us, and for all time
 Preservest Ilium, — expected long
 On the Laurentian soil and Latin fields, — 45
 Thy destined home, thy fixed abode is here !
 Stay not thy hand, nor quake at threat of war.
 The wrath-blast of the gods hath all gone down.
 E'en now — nor think it but a dream — beneath
 The holm-trees by the river, thou shalt find 50
 At rest upon the ground a huge white sow,
 Reclining with a litter newly born
 Of thirty white pigs at her teats. That spot
 Shall be thy city's site, the sure surcease
 Of all thy toils. And after that, when thrice 55
 Ten years shall come and go, Ascanius

Shall Alba found — illustrious that name !
 I sing no doubtful strain. Hark, while in brief
 I tell thee how successfully to do
 The work that presses. The Arcades, a race 60
 From Pallas sprung, who hither with their king
 Evander came, and 'neath his banner marched,
 Have picked a site, and in the mountains built
 The city Pallanteum, naming it
 For Pallas, a progenitor of theirs. 65
 They with the Latins ever are at war.
 Ally them to thy camp, and league with them.
 Nay, I will thither guide thee by my banks
 And current sure, till gliding up the stream,
 Thy oars shall bear thee there. Thou goddess' son, 70
 Up ! up ! and when the stars begin to pale,
 To Juno offer thou a fitting prayer ;
 With suppliant vows o'ercome her hate and threats.
 Me pay no honors till the field is won.
 I am that azure Tiber whom thou see'st 75
 Now sweeping full and free along these banks, —
 Heaven on no stream more gratefully looks down —
 Parting the teeming fields, where my proud home,
 Mistress of haughty states, shall one day rise."

He spake, then melted in the watery deep, 80
 And to the bottom sank. Slumber and night
 Forsake Æneas. Up he springs ; his face
 Turned where the dawn begins to flush the sky,
 He reverently in his hollow hands
 Cups water from the stream, and cries to heaven : 85
 "Ye nymphs, Laurentian nymphs, whence rivers
 spring !

Thou, father Tiber, with thy sacred flood,
 Help, and from harm Æneas save at last!
 Whate'er the fount from whence thou stream'st;
 whate'er

The land through which so beauteously thou flow'st, 90
 Because thou pitiest our woes, thou shalt
 Be ever honored by my gifts and praise!
 Crowned monarch of Italian waters thou,
 Be near, and quick confirm thy prophecies!"

So prays, then picks two biremes from the fleet, 95
 Fits them with oars, and arms his men, when lo!
 Before their eyes a sudden wondrous sign!
 They see a white sow, with her litter white,
 Stretched where the forest meets the grassy shore.
 Pious Æneas sacrifices her 100

To thee, thou mightiest Juno, yea to thee;
 The sacred wares he brings, and bears the sow
 And all her litter to the altar-front.

All that long night the Tiber had becalmed
 Its swelling tide and, ebbing silently, 105
 So stayed its flow that, like some gentle pool
 Or peaceful lake, the ripples on its face
 Are smoothed till with no effort glides the oar.
 Quick then, the journey once begun, they speed
 With merry shouts, as o'er a sea of oil 110
 The boats glide on. In wonder at the sight,
 The very current and the unused woods
 Gaze as the warriors' bucklers gleam afar,
 And up the stream float by the emblazoned craft.
 All night and day they lean upon the oar; 115
 Bend after bend they pass; shoot 'neath the boughs

Of myriad trees ; and on the glassy deep
The greenwood's shadowed foliage they cut.

The blazing sun mid-heaven had scaled, when they
Afar saw walls and towers and scattered homes, ¹²⁰
Which now the might of Rome high as the stars
Hath reared, then but Evander's petty realm.
Quick to the shore they turn and near the town.

By chance the Arcadian king grave honors paid
That day within a grove outside the walls ¹²⁵
To mighty Hercules and to the gods.
With him Pallas his son, and all the chiefs
Among his warriors, and his senate small
Were offering gifts. Still on the altar steamed
The uncooled blood. But when the towering boats ¹³⁰
They saw glide onward through the shady woods,
The men at rest upon their silent oars,
The sudden sight alarmed them, and all sprang
From the deserted board. But Pallas bold
Forbade them interrupt the solemn feast, ¹³⁵
Caught up his spear and flew to meet the risk
Alone. From off a fronting knoll he cried :
" Warriors, what cause is it compels you dare
A way ye know not ? Whither do ye go ?
What is your race ? From whence your home ? And
bring ¹⁴⁰

Ye hither peace or war ? " Thus then replied
Father Æneas from the lofty stern,
Extending with his hand the olive-branch
Of peace : " Thou see'st the sons of Troy, and arms
That fight the Latins, — exiles whom they drive ¹⁴⁵
In haughtiness of war away. We seek

Evander. Bear him this, and tell him Troy's
Picked chiefs have come to ask a league of arms."

At name so glorious Pallas stood amazed.

"Come forth, whoe'er thou art; unto my sire 150
Speak face to face and to our homes be guest."

With this he to Æneas gave his hand,

Grasped his, and clung to it. Into the grove
They go, and leave the river bank. Then doth
Æneas speak the king with kindly words: 155

"Best of the sons of Greece, fate bids me beg
Thy grace, and offer thee this olive-branch
White-wreathed with wool. I counted it, indeed,
No risk, that thou wert of Arcadian birth,
A leader of the Greeks, or yet akin 160
Unto the two Atridæ's native stock.

For mine own worth, the god's dread oracles,
The kinship of our sires, thy world-wide fame,
Have us allied and hither brought me, glad
'Twas fated so. Came Dardanus to Troy, 165

Its sire and founder, born, so say the Greeks,
Out of Electra, Atlas' daughter. Her
Great Atlas got, who on his shoulder lifts
The arch of heaven. Thy sire is Mercury,
Whom Maia on Cyllene's icy top 170

Gave birth. But Atlas too was Maia's sire,
If true the tales we hear, — Atlas who lifts
The starry skies. So from one blood alike
Thy stock and mine both spring. In this my trust,
With embassies or diplomatic test 175

I have not sounded thee, but come myself
A suppliant to thy doors, taking my life

In my own hands. The same Rutulian clan
That wage fierce war with thee, pursue me too.
If me they once expel, they deem naught else 180
Than that all Italy shall bend its neck
Beneath their yoke, lords of the soil from where
The sea above to where the sea below
Doth wash. Accept and give the plighted word!
Brave hearts are ours that fear not war, souls nerved 185
For any fate, and warriors tried and proved."

E'en while Æneas spake, long ere he ceased,
Evander scanned him top to toe, his face,
His eyes, and briefly answered back: "How glad,
Bravest of Trojans, do I recognize 190
And welcome thee! How I recall the speech,
The voice, the countenance of thy great sire,
Anchises! For I mind me, Priam once,
Son of Laomedon, upon his way
To Salamis to see Hesione 195
His sister's realms, pushed farther on and came
To Arcadia's icy bounds. 'Twas when youth's down
Just budded on my cheeks, and wonderingly
I gazed upon the Trojan chiefs, gazed most
On Priam's self. Yet taller than them all, 200
Anchises strode. With a boy's zest my heart
Did burn to speak the hero and to clasp
His right hand with my own. I crossed his path
And led him eagerly to Pheneus' walls.
He when he went away made me accept 205
A quiver bright of Lycian arrows full,
A mantle interwrought with golden threads,
And two gold curbs that now my Pallas has.

So then I league with thine the hand thou seek'st,
And early as to-morrow's dawn shall come 210
To earth again, I'll let thee happy go
With soldiers reinforced, and with supplies
Will aid thee. Meantime, since ye here as friends
Have come, unite with us and celebrate
This annual sacred feast 'twere sacrilege 215
To slight, and share at once in comrades' fare."

This said, he bids re-spread the board and bring
Again the cups they took away, and seats
His guests around him on the grassy turf.
Æneas he distinguishes with couch 220
And shaggy lion-skin, inviting him
Upon the rustic throne to sit him down.
The priest and the chief warriors vie to bring
Great roasts of beef and baskets full of bread,
And serve them bowls of wine. On a whole chine 225
And consecrated entrails of an ox,
Æneas and his Trojan comrades feast.
Their hunger fled and appetites supplied,
Thus King Evander speaks: "These solemn rites,
This formal feast, this altar to a god 230
So great, no superstition vain or false
Unto our ancient faith hath laid on us.
Preserved from awful perils, Trojan guest,
We pay and we renew the thanks we owe.
Nay, see this boulder hanging from the cliff! 235
See how the rocks are scattered far and wide,
How mountain fastnesses stand desolate,
And tumbling cliffs drag mighty ruin down!
A cave was here, sunk to enormous depth

Beyond the sunlight's reach, inhabited 240
By the grim-visaged Cacus — man and beast.
E'er steamed the ground with fresh-spilled blood ; and
nailed

Over his savage door hung human heads,
Pallid to ghastliness. The monster's sire
Was Vulcan, whose dark lurid flames he belched, 245
As his huge bulk stalked on. Time brought at last
The help we hoped — the advent of a god ;
For Hercules, the great avenger, came,
Exultant in three-bodied Geryon's death
And in the spoils he won. His mighty bulls 250
This way the victor drove. His oxen filled
The valley and the stream. With devilish craft,
So evil he could leave no crime or fraud
Undared or unattempted, Cacus stole
From out the herd four of the biggest bulls, 255
And bullocks of unusual beauty four ;
And lest, if driven straight on, their tracks might show,
He dragged them by the tail into his den,
Reversed their hoof-marks from the way they went,
And hid them in the shadow of the rocks, — 260
So might no sign lead searcher to the cave.
Meantime, soon as the herds of Hercules
Moved from their bait well fed, and 'gan to tramp,
The cattle bellowed as they went their way,
With their loud lowing filled the woods, and left 265
The echo on the hills. Then bellowed back
One of the bulls, that from the cavern roared
And robbed the jailor Cacus of his hope.
Rage now to fury flashed in Hercules'

Black gall : he caught his weapons in his hand, 270
His heavy knotted club, and sought apace
The cloudy mountain-top. Then saw we once
E'en Cacus cower with terror in his eyes.
He swifter than the east wind ran and sought
His cave, for fear did wing his feet. There shut, 275
He broke the chains, let fall the ponderous rock —
Hung by his father's skill on iron links —
And with the mass the entrance made secure.
At hand, lo! Hercules, to fury lashed,
Gnashing his teeth and peering here and there, 280
Surveys each avenue. Thrice strides he round
Mount Aventine, ablaze with rage ; thrice tries
In vain that gate of stone ; thrice, wearied out,
Sits resting in the gorge. A sharp flint rock,
Cut from the crags, — the highest point in sight, 285
Fit spot for ominous birds to nest — stood up
And over-rose the summit of the cave.
It leaned to left from cliff-top toward the stream ;
And Hercules, his right hand pressing hard,
Wrenched, loosed and tore it from its very roots, 290
And then with one quick impulse hurled it down,
While thundered loud the air, the river banks
Asunder flew, and the scared stream ran back.
There full disclosed to view appeared the cave
And monster den of Cacus, and far in 295
The gloomy arches gaped. So yawning earth,
Split from its centre, bares the infernal depths
And open lays the ghastly realms at which
The gods recoil ; beneath, the huge abyss
Is seen, and ghosts flit cowering from the glare. 300

Caught sudden in the unexpected light,
 Pent in the rock, and roaring past all wont,
 Down on him Hercules rains showers of darts,
 To bring him every sort of missile shouts,
 And hurls in limbs of trees and monstrous rocks ; 305
 While Cacus — no escape from peril left —
 Pours, strange to tell, vast clouds of smoke from out
 His throat, wraps in its blinding folds the vault,
 Till nothing can be seen, and through the cave
 Makes thick and murky night, sparks flashing
 through 310

Its gloom. But this but maddens Hercules :
 Straight through the fire he headlong flings him down,
 Where densest rolls the tide of smoke, and seethes
 The dusky vapor through the black abyss.

At once he clutches Cacus — vain the flames 315
 He belches mid the dark — twists him in knots,
 And chokes him, griping till his eyes start out,
 And not a drop of blood is in his throat.

Wide open then the shadowy cave is thrown,
 Its doors wrenched off, and to the light laid bare 320
 The stolen cattle and the perjurer's theft.

Out by the feet his shapeless corse is dragged ;
 Nor can the gazers get their fill, but gloat
 Upon his frightful eyes, his half-beast breast
 Bristling with shag, the dead fire in his throat. 325

Grateful posterity since then this feast
 Have celebrated and this day have kept.
 Potitius was the founder of these rites
 To Hercules ; the priestly offices
 Are still in the Pinarian family. 330

This altar he erected in the woods,
 Called ever Maxima by us, as it
 Forever Maxima shall be. Come then,
 Brave men, in honor of such famous deeds
 Wreathe with the leaf your locks, and lift the cup 335
 With your right hands. Upon the great god call,
 And to his honor freely pour the wine."

He finished. Double-hued, the poplar veiled
 His locks with its Herculean shade, and drooped
 Its intertwining leaves. The sacred cup 340
 His right hand filled. Quick on the table all
 Their glad libations poured, and called the god.

Day done meantime, the vesper nearer fell.
 And now the priests, Potitius at their head,
 Advanced, robed as their custom was in skins, 345
 And bore the torch. They lay the feast ; they spread
 The delicacies of the second board,
 And with o'erflowing chargers heap the shrines.
 Then round the incense-burning altars dance
 And sing the Salii, crowned with poplar wreaths, 350
 A band of young men here, of old men there.
 The praise and deeds of Hercules they chant :
 How first he strangled, caught in either hand,
 Two monster snakes, his step-dame Juno sent ;
 How he besieged and razed those famous towns, 355
 Troy and Æchalia : how he achieved,
 As king Eurystheus' slave, by Juno's hate
 Compelled, a thousand crushing tasks. "'Twas thou,
 Invincible," they sang, "whose hand laid low
 The cloud-born Centaurs, Pholus and Hylæus, 360
 The Cretan monsters, and the lion huge

That lay beneath the cliffs of Nemea!
 Before thee shrank the Styx; the janitor
 Of hell cover'd in his gôry cave, and left
 His feast of bones half-gnawed! No goblin shape, 365
 Not vast Typhœus' self with leveled sword
 Made thee afraid, undaunted still though snapped
 At thee the Lerna hydra's hundred heads!
 Hail, thou true son of Jove, who to the gods
 An added honor art! In these thy rites 370
 Bless us, and with a favoring step draw near!"

Such were the songs in which they sang his praise.
 More than all else, of Cacus' cave they sang,
 And Cacus' self whose breath was fire. Their din,
 The whole wood rang; back echoed it the hills. 375

The sacred service o'er, all to the town
 Return, led by the king, now ripe in years,
 Who as he walks attaches to his side
 Æneas and his son, and lighter makes
 The way with talking of a thousand themes. 380
 Æneas is all eyes, sees everything
 Around him at a glance, and with the place
 Is charmed. Full of delight he asks and hears
 What each memorial of the fathers means.

Spake king Evander then, who founded Rome: 385
 "Fauns, and our native nymphs, and men who sprang
 From tree-trunks and the hardy oaks, these groves
 Inhabited. They neither culture had
 Nor home: they knew not how to yoke the ox,
 Or wealth lay up, or save it when acquired: 390
 Their food was twigs and the tired hunter's meal.
 First from Olympus' summit Saturn came,

An exile fleeing from Jove's thunderbolts,
 And of his realm despoiled. He trained the race,
 Dispersed along the hills, to gentle ways 395
 And gave it laws. It was his wish to call
 This Latium, because he here had lain
 Securely hid. It was the golden age,
 Of which they tell, when he was king, — so sweet
 The peace when he the people ruled. On this 400
 Grew slow a meaner, duller-metaleed age,
 The insanity of war, the love of gain:
 The Ausonian and Sicanian tribes came next:
 Too oft the land of Saturn changed its name.
 Then came the kings, and giant Tybris grim, 405
 By whose name we Italians since have called
 This river Tiber, which has lost its old
 True name of Albula. Banished the land
 That gave me birth, the sea's last perils dared,
 Resistless fortune and relentless fate 410
 Have set me here. So the dread warnings bade,
 That from my mother, nymph Carmentis, came,
 And from Apollo, patron god of mine."

E'en as he spake, advancing thence, he showed
 The shrine and gate, an ancient monument 415
 They say — Carmental is its Roman name —
 Raised to that prophetess of truth, the nymph
 Carmentis, who first sang the Trojans yet
 Would mighty be, and Pallanteum great.
 Then the vast grove he showed, that Romulus 420
 To an asylum turned, and the cool grot
 Lupercal, named in the Arcadian phrase
 In honor of Lycæan Pan, — showed, too,

The grove of sacred Argiletum, where
 He told of his guest Argus' death and swore 425
 There on the spot that he was innocent.
 Anon to the Tarpeian rock he leads
 The way, and to the Capitol, now gold,
 Then rough with briar and wood. Yet even then
 The awful sanctity that wrapt the place 430
 Frightened the timid rustics, and they shook
 At every tree and rock. "This very grove,"
 He said, "this summit with its leafy top,
 A god — what god, unknown — inhabited.
 The Arcadians think 'twas Jove himself they saw ; 435
 For oft in his right hand he shook aloft
 His frowning ægis, and drove up the storm.
 Here too you see two fortified towers, their walls
 Demolished now, relics and monuments
 Of men of yore. One father Janus built, 440
 The other Saturn: one Janiculum,
 The other bore the name Saturnia."

In talk like this, Evander's modest home
 They reach, while here and there before their eyes
 Are cattle bellowing where anon shall stand 445
 The Roman forum and Rome's proudest street.
 The palace gained, "Once Hercules," he said,
 "A victor o'er this threshold strode ; to him
 This royal hall gave welcome. Take thou heart,
 O guest, to laugh at wealth ; show that thou too 450
 Art worthy of the god ; nor come thou here
 To mock our poverty." So spake, and led
 Beneath the rafters of his humble roof
 The great Æneas. On a couch of leaves

And Libyan lion-skins he seated him. 455

Night speeds its dusky wings around the earth
To wrap. Then mother Venus, not without
Good reason timid, startled at the threats
And fierce onslaught of the Laurentians,
To Vulcan speaks, breathing in every word 460
Celestial passion as she thus begins,

Snug in the golden bedroom of her lord :
“Long as the Grecian kings were wasting Troy
With wars that Troy deserved ; while sank its towers
Beneath the burning of the foe, no help 465
Of thine I asked to aid them in defeat,

Nor that thy deft hand forge them arms. No wish
Had I that thou should’st spend thy toil in vain,
E’en, dearest husband, though to Priam’s sons
I owed so much, and at the hard lot oft 470
Of my Æneas wept. But now he stands

At Jove’s behest on the Rutulian shores ;
And I, my heart the same, a suppliant come,
A mother for her son, and of thy grace
That is to me so sacred, beg thee arms 475

For him. Aurora with her tears had power,
And Thetis had, to influence thee. Nay, see
What nations press him, and what cities shut
Their gates and whet the sword to slaughter me
And mine.” And while she spake, the goddess took 480
Him in her snow-white arms and fondled him.

Resisting still her soft embrace, anon
The wonted glow he felt : he knew the fire
That shot him to the quick, and ran in thrills
Through every nerve : so through the rifted clouds 485

Streams blazing on its flery edge of flame
 The hissing thunderbolt. Pleased at the trick,
 Sure of her charms, the woman felt him yield ;
 While Vulcan, by the passion old as earth
 O'ercome, replied : " Why beat about the bush ? 490
 Why, goddess, hath thy faith in me relaxed ?
 Nay, hadst thou pleaded with me half as hard,
 I would have also made the Trojans arms,
 For not the Almighty Father, nor the fates
 Forbade Troy stand, or Priam ten years more 495
 Survive. E'en now, if thou mean'st war, if such
 Thy resolution is, I pledge thee all
 That skill can in my art avail, whate'er
 In steel or molten metal can be wrought,
 Whatever forge or right good will can do. 500
 Weaken thy influence not, by doubting mine."
 So spake, and gave the embrace solicited.
 At rest upon the bosom of his wife,
 He drew into his limbs the peace of sleep.
 So till just past the midmost turn of night. 505
 Then, as the housewife who, compelled to eke
 Her life with toil and labor at the loom,
 The ashes parts and blows the slumbering coals,
 Adding the night to work, and till the dawn
 Keeping her servants at their weary task, 510
 That so she chaste may keep her husband's bed,
 And raise her little ones — as prompt as she,
 The fire-god springs from rest to work the forge.
 Off Sicily and Æolian Lipara,
 An island lifts its steep and sea-beat cliffs. 515
 Beneath its caves Etnean caverns, wrought

For forges of the Cyclops, thunder there.
 Stout blows are heard on anvils echoing,
 The vaults all hissing with the iron flux,
 Flame panting from the furnaces. It is 520
 The home of Vulcan and the spot is named
 Vulcania. 'Tis here the fire-god now
 From heaven's top comes down. In the deep cave
 Are Cyclops — Brontes, Steropes, and nude
 Pyracmon — forging iron : the thunderbolt 525
 Is in their hands unshapen and half made,
 While half is still unwrought,— though often thus
 Jove hurls it to the earth from every part
 Of heaven. Already have they spiked to it
 Three jets of stinging hail, as many more 530
 Of bursting rain, three of the lightning's flash,
 And of the whirlwind three ; and now are they
 Inserting in their work its frightful glare
 And roar and terror, and the lightning wrath
 Of its avenging fire. Elsewhere, for Mars 535
 They fashion chariots and the swift car wheels
 With which nations and men to strife he stirs.
 Fighting Minerva's fearful shield and arms
 They vie in burnishing with serpent scales
 And gold, with snakes all intercoiled, with e'en 540
 The Gorgon's head upon the goddess' breast,
 Its head dissevered and its eyes a-roll.

"Leave all!" he cries. "Let go the work on hand,
 Etnean Cyclops, and give me your ears!
 A brave chief's armor must be made. Need now 545
 Of strength, of rapid handiwork, and all
 The master-workman's skill. Quick to the forge!"

No more spake he ; yet quicker than he spake,
 They all laid on, his part allotted each
 Alike. Rivers of metal flow, of brass 550
 And gold. In the huge furnace melts the steel,
 The creature of the fire. A mighty shield,
 Alone enough for all the Latins' spears,
 They forge ; seven fold they make it, orb on orb.
 While some with bellows suck and force the air, 555
 Others plunge in the trough the hissing brass.
 Beneath the blows that fall the anvil rings.
 With mighty force alternately their arms
 They lift, each keeping stroke, while e'er they turn
 With tightly griping tongs the hammered mass. 560

While Vulcan thus on the Æolian coast
 Makes haste, Dawn and the morning songs
 Of birds, that fly and sing about his roof,
 Invite Evander from his modest door.
 The patriarch rises, puts his tunic on, 565
 And ties his Tuscan sandals 'neath his feet :
 About his waist and o'er his shoulder next
 He buckles his Tegean sword, and throws
 Across the left a falling panther's skin.
 From off the upper step, two faithful hounds 570
 Spring up and follow at their master's heels.
 He seeks his guest Æneas' hut and room,
 Mindful, the hero, of the talk they had,
 And of his promised aid. Æneas, too,
 Is early up. Pallas, his son, with one, 575
 Achates with the other walks. They meet,
 Right hands they clasp, and sitting mid the court
 Enjoy at length uninterrupted talk.

First speaks the king: "Greatest of Trojan chiefs,
Ne'er will I own, while thou surviv'st, that Troy 580
Hath lost her empire or her power. 'Tis small,
Remembering the name we bear, the aid
That we can furnish for the war. This side
The Tiber shuts; that the Rutulian guards,
And yells his wår-cry at our very gates. 585
And yet I see my way to reinforce
Thy camp from mighty peoples and from realms
Of opulence, unhopèd-for luck the way
Of safety showing. Hither at the call
Of fate itself thou com'st. Not far away, 590
Argylla's city, built of time-worn rock,
Hath been inhabited since on the hills
Of Tuscany the Lydian nation set,
Illustrious in war, its colonies.
For many years Mezentius was king 595
In that brave town,—tyrannical his reign,
Sustained but by the brutal force of arms.
Why need I tell what cruel slaughters his,
What deeds of savageness the tyrant dared?
May yet the gods visit on him and his 600
Like horrors! It was e'en his wont to link
The living to the dead, face laid on face
And hand to hand — quintessent torturing —
And rack them, fainting in that dread embrace
Of gore and rot, in lingering throes of death. 605
So, till, at length worn out, his subjects flew
To arms; his house and him, mad past all bounds,
They sieged, his comrades slew, and fired his roof.
Eluding them, he mid the slaughter fled,

To the Rutulian boundaries, and sought 610
 A guest's protection under Turnus' flag.
 So 'tis all Tuscany is up in arms,
 Its anger just, and claims for punishment
 Its king on pain of instant war. Thee chief
 I'll make, Æneas, of their soldiery. 615
 For, packed the whole shore down, their galleys
 chafe
 And clamor for the signal of advance.
 An old seer keeps them, chanting thus the fates :
O chosen warriors of Mœonia,
Ye flower and bravery of our ancient stock, 620
Whom righteous vengeance arms against the foe,
And whom Mezentius stings to honest wrath,
'Tis fated that no son of Italy
Command so stout a race: seek ye a chief
Of foreign birth! And so the Tuscan host, 625
 Stunned by these warnings of the gods, keep camp.
 Tarchon hath sent ambassadors to me,
 And to my hands the sceptre and the crown,
 The insignia of the realm, in hope that I
 Will to their tents repair and take on me 630
 The Tuscan rule. But age, worn out with years
 And chilled to heaviness, robs me that power,
 My energies too spent for martial deeds.
 I would have urged my son, but that in part,
 A Sabine mother's blood mixed in his veins, 635
 His parentage is native. But go thou,
 Of Trojans and Italians bravest chief,
 Thou, on whose years and race fate smiles, and whom
 The powers of heaven demand. Nay, Pallas here,

My son, the hope and solace of my life, 640
Will I ally with thee. Be thou his guide,
And let him learn as he shall see thy deeds,
To do a soldier's duty, and to bear
War's heavy brunt, his admiration thou
From this hour forth. Two hundred cavalry, 645
Come of Arcadian stock, the very flower
Of our young men, I'll give him. Pallas thee
As many more shall in his own name give."

Ere this Æneas Anchisiades,
Faithful Achates too, their eyes bent down, 650
Were thinking in their own sad hearts how long
And hard the road, when Venus gave a sign,
Though not a vapor flecked the sky. For quick
Out of the ether burst the quivering flash
And thunder-clap: all seemed to crash at once, 655
As through the air there rang a blast as if
A Tuscan bugle blew. They start. Loud, loud,
The mighty thunder peals. Borne on a cloud,
Where else is all serene, through the clear air
They see the gleam of arms and hear the clash 660
Of steel. All others dazed, the man of Troy
Knows well the sound, his goddess mother's sign,
And cries: "Ask not, my friend, ask not indeed,
What these portents foretell. It is the voice
Of heaven. My goddess mother gave her word 665
That she would send this sign, if war should threat,
And to my aid would bring me through the air
Armor of Vulcan's make. Ah me! what deaths
For these poor Latins are in store! Ah! how
Shalt, Turnus, thou to me atone! How thick 670

The heroes' shields and helms and corsers brave,
 Thou, father Tiber, shalt roll on! Now let
 Them break the truce and set the battle-line."

No sooner said than from his lofty seat
 He rose. At once he blows aflame the coals 675
 That slumber on the shrine of Hercules
 And on the Lar he worshipped yesterday,
 And on his modest household gods attends.
 Evander and the Trojan youth alike
 Make sacrifice of duly-chosen sheep : 680
 Next, to the fleet they go, their comrades find
 Again, and out of those who to the wars
 Are bent, pick the most valorous. The rest
 Take to the current and float lazily
 Adown the stream, to bear Ascanius 685
 The tidings how fare fortune and his sire.
 Horses are furnished to those Trojan braves,
 Who to the Tuscan land set out. The best,
 They bring Æneas, shod with golden shoes,
 Caparisoned with tawny lion's skin. 690

Quick runs the rumor through that little town
 That horsemen ride apace unto the king
 Of Tuscany's domain. Mothers repeat
 Their prayers in terror o'er and o'er. As nears
 The danger, so the terror of it spreads. 695
 Already blacker lowers the front of war.
 Evander clings to his departing boy,
 His right hand clasped in his, and while the tears
 Flow ceaselessly, he cries : "Oh, would that Jove
 Would bring the dead years back! that I were now 700
 As when beneath Preneste's towers I charged

The battle's edge and burned, a victor there,
 My holocaust of shields, and with this hand
 Struck down to hell king Herilus, whose dam,
 Feronia, gave him — frightful though the tale — 705
 Three lives at birth — three armor suits to wear!
 Thrice must he fall in death; yet all his lives
 This right hand then took off and all his suits
 Of armor stripped. I would not then be torn
 From thy dear arms, my son, nor ever had 710
 Mezentius, scorning me his neighbor, dared
 So many put with sword to brutal death,
 Or of so many subjects robbed the state.
 But oh, ye gods, thou Jove, great Lord of Heaven,
 Pity, I beg, Arcadia's king, and hear 715
 A father's prayers! If but your grace, if fate
 Will bring back Pallas safe to me, if I
 Shall live to see him and come unto him,
 There is no load I cannot bear. But if,
 O Fortune, aught of evil thou dost threat, 720
 Then now, ay now! let snap life's cruel thread,
 While love is yet suspense, while hope still tints
 The future's doubt, while thee, dear boy, my last
 And only hope, I hold within my arms!
 Else may some sadder message smite my ear." 725
 So sobbed the father as he turned away:
 His servants bore him fainting to his home.

Ere this the cavalcade had ridden through
 The open gates, Æneas at the head,
 Faithful Achates at his side, and next 730
 The other Trojan chiefs — Pallas himself
 The centre of a group, conspicuous

His scarf and the bright blazon of his arms.
 So Lucifer, whom Venus loves beyond
 All other stars, up-dripping from the lave 735
 Of Ocean, sets his glorious front in heaven,
 And lets the shadows loose. Upon the walls
 Stand anxious mothers, following with their eyes
 The dust-trail and the flash of clustering helms,
 As through the bush, straight as the arrow flies, 740
 The warriors ride. Up goes a cheer; close up
 The ranks, while e'er to powder trod, the earth
 Beats to the hoofs of the four-footed steeds.

A thick grove lines cool Cæris' river-bank :
 Sacred our fathers held it far and near. 745
 All in the hollows of the hills 'tis shut,
 Fringed in with curtains of the dark-green fir.
 As goes the tale, the old Pelasgi men,
 Who the first dwellers were on Latin soil,
 Hallowed this grove, and set apart a day 750
 Unto Sylvanus, god of field and flock.
 Near this, had Tarchon and the Tuscans pitched
 Their camp, where nature's self defended it.
 From the hill-top the whole host lay in sight,
 Outstretched across the open fields. Here came 755
 Æneas and his chosen men of war,
 And gave their weary limbs and coursers rest.

Fair goddess seen amid the floating clouds,
 Bringing her gifts, lo! Venus was at hand.
 Though still afar, soon as she saw her son 760
 By the cool stream and in a dell apart,
 She stood across his path and spake him thus :
 " Behold the gifts my husband's plighted skill

Hath wrought! Thou shalt not fear thee soon,
My child, to challenge to the fight the proud 765
Laurentians, or gallant Turnus' self."

So Venus spake, caught in her arms her son,
And hung the shining armor on an oak,
Full in his view. Ecstatic at the gifts,
And such an honor from the goddess' hand, 770
He cannot look enough, but rolls his eyes
O'er every inch. In wonder lost, at hand
And at arm's length he holds them back and forth;—
The helmet, terrible with plumes that seem
Like bursts of flame; the deadly sword; the huge 775
And fiery shimmering mail, all stiff with rings
Of brass, as when the set sun tints the cloud
That blushes back afar; the shining greaves
Inlaid with silver and with gold; the spear;
The shield's devices, past all words to tell. 780

For on it had the God of Fire, acquaint
With prophecy, and prescient of the age
To come, enwrought the might of Italy,
The victories of Rome, Ascanius' whole
Descending line, and each successive war. 785
At full length lies a nursing wolf athwart
A grassy cave of Mars: about her teats
Gambol and cling two boys as fearlessly
As if they did their mother suck, while she,
Curving her tapering neck, caresses them 790
By turns, and licks their bodies with her tongue.
Near by is Rome, where 'gainst all dealing fair,
Amid the great Circensian games, from out
The crowded ring are stolen the Sabine girls;

Whence instant war breaks out 'twixt Romulus 795
 And the stern Sabines by old Tatius led :
 Yet soon, the battle truced, the same two kings
 Stand with their armor on before Jove's shrine
 And, cup in hand, in firm alliance join,
 A victim killed in token of their league. 800
 Not far from them, four straining chariot-steeds
 Drag Metius apart, — Alban, thy word
 Thou should'st have kept — and Tullus through the
 wood
 Scatters the liar's limbs, while here and there
 The bushes are bespattered with his blood. 805
 Porsenna mightily besieges Rome,
 And bids it let the banished Tarquin in :
 For freedom, sword to sword the Romans charge.
 There could you see Porsenna mad with rage
 And breathing vengeance for that Cocles dared 810
 Cut down the bridge, or Clœlia break her chains,
 And safely swim across the Tiber's flood.
 Upon the top of the Tarpeian rock,
 Before the temple, Manlius stands to guard
 The lofty Capitol where, freshly thatched, 815
 Bristles the royal hut of Romulus.
 Across the gold-bossed porticos, the goose,
 Of silver wrought, flies warning them the Gauls
 Are at the gate. The Gauls themselves appear,
 As they amid the bushes scale the cliff, 820
 The gloom and favor of the heavy night
 Protecting them. Flaxen their hair, and gilt
 The embroidery of their dress. They shine in coats
 Of many hues, their fair necks clasped with chains

Of gold, each brandishing two Alpine spears, 825
 Their bodies guarded with low-reaching shields.
 Then carvings of the dancing Salii,
 Naked Luperci, tufted woolen caps,
 The shields that fell from heaven! Chaste matrons
 lead
 Holy processions through the town, conveyed 830
 In cushioned cars. Not far away appear
 The realms of Tartarus, hell's yawning jaws,
 The penalties of guilt: there Catiline
 Hangs from a rock that ever threatens to fall,
 And trembles as the Furies glare at him. 835
 There too the calm retreats of holy dead,
 And Cato unto them dispensing law.
 Amid all these a scene was wrought in gold
 Of the wide rolling sea, its blue afoam
 With crests of surf. Bright silver dolphins lash 840
 The water with their tails, in circles play,
 And cut the water through. There might you see
 The crisis of the fight at Actium,
 The galleys with their brazen peaks, while all
 Leucate bristles with the battle line, 845
 A golden shimmer rippling from the waves.
 There standing on the lofty stern, amid
 His senators, his people and his gods —
 His country's gods and the great Deities —
 Augustus Cæsar leads into the fight 850
 The men of Italy. Two jets of flame
 In happy augury from his temples leap,
 While on his brow glows clear the Julian star.
 Elsewhere, the gods and breezes favoring,

Agrippa mounts the deck and leads the fleet: 855
 Proud diadem of victory, his head
 Is wreathed refulgent with the naval crown.
 Ranged on the other side is Antony,
 Barbaric wealth and many forces his.
 Victorious from the nations of the Dawn 860
 And the Red Sea, he to the combat brings
 Egypt, the soldiers of the Orient,
 And Bactra, farthest city of the East.
 Shame! his Egyptian mistress follows him!
 Both sides bear down at once. The ocean foams 865
 Torn with the writhing oars and trident beaks.
 They heap the sea. You would have thought they
 were
 The Cyclades, wrenched from their ocean bed,
 That floated there, or mountain peaks that clashed,
 So hugely tower the decks where throng the men. 870
 Tow balls of fire they throw; the air is thick
 With missile steel; redder than e'er before,
 The fields of Neptune with the slaughter grow.
 The queen amid the thickest of the fight
 Her country's timbrel strikes to fire her crews, 875
 Nor yet the two asps sees pursuing her.
 'Tis Neptune, Venus and Minerva 'gainst
 A monstrous polymix of heathen gods
 And their watch-dog Apubis. Clad in steel,
 Mars through the centre of the combat flames. 880
 Swoop the grim Furies from the sky. Her robe
 To tatters torn, exulting Discord stalks,
 Chased by Bellona with her bloody scourge.
 Apollo looks from Actium o'er the scene,

And strains his bow; till panic-struck at that, 885
 All Egypt, Ind, Arabia and the whole
 Sabæan host take flight. The queen herself
 Is seen, shrieking the winds to fill her sails,
 Quick loose the sheets! Her had the Fire-God caryed
 Amid the slaughter, pale at death's approach, 890
 Winging her flight with wind and wave to where
 The mighty current of the sorrowing Nile
 Opens its arms, and, wide expanding, calls
 Its vanquished children to its azure breast,
 To shelter them within its harboring streams. 895
 Then borne through Rome, a triple triumph his,
 Cæsar unto the gods of Italy
 Pays his immortal vow, and consecrates,
 The city through, proud temples to the gods.
 The streets are wild with merriment and sports 900
 And acclamations of delight, a band
 Of matrons at each shrine, each altar fired.
 He sits in person at the snow-white gate
 Before Apollo's shining temple front,
 And thanks the people for the gifts they pile 905
 Around its haughty columns. Conquered tribes
 In long procession pass before his eyes,
 Their speech as various as their dress and arms.
 For here had Vulcan wrought the Nomad race,
 The easy-going sons of Africa, 910
 Carians, Leleges and the arrow-skilled
 Geloni. Gentlier flows Euphrates' now.
 The Morini, remotest race of men,
 The branching waters of the river Rhine,
 The untamed Dahæ, and Araxes' flood 915

Too proud to bear a bridge, acknowledge him.

Such is the gift — the shield that Vulcan wrought —
His mother's gift, o'er which Æneas hangs,
And happy at the dream, yet ignorant all
Of its reality, as shoulder flings
The fortunes and the glory of his seed.

NINTH BOOK.

WHILE thus it fares in the interior,
 Iris from heaven Saturnian Juno sends
 Down to bold Turnus. Happed it then he sat
 In his progenitor Pilumnus' grove,
 Within a sacred vale. From rosy lips, 5
 Thus Thaumás' daughter spake to him: "Now hath
 The whirligig of time brought that, which had'st
 Thou, Turnus, asked it, e'en no god had dared
 To promise thee. Camp, comrades, fleet all left,
 To Palatine Evander's realm and home, 10
 Æneas hath set forth; nay, penetrates
 To the remotest towns of Corythus,
 Amid the Tuscan hosts, and there recruits
 And arms the peasant-folk. Why hesitate?
 Now is the time thy steeds and chariots 15
 To summon to the charge. Burst all delay,
 And storm his camp while 'wildered with alarm."

So spake, and rose to heaven on even wing,
 And in her flight trailed her majestic bow
 Athwart the clouds. The chieftain knew her then, 20
 Stretched heavenward both his hands, and as she fled
 Such were the words with which he followed her:
 "Iris, thou grace of heaven, who thee hath sent,
 Borne on the clouds to earth, a messenger
 To me? Whence comes so quick this burst of light? 25
 I see the ether rent in twain, and stars

That circle round the pole. Whoe'er thou art
 That call'st me to the fight with such a sign,
 I will obey." Thus spake, and to the stream
 He ran, and from its surface sucked a draught, 30
 Prayed long the gods and piled the air with vows.

Already marshaled on the open field,
 His whole array advances, rich in steeds,
 And rich in brilliant trappings and in gold.
 Messapus leads the van, while Tyrrheus' sons 35
 Push forward the reserves. Seen of all eyes,
 His spear in hand, his head o'ertopping all
 The rest, Turnus commands the middle line.
 So the deep Ganges quietly flows on,
 Seven silent rivers rising into one ; 40
 So with its fertilizing stream, the Nile
 Creeps from the field and in its channel glides.

Forth look the Trojans then, and see arise
 A heavy cloud of dust, that loweringly
 Rolls in upon their camp. Caius first 45
 Shouts from the outer wall : " What is this globe,
 O citizens, of dark inrolling dust !
 Quick to your arms ! advance your spears, and man
 The walls ! Ye gods ! it is the foe." Then pour
 The Trojans with a shout through every gate, 50
 And on the ramparts throng, for, when he went,
 Should any accident meantime befall,
 Thus had Æneas bid, himself the best
 Of all their soldiers, — not to risk a charge,
 Nor take the open field, but only keep 55
 Their camp, and make themselves secure behind
 The bulwark of their walls. And though a sense

Of rage and shame to close encounter prick,
They shut their gates, obedient to his hest,
And under arms await the enemy 60
Behind the shelter of their fortresses.
Turnus outstrips his tardy troops. He rides
Far in advance, twenty picked chiefs in train,
And suddenly appears before the camp
Upon a dappled Thracian charger borne, 65
And capped with helm of gold and crimson plumes.
“Who first, my chiefs, with me upon the foe?”
He cries, as brandishing his spear he hurls
It through the air — the opening of the fight —
And rides majestic o’er the field. With shouts 70
And hoarse huzzas his comrades follow him.
They wonder at the Trojans’ want of pluck ;
Wonder that men should fear an open field,
Nor stand a charge, but hug their camp. Enraged,
Spurs Turnus to and fro before the walls, 75
And seeks an entrance but no entrance finds.
So lurks the wolf when full the fold, and growls
Around the sheep-cotes half the night, though beat
By wind and rain: beneath the sheep the lambs
In safety bleat, while he, infuriate 80
And fierce, snaps at the prey he cannot reach,
Spent with the madness of long famishing,
His jaws athirst for blood. So burns the wrath
Of the Rutulian as he looks on camp
And wall: his very marrow thrills with rage. 85
How shall he force a breach, or how dislodge
The covered Trojans from their hold, and drive
Them to the plain? Close to the camp, the fleet,

Defended by a trench and by the stream,
 Lay hid. This he attacks: he bids his men, 90
 Glad at the duty, fire it, and himself
 Grasps eagerly a blazing torch. To work
 They spring: by Turnus' presence spurred, girts him
 Each youth with lurid fire. They strip the hearths;
 Wide flings the pitchy brand its flame and smoke, 95
 Upstreaming to the stars the blaze and sparks.

Tell me, ye Muses, who the god that saved
 The Trojans from so fierce a blaze? Who snatched
 Their fleet from fire so fell? Traditional
 The tale, and yet eternal is its fame. 100

As early as on Phrygian Ida's slope
 Æneas launched his fleet, and ready made
 To go to sea, 'tis said that Cybele,
 The Berecynthian mother of the gods,
 Spake mighty Jove these words: "Grant, son, the
 prayer 105

Thy loving mother lifts to thee, who hast
 Subdued Olympus. Many years there grew
 A wood of pines I loved. They made a grove
 Upon the mountain-top, thick with the shade
 Of maple and the dark green pitch-pine boughs. 110
 These have I gladly given the Trojan chief,
 Who needs them for his boats, and yet I feel
 In my solicitude a nervous dread.
 Rid me my fear, and let a mother's prayers
 Avail so far, that they from off their course 115
 May ne'er be driven more, nor wrecked by storms.
 In good stead let it stand them that they grew
 On mountain-top of mine." Answered her son,

Who rolls the starry firmament of heaven :

“ O mother, whither would'st thou warp the fates? ¹²⁰

Or what is it thou seek'st for such as these ?

Shall keels that mortal hand hath laid enjoy

The sacredness of immortality !

Mid risks that seem to peril all, yet sure

Unto his destiny Æneas goes. ¹²⁵

Nay now, their voyage at end, when they have made

The Italian ports, from such as shall have then

Escaped the perils of the sea, and brought •

The Trojan chief to the Laurentian land, —

From them their mortal shape will I release, ¹³⁰

And bid them nymphs of mighty ocean be,

Cutting the waves that curl before their breasts,

Like Nereid Doto, or like Galatea.”

By Styx, his brother's flood, and by its banks

With pitch and yawning whirlpools washed, he

swore, ¹³⁵

And vast Olympus trembled at his nod.

And now has come that fated hour : the Fates

Have spun the full allotted time. The threat

Of Turnus warns the mother of the gods

To avert the firebrand from her sacred rafts. ¹⁴⁰

Bursts then a new light on the lookers' eyes :

The mighty cloud of the Idæan choir

Rushes athwart the heavens from east to west ;

An awful voice falls through the air, and thrills

The Trojan and Rutulian ranks alike. ¹⁴⁵

“ Charge not, ye Trojans, to defend my fleet,

Nor rush to arms. Sooner shall Turnus burn

The sea, than these my hallowed pines. Go ye,

Go free, ye ocean nymphs! Your mother bids."

At once each prow breaks from the chain that binds ¹⁵⁰
 It to the shore, and like a dolphin leaps
 Bow-foremost to the bottom of the sea.
 Thence, sight miraculous! rise up again,
 Rocked by the waves, as many a girlish face
 As were the brazen beaks that lay but now ¹⁵⁵
 At anchor off the shore. The Rutuli
 Look on aghast: Messapus e'en is awed,
 His steeds affrighted, while the river groans
 And chokes, and Tiber from the sea recoils.
 Fails not bold Turnus' courage; all the more ¹⁶⁰
 He finds him words to rouse their spirits up,
 And rally them: "It is the Trojans whom
 These omens threat. E'en Jove has stripped from
 them
 His wonted aid; no need was there of axe
 Or torch of ours. Henceforth the sea is shut ¹⁶⁵
 Against the Trojans: hope of flight is gone,
 And half their force cut off; the land is ours;
 And the Italian tribes are bringing us
 Thousands of troops. No oracles of fate,
 On which these Phrygians harp, though straight from
 heaven, ¹⁷⁰
 Make me afraid. For Venus and the fates,
 Enough that on Italia's fertile soil
 The Trojans have set foot. My destiny
 'Gainst theirs I set; and mine it is to put
 To sword this godless crew that kidnap wives. ¹⁷⁵
 That insult stung not Atreus' sons alone;
 Nor for the Greeks alone the ordeal of war.

Enough, perhaps, that once they were consumed,
Were they content but once to sin, and had
They scorned, scarce one exempt, all women since. 180
They pluck their courage up, because they trust
These barricades that lie 'tween them and us,
This hindrance of a ditch, though but a thread
'Twixt life and death. Yet saw they not the walls
Of Troy, the work of Neptune's hand, go down 185
In flames? Picked soldiers ye, who forward step
To scale with me their ramparts and invade
Their frightened camp, no arms of Vulcan's make,
Nor fleet want I, to fight these hounds from Troy!
Let every Tuscan join their ranks. Nor need 190
They fear, under the cover of the dark,
The sneaking theft of their Palladium.
In the false belly of no horse we hide,
But in the light of day we fire their walls.
So will I bear me, they shall find they fight 195
Not with the Greeks, nor the Pelagic spawn,
Whom Hector baffled ten long years. And now,
The day far spent, for what remains take heart,
My men, that all hath gone so well; eat, drink,
And sleep, and on your arms await the fight." 200

Meantime Messapus' duty 'tis to set
A watch before the gates and hedge the camp
With fires. Fourteen Rutulian chiefs are picked
To guard the lines, each with a hundred men,
Brilliant with purple plumes and armor gilt. 205
They march from post to post and take their turns.
Stretched on the grass, they solace them with wine
And drain the brazen cup. Bright shine the fires:

The watch eke out the wakeful night in play.
 Guarding their rampart-tops, the Trojans look 210
 From their defences down upon the scene.
 Made anxious by their fears, they try each gate ;
 From fort to fort they bridge, and missiles heap.
 Mnestheus and brave Sergestus take the lead,
 Whom, should the crisis call, Æneas chose 215
 For captains and directors of affairs.
 Each man assigned his post along the lines,
 The whole camp on the alert against attack,
 Each guards in turn whate'er each has to guard.
 At one gate Nisus, son of Hyrtacus — 220
 One of the boldest soldiers in the ranks —
 Stood sentinel. Deft with the javelin
 And slender shaft, him had his mother sent,
 Herself a huntress on Mount Ida's slopes,
 To bear Æneas company. With him 225
 Euryalus his comrade shared the watch —
 No nobler figure in Æneas' train
 Or clad in Trojan armor, though the down
 Of youth just tinged his boyish unshorn cheek.
 Their hearts were one : in battle side by side 230
 They charged ; and now together at the gate
 They stand on guard. 'Tis Nisus speaks : " Is it
 The gods, Euryalus, that in our souls
 Ambition prick ; or is his chiefest wish
 To each his god ? My heart doth burn to fight 235
 Or some great risk to dare, and chafes at this
 Unruffled quietude. Thou see'st the trust
 Of these Rutulians : their fires burn low :
 In wine and slumber lax'd, they lie aground,

And all is silent far and near. List quick 240
 What 'tis I plan, the thought that frets my soul!
 The common folk and the grey beards all long
 To call Æneas back and send out scouts
 To make exact report of what is up.
 If they will but assure thee what I ask, 245
 Enough for me the glory of the exploit.
 Beneath yon hill it seems me I can trace
 My way to Pallanteum's walls and town."
 Struck at such thrist'for praise, Euryalus
 Starts back, and thus his hot-brained friend he
 chides. 250

"Nisus, dost thou refuse at such a pinch
 To make me thy companion? Or would I
 Let thee into such perils go alone?
 Not so my war-trained sire Ophelte's taught,
 Bred as I was 'twixt terror of the Greek 255
 And risks for Troy. Not so have I with thee
 Thy dangers shared, while brave Æneas' fate
 And toughest rubs of fortune following.
 The soul that stirs within this breast of mine
 Holds life so cheap, that it were poor exchange 260
 For honor such as thou resolv'st to win."

But Nisus said: "Indeed I did not count
 On this from thee, nor is it right I should.
 To thee I looked for happy welcome back,
 Should mighty Jove, or whate'er god may smile 265
 Upon this dash of mine, grant me return:
 But if amid the perils, — and thou see'st
 How many wait on such a risk, — should god
 Or chance go hard with me, I meant that thou

Should'st live, too young to throw thy life away : 270
 Then, were my body from the field borne off
 Or ransomed for a price, there would be left
 One friend to bury it beneath the sod,
 Or, if that fortune were denied, at least
 To pay death's honors to my absent corpse 275
 And decorate a grave for me. Besides,
 I would not be the cause of grief so keen
 To thy unhappy mother, who, alone
 Out of so many aged women, boy,
 Dared go through all with thee, indifferent 280
 To great Acestes' sheltering walls." But still
 The youth replied : "It is not worth thy while
 To link this futile chain of argument.
 Unmoved, my resolution falters not.
 Quick let us go!" he cries, and wakes the guards, 285
 Who come and take their turn. Leaving the post,
 Nisus and he go twain to seek the prince.

All the world else in slumber loosed its cares,
 And the tired heart forgot its weariness,
 Save that the Trojan chiefs, the chosen men, 290
 Held council on the crisis of the state —
 What should be done, who to Æneas be
 Their messenger. Leaning on their tall spears,
 There in the centre of the camp and plain,
 With shield on arm they stand. 'Tis just at this 295
 That Nisus and Euryalus implore
 Audience at once — matter of great import
 They claim, and well worth all the time they ask.
 At once Ascanius lets them in, all hot
 For their adventure, and bids Nisus speak ; 300

Whereat the son of Hyrtacus breaks out :

“Give us fair hearing, Trojans, nor despise

Our project for our youth. Unstrung with wine

And slumber, the Rutulians lie aground.

With our own eyes have we marked out the course ³⁰⁵

For our manœuvre, taking at the forks

The road that skirts the sea. The foe’s camp-fires

Are going out, and with the rising smoke

The stars are dimmed. If ye but let us try

Our luck to find Æneas and the town ³¹⁰

Of Pallanteum, him shall ye soon see

Return, laden with spoils, his way a wide

And bloody swath. Nor shall the path mislead

Our steps. Oft in the hunt have we caught sight,

Aglint through valley copses, of the town ³¹⁵

And learned each winding of the stream.” At this,

Aletes, old in years, in wisdom ripe,

Exclaims: “Gods of our country, ’neath whose

watch

Troy ever is, not yet do ye permit

Her sons to perish utterly, so long ³²⁰

As in the bosom of her youth ye breathe

Such souls as these, and hearts thus resolute !”

So spake, and hand and shoulder caught them

both,

While tears ran ploughing down his face and cheeks.

“Heroes, what honors can I think enough ³²⁵

To pay you for such bravery? The gods

And your own consciences will be your first

And best reward ; Æneas in due time,

And, when to manhood come, Ascanius,

Never forgetful of desert so great, 330
 Shall render you the rest." "Yes, Nisus, I,"
 Ascanius cried, "who am all lost, if back
 Come not my sire, by our great natal gods,
 By our ancestral Lar, and by the shrines
 Of the pure Vesta swear, whate'er my fate, 335
 Whate'er my hopes, into your hands I trust
 Them all. Call ye my father back! Restore
 His face; and he once home, I have no fear.
 Two silver cups, embossed and richly wrought, —
 My father took them when Arisba fell, — 340
 Two tripods, and two talents great of gold,
 Nay, Dido's gift to me, — the antique bowl
 Sidonian Dido gave, — will I give you.
 And should be ever mine the victor's lot
 To conquer Italy, its sceptre grasp, 345
 And parcel out the spoils — thou saw'st the steed
 That Turnus rode, the golden arms he wore —
 That very steed, his shield, his crimson plumes,
 I'll from the dice reserve — nay, from this hour
 Regard them, Nisus, as thine own reward. 350
 My sire shall give thee more, — twelve women picked
 For beauty of their shapes, twelve captive males
 With all their outfit too, and, added them,
 As big a patch of land for thine as king
 Latinus' own. Ah! as for thee, dear boy, 355
 Whose age runs nearer mine, with all my heart
 I welcome thee my bosom friend in all
 My fortunes hence; and whether war or peace
 I prosecute, in counsel or in act,
 My utmost confidence shall rest in thee." 360

To him thus answers back Euryalus :
“Come fortune good or bad, this all my boast :—
No’hour, when duty thus on courage calls,
Shall find me recreant. But one gift I ask,
Yet more to me than all gifts else. I have 365
A mother who, of Priam’s ancient stock,
Fared forth with me ; nor Ilium’s shore, alas !
Nor king Acestes’ walls could keep her back.
Whate’er the hazard that I undergo,
I leave her ignorant o’t, not one last kiss 370
Upon her cheek. By thy right hand, by Night
I swear, I could not bear a mother’s tears.
Do thou, I beg, relieve her want, and cheer
Her loneliness ; this let me hope of thee,
And through all dangers I shall bolder go.” 375
Touched to the heart, the Trojans weep, but fair
Iulus more than all, entranced at such
A counterfeit of his own filial love ;
And thus he cries : “I pledge thee everything
Thy noble enterprise deserves. For she 380
Shall be my mother, lacking but the name
Creüsa, and her joy in such a son
Shall not be small. Whatever be the fate
That waits thy venture, by this head I swear,
By which my father used to swear, that all 385
I promised thee, successful and returned,
Shall to thy mother and thy race descend
As well.” Thus speaking through his tears, from off
His shoulder he unbelts the golden sword,
That with rare skill Cretan Lycaon made 390
And lightly fitted with an ivory sheath.

To Nisus for a mantle Mnestheus gives
 A lion's shaggy skin ; and sturdy old
 Alethes makes exchange of helmets. Forth
 They go, armed to the teeth ; and all the chiefs, 395
 The young and old, follow their steps with prayers,
 While e'er the fair Iulus, with a soul
 And manly thoughtfulness beyond his years,
 Sends message after message to his sire.
 Yet shall the winds but dissipate them all, 400
 And make them idle playthings for the clouds !
 Once out the camp, they overleap the ditch,
 And through the shadows of the night invade
 The intrenchments of the foe, forerunners they
 Of many a soldier's slaughter. Here and there, 405
 Scattered along the grass, they see men drowned
 In sleep and wine — the shore with chariots lined —
 Wheels, harness, drivers, arms and casks, all strewn
 Together. Nisus is the first to speak :
 " Now must the arm be nerved, Euryalus : 410
 The very opportunity invites
 Attack. Here lies our path. Do thou keep guard,
 Thine eyes on the alert, so that no squad
 Attack our rear, while I cut right and left,
 And mow thee in advance a good wide swath." 415
 This said, his voice is hushed, as with his sword
 He stabs the haughty Rhamnes, who, it chanced,
 Raised on a couch of stuffs, lay snoring there
 With all the bellows in his chest. A king
 Was he and prophet, whom king Turnus held 420
 In very high esteem ; yet ne'er with all
 His prophecy could he ward off his doom.

Near by, he kills three slaves, they and their wares
At random lying — the armor-bearer next
Of Remus — then the charioteer, o'er whom 425
He trips, lying beneath the horses' heels :
The neck thrown back, he cleaves it with his sword ;
The head he lays beside the master's own,
And leaves the trunk outbubbling blood, while sand
And turf are puddled hot with crimson gore — 430
Next Lamyris, and Lamus, and the youth
Serranus with his handsome face, who late
That night had played and now lay all abroad,
O'ercome with too much wine — happy, had he
But made his play the equal of the night 435
And lengthened it till morning ! So might rave
An unfed lion in a pen of sheep :
To madness hunger-driven, its mouth afoam
With blood, it rends and tears the cowering flock,
That dare not even bleat for fear. Nor less 440
The carnage of Euryalus ; he too
Flames furious, stealing mid a group too large
To name, Herbesus, Fadus, Abaris,
And Rhœtus, taken all at unawares, —
Rhœtus indeed on watch and witnessing 445
The whole attack, but panic-struck and hid
Behind a monstrous tub. Up to the hilt
Against his breast, as he uprises, straight
Euryalus drives home his sword, then draws
It forth again, death following instantly. 450
Out with it gush the purple streams of life
And a mixed drool of wine and blood. At this,
Hot with the exploit, Euryalus darts on,

And now wends towards Messapus' quarters, where
 He sees the farthest camp-fire dying out, 455
 And the tied horses cropping at the grass ;
 But Nisus speaks him short — for he perceives
 Too far the lust of blood is carrying them —
 "Let us hold off," he cries, "for, near at hand,
 The unfriendly dawn! Vengeance hath had enough. 460
 Already through the foe our way is cut."
 They leave behind them heaps of soldiers' traps,
 Wrought solid silver, armor, drinking cups,
 And handsome carpetings. The trappings worn
 By Rhamnes, and his belt embossed with gold — 465
 Presents were these that rich old Cædicus
 Once sent to Remulus of Tibur, when,
 Though far away, he linked him as a guest —
 Died Remulus and gave his grandson them :
 After the grandson's death, who bit the dust 470
 In battle warring with the Rutuli,
 They were the Rutuli's — Euryalus
 Now snatches them, and fits them recklessly
 Around his neck, and then alas, so rash !
 Puts on Messapus' plumed and graceful casque. 475
 They leave the camp and make for safer paths.

A troop of cavalry, their shields abreast,
 Three hundred strong, and Volscens at their head,
 Meantime advancing from the capital
 Of Latium, — while the rest of the recruits 480
 Still lingered in their lines upon the field, —
 Rode on to bring king Turnus messages.
 Already close upon his camp they came,
 Just entering his works, when, yet afar

Skirting along the left-hand path, they saw 485

The fugitives. The casque Euryalus

Wore thoughtlessly, flashed back and through the dim

Half-lighted night betrayed him. Not for naught

They saw him. Volscens from the column shouts :

“Stand, men! Why pass ye here? Why are ye
armed? 490

And whither do ye go?” They answer not

A word, but hurry to the woods, and trust

The night to shelter them, while here and there

The riders spur to each known avenue,

And every outlet guard with sentinels. 495

The wood was rough throughout with underbrush

And scrubby oaks, at each turn full of thorns.

The path gleamed through the matted undergrowth

Only at intervals : the trees' thick gloom,

The very burden of his spoils perplexed 500

Euryalus, and in the entanglement

He lost the way. Not fearing for his friend,

Nisus was off, and had already 'scaped

The foe and gained the groves, called Alban since

For Alba's name — then king Latinus had 505

His spacious stables there — and there he stood

And looked back vainly for his absent friend.

“Where have I left thee, poor Euryalus !

Or how can I go after thee, or trace

Again the treacherous woods' long tangled way !” 510

At once he picks his footprints back and strays

Mid the still underwood. The horses' tramp,

The calls and shouting of pursuit he hears,

Until, himself in the melee, one cry

Rings in his ears, and there Euryalus 515
 He sees, whom wildered by the place and night
 And by the sudden onset of the foe,
 Yet struggling hopelessly, they all beset
 At every point. And what can Nisus do?
 What strength, what arms hath he that he shall dare 520
 The rescue of Euryalus? Shall he
 Plunge headlong through the circle of their swords,
 Death staring in his face, and nobly die
 Cut through and through? Sooner than thought, his
 arm

Drawn back, he brandishes his spear, his face 525
 Uplifted to the moon, and prays her thus :
 “ Goddess, thou glory of the starry skies,
 Diana, guardian of the woods, be kind,
 And succor us in our extremity !
 If e'er my father Hyrtacus for me 530
 Did any gift upon thine altar lay ;
 If from the chase I e'er have added mine,
 Or any to thy sacred walls affixed
 Or from thy ceilings hung, guide through the air
 My shaft, and let me put this swarm to flight.” 535

This said, with all his body in the cast,
 He hurled his spear. Cleaving the twilight shades
 It sped, and — Sulmo standing in its path —
 Crashed through his ribs, where broke the splintered
 wood,

Deep in his vitals thrust. A heap he rolls, 540
 The hot blood pulsing from his breast, till cold
 He lies, and pants with long-drawn gasps for breath.
 His clustering comrades gaze on him, when, lo !

E'en swifter than before, another lance
 Doth Nisus poise above his ear, and while 545
 They in confusion stand, the hissing steel
 Both Tagus' temples nails, and hangs, and smokes
 With his out-oozing brain. Grim Volscens raves,
 Yet nowhere sees the author of the shot,
 Nor can he tell on whom to vent his wrath. 550
 "Then shalt thou pay me penalty for both,
 Ere yet thy blood hath time to cool," he roars ;
 And as he speaks, his sword he draws, and flies
 Upon Euryalus. At this heart-rent
 And panic-stricken, Nisus shouts, nor can 555
 He longer keep his hiding place or bear
 So sad a sight: "On me, on me — 'twas I
 That did the deed — on me thy weapon turn,
 O thou Rutulian! Mine the mischief all!
 He nothing dared or had the power to do, 560
 By heaven I swear it, and the conscious stars :
 He only loved too well his hapless friend."
 But even while he spake, the sword, forced home,
 Sped through the ribs and gashed the fair white breast.
 Euryalus falls dead, blood streaming down 565
 His graceful figure, and his limp neck sunk
 Upon his shoulder. So by ploughshare cut,
 Some bright flower fades and dies ; so, when the
 rain
 Beats hard, the poppy from its broken stalk
 Droops hanging down its head. Then Nisus leaps 570
 Into their midst ; he singles Volscens out
 From all the rest — at none but Volscens aims, one
 Surrounding whom the foe at every point,

And hand to hand, ward Nisus off. He fights
 The harder for't, his sword all round his head 575
 Like lightning flashing, till he plunges it
 Into the bellowing Rutulian's mouth,
 And takes with dying hand the tyrant's life.
 Then gashed from head to foot, he throws himself
 Upon the lifeless body of his friend, 580
 And there in death rests peacefully at last.

Happy ye both! if aught my song can do,
 Time ne'er shall blot you from the memory
 Long as Æneas' line shall have its home
 Upon the Capitol's eternal rock, 585
 Or Rome shall be the mistress of the world.

The Rutuli, victorious, yet in tears,
 Their spoils and booty gathered, bear their dead
 Commander Volscens onward to the camp.
 Nor less the sorrow there — Rhamnes found dead, 590
 So many chiefs at one fell swoop cut off,
 Serranus, Numa, and the rest. A crowd
 Surrounds the corpses and the half-dead men,
 The place still fresh with recent massacre,
 And blood-rills trickling still. Then one by one 595
 They recognize the spoils the Volscians bring, —
 Messapus' shining helmet, and, regained
 At such a sweat, their own insignia.

By this, up from Tithonus' saffron bed,
 Dawn rose and with the new day streaked the earth. 600
 Soon as the sun pours down and all is light,
 Girds Turnus his own armor on once more,
 And calls his men to arms. The glittering ranks
 He forms in battle-line, each soldier there

To vengeance fired with rumors manifold. 605
 Nay, sorry sight! on their uplifted spears
 They fix, and follow with loud jeers, the heads
 Of Nisus and Euryalus. Meantime
 The sturdy Trojans face the foe, their right
 Protected by the river, and their left 610
 By their defences. Heavily entrenched,
 They hold their own: but sad are they who stand
 Upon the rampart-top, as to and fro,
 Spiked and adrip with heavy clots of blood,
 The faces of their comrades move before 615
 The eyes that all too sadly call them back.
 Meantime winged Rumor through the frightened camp,
 Swift messenger, doth flit, and at the ear
 Of her the mother of Euryalus
 Alights. The color from her wretched cheeks 620
 Flies instantly. The shuttle from her hands
 Falls down; her web unravels; rent with grief,
 She tears her hair, and with a woman's shriek
 Runs madly to the walls and battle's edge,
 Heedless of danger, though the missiles rain 625
 Alike from Trojan friend and Latin foe:
 She fills the air with wailings: "Is it thou
 I see, Euryalus? Of my old age
 The one last refuge, could'st so cruelly
 Leave me alone? On such a peril bent, 630
 Could not thy wretched mother speak to thee
 Her parting word? Alas! in a strange land,
 Food to the Latin dogs and vultures thrown,
 Thou liest! Nor did I, thy mother, lay
 Thy body for the grave, nor close thine eyes, 635

Nor wash thy wounds, concealing them beneath
 The robe I hasted day and night to weave —
 Lighting a mother's sorrows with the loom.
 How shall I go to find thee, or the spot
 Where lie thy shoulders, thy dissevered limbs, 640
 Thy outraged corse? Is this the sheaf, my son,
 Thou bring'st me back? — Have I o'er land and sea
 Followed but this? O ye Rutulians, me
 If ye have any pity, kill — at me take aim
 With all your shafts: me first put to the sword! 645
 Or thou, O thou great Father of the gods,
 Be merciful, and with thy thunderbolt
 Strike my despisèd head to Tartarus,
 Since else I cannot snap life's cruel thread!"
 Her tears touch every heart: and from them all 650
 A groan of sorrow bursts; their spirits break;
 They have no stomach for the fight. At last,
 She shrieking still her griefs, Ilioneus, —
 Iulus too, though through his sobs, — commands
 Idæus lift her up, with Actor's help, 655
 And in their arms restore her to her home.

Then from the ringing brass the trumpet sounds
 Its wild alarm. Follows the battle-cry;
 And heaven re-echoes it. 'Neath their lapped shields
 The Volscians steadily advance, prepared 660
 To fill the trenches, and the ramparts storm.
 Some seek to steal an entrance, or to scale
 The walls where the defence is weak, or where
 The line seems broken for the lack of men.
 Full in their face the Trojans rain in showers — 665
 Trained in their own long war to stand a siege —

All sorts of missiles, and with hard-wood poles
 Beat the assailants off. They roll down stones
 Of cruel weight to break, if possible,
 The roof of bucklers that protects the foe, 670
 Who 'neath their shields but laugh at every shock ;
 Yet waver soon, for, where they densest rush,
 The Trojans loose a ponderous rocky mass,
 And hurl it down. It scatters right and left
 The Rutuli and breaks their armor-screen 675
 In fragments. Doughty as they are, no heart
 Have they for fighting longer in the dark,
 But run to cover from the missile-rain.
 Elsewhere Mezentius — terror to the sight —
 The Tuscan pitch-pine brandishes, and plies 680
 The smoking torch, the while Messapus, son
 Of Neptune, and a tamer of the horse,
 The rampart storms, and shouts to scale the walls.

Ye Muses, thou Calliope, I pray,
 Inspire me sing the carnage and the heaps 685
 Of dead, that Turnus with his sword then wrought !
 How each chief struck some soul to hell ! Roll out
 With me the mighty scroll of war, for ye
 Remember, Muses, and can tell the tale !

A far-outlooking tower, staged high about, 690
 Stood in the way. On this with all their force
 The whole Italian army charged, and sought
 To raze it to the ground with every means
 At their command. The Trojans meet the assault
 With stones, and through the open casements rain 695
 A shower of missiles. Turnus at the front
 Flings up a burning torch, and the flame clings

Against the turret's side. Swoln by the wind,
 It grips the scantling, and sticks fast the more
 The timbers burn. The inmates, panic-struck, 700
 Into confusion fall and vainly seek
 Escape from danger. For, while crowding close,
 Retreating to that side still free from fire,
 The turret suddenly beneath their weight
 Goes down, all heaven thundering with the crash ; 705
 Together with the ponderous pile, run through
 And to each other linked by their own spears,
 Or on the splintering sticks impaled half-dead,
 They all come tumbling to the ground. None 'scape
 Save Lycus and Helenor — barely they : 710
 Of whom Helenor in the bud of youth,
 (To him Lycimnia, a slave, gave birth —
 The stealthy getting of a Lydian king —
 And sent him in forbidden arms to Troy)
 Is armed but with a sword and a white shield 715
 Unhonored yet with a device, yet finds
 Himself the target of ten thousand men
 Mid Turnus' hosts, while round him right and left
 The Latin battle-ranks press up. 'Tis like
 Some wild beast, when the hunters hedge it in, 720
 That at their weapons glares — prescient of death,
 Yet courting it — and dashes with a bound
 Upon their spears. So, sure to die, the youth
 Charges the centre of the host, and where
 He sees the blades are thickest, there he aims ; 725
 But Lycus, swifter-footed far, through foe,
 Through steel, runs till he gains the wall, and writhes
 To reach the top or clasp his comrades' hands.

Turnus with foot and spear alike pursues,
 And rails exulting at him thus : “Thou fool, 730
 Didst hope that from my hand thou could'st escape ?”
 Sooner than said he grips him hanging there,
 And with him wrenches half the wall away.
 So, soaring to the skies, the eagle lifts,
 Caught in its claws, a hare or snowy swan : 735
 So from the fold steals robber wolf a lamb,
 The mother bleating for it piteously,
 Up goes a shout from every throat. The foe
 Rush in ; while some with earth the ditches fill,
 Others fling blazing torches on the roofs. 740

Then with a rock, big as a mountain crag,
 Ilioneus lays low Lucretius
 Just entering the gate and scattering fire.
 Liger Emathion kills ; Asylas next
 Kills Chorinæus ; one apt with the spear, 745
 The other with the far swift stealthy shaft.
 Cæneus Ortygius slays, and Turnus slays
 The victor Cæneus : Turnus Itys too
 And Clonius, Dioxippus, Promulus,
 And Sagaris, and Idas standing on 750
 The rampart-top. Capys Privernus kills :
 Themilla's spear had lightly wounded him
 Already, and as now he rashly drops
 His shield to touch the cut, the wingèd shaft
 Shoots in, nailing his hand upon his heart, 755
 And, penetrating thence yet farther in,
 Cuts short with mortal wound the breath of life.

The son of Arcens in brave armor stood :
 Brilliant was his embroidered cloak, and bright

His Spanish colorings, and fine his face. 760
 His father Arcens sent him to the war,
 Trained in his mother's groves that cluster round
 Symæthus' streams, where the Palici have
 Their opulent and hospitable shrine.
 Then laid Mezentius down his arms ; thrice round 765
 His head the whizzing sling at its full swing
 He whirled, and with its molten ball of lead
 Split half and half the forehead of the youth,
 And stretched him all abroad upon the sand.
 Then shot, 'tis said, Ascanius his first 770
 Swift battle shaft — before but wont to fight
 Some hunted beast — and with his own hand slew
 Numanus bold — his surname Remulus —
 Who Turnus' younger sister just had wed.
 Before the foremost line with loud-mouthed boasts, 775
 Worth and unworth repeating, up and down
 He strutted, puffed with his new royalty,
 And shouted as he stalked : “ Have ye no shame,
 Twice captured Phrygians, that a second siege
 Within the shelter of your works ye stand, 780
 And hide from death behind protecting walls ?
 Lo ! these are they who cry, *Your wives or war !*
 What god, nay, what insanity drove you
 To Italy ? The Atridæ are not here ;
 Nor that glib liar Ulysses. Root and branch, 785
 We are a hardy race. As soon as born,
 Our sons we carry to the streams, and make
 Them tough with baths though through the cruel ice ;
 Our boys burn for the chase ; they scour the woods ;
 It is but sport for them to rein the steed, 790

And wing the whizzing arrow from the bow.
 Our youth, inured to toil, trained to scant fare,
 Alike till farm or city sack. 'The sword
 Is always in our hands. We even goad
 Our oxen with the butt-end of a spear. 795
 Nor doth the sloth of age our courage dull
 Or break our mettle, but we hide gray hairs
 Beneath a helmet, and with fresh delight
 E'er seek new spoils and by the strong hand live.
 While ye! — your very robes are saffron-wrought 800
 And purple-dyed. Ye hug your beds : ye love
 To trifle in the dance, with arms encased
 In sleeves, and ribboned mitres on your heads.
 Ay, Phrygian women, not e'en Phrygian men
 Are ye! Go to the heights of Dindymus, 805
 And list the thrilling of the pipe, for so
 Ye wont. Your mother's timbrel and her flute
 Of Berecynthian wood are calling you
 To Ida's hills. Leave war to men, and throw
 Your swords away."

No more Ascanius bore 810

The insult of his brag and diatribe.
 Confronting him, he to his arrow strained
 The horse-hair string, drew wide apart his arms,
 And standing then awhile in prayer to Jove,
 Thus lifted up to him a suppliant's vows : 815
 "Almighty Jove, my bold endeavor aid!
 So to thy temple-gates with mine own hand
 Will I bring hallowed gifts, and sacrifice
 Upon thine altar-front a snow white steer
 With gilded horns, that butts and paws the sand, 820

And lifts his head no lower than his dam's."

The Father hears, and thunders on the left
From the serenest quarter of the sky.

Quick twangs the fateful bow. Drawn to the head,
The arrow with a vengeful hiss speeds on: 835

Straight through the skull of Remulus it goes,
And to his brain drives home the barb. "Go mock
At merit with a boaster's sneer! Be this
The answer these twice-captured Phrygians send
To the Rutulians!" That and no more 830
Ascanius said. The Trojans cheer, and wild
With joy, their courage mounts as high as heaven.

Chanced then long-haired Apollo from the skies
Was looking down on the Italian camp
And battle-field. Upon the clouds he sat, 835
And spake victorious Iulus thus!

"On, with fresh courage, boy! So mounts the way
To glory, thou of gods the son, of gods
To be the sire! Under the Trojan sway,
All wars that are to be shall one day calm 840
To universal peace. Not Troy alone

Is thy circumference." E'en as he spake,
From upper air he shot, parted the winds,
And sought Ascanius. There put he on
Old Butes' face, who long before in Troy 845
Had once Anchises' armor-bearer been,

Since then a trusty keeper at his gate,
Selected by Æneas now and made
Companion for his son. In every way

Like this old man disguised, skin, voice, white hair, 850
Even in armor that was terrible

In nothing but its din, Apollo came
And spake the flushed Iulus in these words :
“ Son of Æneas, let it be enough
That thou unhurt hast with thine arrow slain 855
Numanus. Great Apollo grants thee this
Thy first achievement, neither envies he
Thine equal skill in arms. Hereafter, boy,
Avoid the fight.” Apollo thus began,
But fled from mortal sight ere half was said, 860
And faded in the far thin air from view.
Then recognized the Trojan chiefs the god,
And his divine accoutrements : they heard
His quiver rattle as he sped, gave heed
To Phœbus’ will and word, and from the field, 865
Though now his blood was up, Ascanius dragged.
Then to the combat back they rush, and risk
Their lives in open peril. Shouts go up
Along the battlements the whole wall’s length.
Boldly they bend the bow ; the javelin 870
They hurl. With missiles all the ground is strewn.
The hollow helmet and the shield ring back
Incessant showers of blows. Thickens the fight.
So, when the rainy Kids are in the sky,
Bursts from the west the gale and beats the earth ; 875
A hurricanè of hail sweeps o’er the sea,
And Jove, terrific mid the storm, lets pour
The winter rain and bursts the swollen cloud.

The young chiefs Pandarus and Bitias,
Alcanor of Mount Ida’s sons, both whom 880
Wood-nymph Iæra in Jove’s forest reared,
Tall as their native firs and mighty hills

And trusting to their prowess, fling wide back
 The gate committed to their chieftainship,
 And dare the foe to charge upon the walls. 885
 They in the portal stand like turrets twain
 At right and left, armed with the sword, their tall
 Heads plumed and flashing brilliantly. So, high
 In air anear some river's bank, along
 The borders of the Po or by the stream 890
 Of gentle Athesis, twin towering oaks
 Lift up their leafy heads to heaven, and wave
 The foliage of their tops. The Rutuli,
 Soon as they see an entrance open, charge :
 Quercens is up — that handsome cavalier 895
 Aquicolus — Hæmon true son of Mars —
 And the impetuous Tmarus. But routed all,
 They either turn their backs or else lay down
 Their lives e'en on the threshold of the gate.
 Each for himself, no oneness of command, 900
 The panic grows. At this the Trojans mass
 Their gathering forces: hand to hand they fight,
 Emboldened e'en to sally from their works.
 To Turnus chief, storming and routing all
 Before him in another quarter, posts 905
 A messenger announcing that the foe
 Fresh havoc make, and open throw their gates.
 He leaves the work in hand, wrought to the pitch
 Of rage, and rushes to the Trojan port
 Where stand the haughty pair. He hurls his spear 910
 And first strikes down Antiphates — the first
 To cross his path — the great Sarpedon's son
 Got by a Theban mother's slip. The shaft

Of good Italian cornel cuts the air,
 And, penetrating at the throat, is lodged 915
 Deep in his heart. Dark yawns the wound ; forth spouts
 A tide of blood, the spear head simmering
 In his gashed vitals. Then, at hand to hand,
 He Merops, Erymas, Aphidnus kills,
 And Bitias next, who foams with rage, his eyes 920
 A glare of fire, — not with the javelin slain,
 For ne'er to javelin had he yielded life ;
 But with a mighty wail a great slung spear
 Had sped, driven like a thunderbolt. Not two
 Bulls' hides, nor trusty coat of mail, though wrought 925
 With double rings of gold, could bear that shock :
 The ponderous frame goes crashing down ; earth
 groans

Beneath ; above him thunders his huge shield.
 So falls at Baiæ, on the Eubœan shore,
 Some pile of rocks which, towering high in air, 930
 They topple over in the sea : it drags
 Down ruin in its fall, and, settling, sinks
 Straight to the bottom of the deep : the waves
 The vortex fill ; the dark sea-sands boil up :
 Quake with the sound the heights of Prochyta ; 935
 And quakes Inarime, the rugged bed
 That Jove's command hath for Typhœus set.

Now hath the war-god Mars breathed strength and
 zeal

Into the Latins' breasts, and pricked their souls,
 But sent the Trojans flight and gloomy fear. 940
 The foe mass for the charge. Now that the fight
 Is on, the warrior god inspires their hearts.

But soon as Pandarus his brother sees
 A corse upon the ground, sees fortune turned,
 And what the crisis is; with all his strength, 945
 His brawny shoulders at the work, he shuts
 The gate upon its swinging hinge, and leaves,
 Fenced out beyond the walls, there fighting still,
 Many a Trojan friend, yet in the rush
 Lets and bars in with him a mass of foes. 950
 Fool! that he saw not the Rutulian king
 Come dashing through the centre of the throng,
 And shut him recklessly inside the camp
 Like some huge tiger mid a flock of sheep.
 A fiercer light shot from his eyes: his arms 955
 Rang panic; fluttered crimson red
 The plumes upon his helm; and from his shield
 Flashed back the gleaming light; till suddenly
 And terror-struck the Trojans recognize
 That hated face and that gigantic frame. 960
 Ablaze with anger at his brother's death
 Forth leaps huge Pandarus and cries: "Not here
 Dost thou invade Amata's palace court,
 The dowry of thy bride! Not Ardea now
 Her Turnus nurses in his native town! 965
 Thou see'st the encampment of a foe: nor canst
 Thou hence escape!" But Turnus, undisturbed,
 But laughs at him: "Come on, if thou art not
 A coward! Strike! and thou shalt Priam tell
 That here too an Achilles thou didst meet." 970
 E'en as he spake, straining at every nerve
 The other hurled a spear all rough with knots,
 The bark still on. It wounded but the air:

Saturnian Juno came diverting it,
 And in a post it stuck. "Not so shalt thou 975
 Escape the shaft this stout right arm of mine
 Doth wield! Not such the weapon or the wound
 I strike!" is Turnus' answer, as to full
 Height rising, with his lifted sword he drives
 The keen blade through the forehead of the chief 980
 Straight 'twixt the eyes, and with a yawning cut
 Asunder cleaves his beardless cheeks. A crash
 Is heard: earth trembles with the ponderous fall.
 A wreck of flesh and bone, an ooze of blood
 And brains, dead on the ground he falls. His head, 985
 Cut half and half, on either shoulder hangs.
 In the hot haste of fear, the Trojans turn
 Their backs and fly apart, and had it then
 But entered in the victor's mind to burst
 With his own hand the bolts, open the gates, 990
 And let his own men in, that day had been
 The last day of the war and of the race.
 But fury and the mad desire to kill
 Drive him still flaming on against the foe.
 'Tis Phalaris and hamstrung Gyges first 995
 He overtakes and, as they fly from him,
 Snatches their spears and gores them in the back.
 Juno inspires him strength and soul. To them
 Halys he adds and Phegeus whom he stabs
 Straight through his shield, and slaughters other
 chiefs 1000
 Who, unaware of his approaching them,
 Still shout the battle cry upon the walls —
 Alcander and Noëmon, Halius

And Prytanis. Upon the battlement
 With his quick gleaming sword, nerved to the blow, ¹⁰⁰⁵
 He Lynceus kills — who makes at him and warns
 The rest — and far his head and helmet sends
 Clipped at close quarters at a single stroke.
 Next Amycus the Hunter low he lays,
 Who in the art of polishing a shaft ¹⁰¹⁰
 Or poisoning a dart no rival had ;
 Then Clytius the son of Æolus ;
 And Creteus to the muses dear — their friend
 Who loved the lute and song, and loved to set
 The numbers to the strings, and always sang ¹⁰¹⁵
 Of steeds and heroes' feats and battle-fields.

Until at last the Trojan chiefs Mnestheus
 And bold Serestus, learning how their friends
 Are slaughtered, come together. Soon as they
 Behold their comrades routed, and the foe ¹⁰²⁰
 Within the gates, shouts Mnestheus: "Whither fly
 Ye then? Where would ye go? What other walls,
 Or camp have ye than these? Shall but one man,
 And he, O citizens, hedged round about
 By our own ramparts — not a blow struck back — ¹⁰²⁵
 Do such a slaughter in our streets, and send
 So many of our chiefs to hell! Ye knaves,
 For your poor country, for your ancient gods,
 For great Æneas have ye then no sense
 Of pity or of shame?" Fired by his words, ¹⁰³⁰
 They rally and close up their ranks again.
 Little by little Turnus from the fight
 Falls back and edges toward the river, where
 The camp is bordered by its flow. At this

The Trojans but the more with lusty shouts 1035
Charge on and reinforce their numbers. So
A band of hunters with relentless steel
Attack some raging lion, that on guard
Yet fierce and glaring savagely retreats :
Nor rage nor native courage lets him turn 1040
His back : nor can he, howsoe'er he would,
Against the hunters and their weapons fly.
Not less doth Turnus cautiously bear back
His guarded steps, his heart on fire with rage :
Nay, twice e'en then the centre of the foe 1045
He charges ; twice their routed column drives
Flying along the walls. But soon on him
Alone set all the forces of the camp.
Nor dares Saturnian Juno grant him power
To beat them off, for Jove from heaven hath sent 1050
The ethereal Iris to his sister down
To give stern warning that her Turnus draw
From off the Trojan walls. Then nor with shield
Nor sword the chief can more endure. At large
He throws his arms away, and headlong runs. 1055
Round his helmed head his casque rings with the blows
That batter it incessantly, and e'en
His solid brazen armor cracks beneath
A shower of stones. His plume from off his head
Is torn : His buckler shatters in the storm : 1060
The Trojans with their spears upon him press,
With Mnestheus thundering at their head. Sweat pours
From top to toe its clammy tide : his breath
Is spent : he pants so hard his tired frame shakes,

Till in the nick of time, at but a bound, 1065
With all his armor on, into the stream
He leaps. Within its yellow tide it takes
Him at his coming ; on its tender breast
It bears him forth, and rinsing off the blood
Sends him rejoicing back to his allies. 1070

T E N T H B O O K .

MEANTIME heaven's mighty halls are opened
wide.

The father of the gods and king of men,
Jove calls a council on the starry heights.
Uplifted there he looks on all the earth,
The Latin legions and the Trojan camp. 5

The court is filled, open at either side,
And Jove begins : "Ye mighty ones of heaven,
Why hath your purpose changed? Why wrangle ye
So bitterly? That Italy should greet
The Trojans to a battle-field, I had 10
Forbid. What means this disobedience,
When I say Nay? What is't ye fear, that ye
Stir these or those to take up arms and wield
The sword? War in due time — anticipate
It not — shall come when on the Roman towers 15
Fierce Carthage shall let devastation loose,
And ope a gateway through the Alps. Then hate
May rend, and ravage stalk. But now give o'er ;
Be it your joy to make the pact of peace."

Thus briefly Jove. But not so brief the words 20
Of gold that fall from Venus' lips : "O sire,
Of mind and matter the eternal spring,
On whom now can we call if not on thee !
Thou see'st the insults of these Rutuli :
How in his shining chariot right and left 25

This Turnus lords it puffed with victory.
 Even their own enclosure of the camp
 Gives shelter to the Trojans now no more.
 Nay, e'en within their gates, within their walls,
 The battle fares : their ditches swim with blood. 30
 Æneas is away and knows it not.
 Troy born again, wilt thou ne'er raise its siege ?
 Shall threat it yet a second time the foe,
 Another army ? And shall Diomed
 Once mōre against the Trojans lead, this time 35
 From Arpi, the Ætolians ! Nay, meseems
 That my own wounds must needs revive again,
 And I, thy child, must stoop to mortal sword !
 If 'gainst thy peace, against thy will have come
 The men of Troy to Italy, let them 40
 Their crime atone ; nor help them with thine aid :
 But if they follow but the oracles
 That gods above and shades below so oft
 Have o'er and o'er again declared to them,
 Why now should any one have power to set 45
 Thy word aside or reconstruct the fates ?
 Why call to mind the burning of their fleet
 On Eryx' shore ! or how the king of storms
 The mad winds in Æolia did loose !
 Or Iris, sent from heaven ! E'en now — one last 50
 Untried resort — Alecto scours from hell,
 Pricked sudden on by some of our great ones,
 And raves the Italian cities through and through !
 Longer for empire care I naught. For that
 We hoped while fortune favored : let them win 55
 Whom thou preferr'st to win. Yet if there be

Nowhere a realm thy unrelenting spouse
 Can grant the Trojans, then O Father Jove,
 By ruined Troy's still smoking waste I beg,
 Let me at least in safety from the war 60
 Bear off Ascanius — let my grandson live!
 Him let me have the power to shield and lead
 Out of the perils of the fight, though still
 Æneas tossed on unknown seas may go
 Wherever fortune points the way. Mine own 65
 Is Amathus, mine Paphos' heights and mine
 Lofty Cythera and the Idalian groves;
 There let him live inglorious, there hang up
 His arms. Bid Carthage lay its heavy yoke
 On Italy: naught sprung from him shall then 70
 Block the advancement of the Tyrian state.
 What worth that in their quest for Latium,
 Affrighted with the germ of the new Troy,
 The Trojans from the war have 'scaped unharmed,
 Have run the gantlet of the Grecian fires, 75
 And have by flood and on the desert waste
 So many perils passed! Better they laid
 Their ashes in their native land — the soil
 Where once stood Troy! Give these poor Trojans
 back,
 I beg, their Xanthus and their Simoïs, 80
 And let them, Father, yet again live o'er
 The miseries of Ilium!" Stung then
 With fury to the quick, queen Juno cried:
 "Why force me break the deeps of secrecy
 Or tell the crowd my hidden grief? What god 85
 Or man hath bid Æneas go to war,

Or made the Latin king his enemy?
 The fates forced him to Italy! they say;
 What then! 'twas mad Cassandra cheated him.
 Did we advise him to forsake his camp, 90
 Trust to the winds his life, or to a boy
 Commit the issue of the war, while he
 Alliance with the Tuscans seeks, and sets
 Mild-going peoples by the ears? What god,
 What unrelenting spite of mine hath forced 95
 Him in a trap? Where is the trace as yet
 Of Juno's hand, or what to do with me
 Had Iris' message from the clouds? Great shame,
 Indeed, that the Italians ring with flames
 This new-born Troy, and Turnus stands his ground 100
 Upon his native soil, whose grandfather
 Pylumus was, his mother the divine
 Venilia! How is't when Trojans too
 The vengeful firebrand at the Latins hurl,
 Lord it o'er fields that are not theirs, and bear 105
 The plunder off! What, when they kidnap wives
 At will, and from the embrace of lovers snatch
 Their plighted ones; with strong hand dictate peace;
 And set the battle-standard on their decks!
 Æneas thou canst rescue from the Greeks, 110
 Wrap him around with cloud and viewless air,
 And turn his boats into as many nymphs.
 I'st then a crime that on the other side
 I have a little helped the Rutuli?
Æneas is away and knows it not! 115
 Then let him stay away and know it not.
 Thine, say'st thou, Paphos and Idalium,

And thine Cythera's heights! Why then essay
 A realm at war's hard cost, or strain at hearts
 That love thee not? Besides, is't we who seek 120
 To overturn this sickly Phrygian state?

We! Nay, who was it to the Greeks exposed
 These Trojans knaves? How happed it that to blows
 Europe and Asia came and broke their peace
 Because of fraud? Did I induce from Troy, 125
 To outrage Sparta, an adulterer?

Did I provoke to arms, or nurse the war
 Through Cupid's arts? 'Twas then thou should'st
 have had

Some caution for thine own. Unjust and late
 This whining now, these insolent weak flings." 130

So Juno spake: and the celestials all
 Murmured their various assent. So stirs
 The wind's first breath that rustles in the woods,
 Breathing an undertone, betokening
 The mariner the rising of the storm. 135

Ruler of all, the Almighty Father then
 Began, and while he spake the lofty courts
 Of heaven were still, still the awed earth, and still
 The ethereal heights. The very winds did hush,
 And ocean calmed its billows to repose. 140

"Give ear and let my words sink deep. To terms
 The Italians and the Trojans cannot come,
 It seems, nor doth your quarrel have an end.
 As fortune stands with either side this day,
 Be it with Trojan or Rutulian — 145
 Whatever hope hath either — I will have
 No favor shown; I care not, be it fate,

Or blunder on the part of Troy misled
 By lying oracles, that round its walls
 The Italian hosts encamp, besieging them. 150
 Nor will I spare in aught the Rutuli.
 They each must bide the risk and fate they tempt :
 King over all alike is Jupiter ;
 Fate shall be fate." He nails it with an oath —
 By Styx, his brother's flood, and by its banks 155
 With pitch and yawning whirlpools washed. All
 heaven

Quakes at his nod. Speech at an end, Jove moves
 From off his golden throne. Ranged on each side,
 Him the celestials to the gates escort.

Meantime the Rutuli at every port 160
 Press up. They strew the ground with dead, and gird
 The walls with fire. Pent up within their works
 The Trojans are at bay, all hope cut off
 Of their escape. There sadly and in vain
 Upon the turret-tops they stand, and line 165
 Their circling ramparts with a thin defence —
 Their leaders, Asius son of Imbrasmus,
 Thymœtes, Hicetaön's son, the two
 Assaraci, Thymbris the veteran,
 And Castor, and in company with them 170
 Sarpedon's twins from famous Lycia,
 Clarus and Themon. Straining every nerve
 A hugh rock Acmon of Lyrnessus hurls
 Big as a mountain crag — himself no less
 A warrior than his brother Mnestheus e'en, 175
 Or Clytius his sire. The Rutuli
 With javelins charge ; the Trojans fend them off

With showers of stones, fling balls of fire, and draw
The arrow to the head. Amid it all,
The worthiest idol he of Venus' heart, 180
Behold the Trojan boy's unhelmeted
And noble head, that like a jewel set
In yellow gold doth from a necklace flash,
Or crown! So skilfully inlaid in box
Or in Orician wood the ivory gleams. 185
Milk-white the neck that breaks the tumbling hair
That with a slender band of gold is caught.
Thee also, Ismarus — thou noble son
Of Lydia, where they till rich farms and where
Pactolus irrigates the soil with gold — 190
Those mighty hosts behold inflicting wounds
And poisoning the arrow-tips of war.
There too is Mnestheus who but yesterday
Beat Turnus from the walls and rose to fame,
And Capys, who gave name to Capua. 195

While thus they dealt war's hard blows back and
forth,

Æneas in the dead of night his way
Was cleaving down the stream. For, when he went
Straight from Evander to the Etrurian camp,
He spake its chieftain and to him made known 200
His name and nation, what he sought, and what
He could contribute of his own: told him
Who the allies Mezentius had gained,
And how malignant Turnus' character:
Warned him how false and fickle is the world, 205
And wove his own entreaties in. No time
Is lost. Tarchon joins forces and strikes hands.

Then, fate fulfilled, the Tuscan host embark,
 As bade the gods, under a foreign chief.
 Æneas' galley leads — its figure-head 210
 Two Phrygian lions underneath the beak,
 While overhanging them Mount Ida leans,
 Sweet to the eyes of Trojan wanderers.
 In this sits great Æneas and revolves
 In thought the various phases of the war ; 215
 While Pallas close beside him questions him
 About the stars, of how to steer at night,
 Of his adventures on the land and sea.

Throw open Helicon, ye Muses, now !
 Breathe on me while I sing what troops meantime 220
 Come with Æneas from the Tuscan shores,
 Manning his fleet and floating down the stream !

First, in the Tiger with its brazen beak,
 Massicus cleaves the waves, under whose lead
 A thousand fighting-men bid Clusium's walls 225
 And Cosæ's streets adieu, with arrows armed,
 And quiver on the shoulder lightly borne
 And the death-dealing bow. Bold Albas him
 Doth flank, his troops in glittering armor clad,
 His boat resplendent with Apollo carved 230
 In gold. His native Populonia
 Hath given him six hundred veterans ;
 And Ilva's isle, rich inexhaustibly
 In iron mines, three hundred more. The third
 Is that Asylas who the purposes 235
 Of men and gods doth read, and unto whom
 The entrails of the flock, the stars of heaven,
 The tongues of birds, the lightning's prescient flash

Make revelation. To the front he leads,
In order close and bristling thick their spears, 240
A thousand men whom Pisa, colonized
From Elis but engraft on Tuscan soil,
Hath put at his command. Then following him,
Firm in the saddle he, and picturesque
With many colors, handsome Astur comes, 245
Three hundred soldiers his, who follow him
And have no other thought—some from their home
In Cære, some who dwell on Minio's plains,
Some from old Pyrgi or Graviscaë's fogs.

Nor will I, Cinyras, forget thy name, 250
Thou bravest war-chief of the Ligures;
Nor thine, Cupavo, though thy train be small,
The swan-plumes waving o'er thy head to mark
The shape thy father took, whose crime and thine
Was that ye loved too well. For goes the tale, 255
That Cycnus grieved for Phaëthon his friend,
And sang of him beneath the poplar leaves
Under the shade the transformed sisters cast.
His sorrow for his dead friend solaced he
With poesy, until in hoar old age 260
There grew on him soft plumage, and from earth
He soared, and as his songs rose to the stars
So he did follow them. And now his son,
His followers good as any in the fleet,
Rows the huge Centaur, with a figure-head 265
That plunges in the tide or, towering high,
Threatens a monstrous boulder at the wave,
Furrowing the waters with its keel afar.

And Ocnus too, son of the prophetess

Manto and of the Tuscan river god, 270
 Summons his cohorts from his native shores.
 He gave thee, Mantua, his mother's name —
 Mantua affluent in thine ancestry
 Not of a single but of three-fold stock!
 Four cities and one nation — Mantua was 275
 Its capital; its Tuscan blood its strength.
 Five hundred soldiers thence to fight him hath
 Mezentius provoked: Fringed with its sedge
 Of green, the Mincius bears them to the sea
 In their war-craft from lake Benacus' source. 280

Comes stout Aulestes rising to the stroke
 And lashing with a hundred oars the tide.
 The furrowed waters foam. Great Triton flings
 The blue waves from its shell and bears him on:
 Its hairy trunk far as the middle wears 285
 A human form and thence the belly flows
 Into a fish, while 'neath its half-wild breast
 Murmurs the rippling tide. Their brazen beaks
 Ploughing the deep to bear the Trojans aid,
 In thirty boats go thirty chosen chiefs. 290

And now the light had faded from the sky,
 And the fair moon, half her night-journey done,
 Was trembling in the heavens. Anxiety
 Gave to Æneas' limbs no rest. Astern
 He sits, and with his own hand guides the helm 295
 And trims the sails, when lo! mid-stream there come
 A band of his own ones to meet him — nymphs,
 To whom good Cybele gives mastery o'er
 The deep — the very nymphs that she had bid
 His boats to be. On, side by side, they swim 300

And cut the ripples, none the less nor more
 Than late the brazen beaks that lined the strand.
 While yet afar, they recognize their king,
 And throng in choirs around him. Of them all,
 Cymodocea, readiest of speech, 305
 Follows astern, her right hand on the boat,
 Her left a noiseless paddle 'neath the waves,
 Her shoulders rising up above the stream.
 Thus speaks she him all ignorant who she is :
 "Wak'st thou, Æneas, scion of the gods? 310
 Awake, and set all sail! We are the pines
 That grew on Ida's sacred top — thy fleet,
 Now naiads of the sea. The treacherous
 Rutulian pressed us hard with fire and steel :
 Reluctantly we broke our moorings then 315
 To search the stream for thee. 'Twas Cybele
 Who, pitying us, re-made us in this shape,
 And gave us to be goddesses and live
 Beneath the waves. But all this while thy boy
 Ascanius, cooped in by wall and ditch, 320
 The Latins up in arms, fights hand to hand.
 Already the Arcadian cavalry
 And the brave Tuscans have their forces joined
 Where they were bid. But Turnus is resolved
 To intercept them with his troops, so they 325
 Join not the camp. Rise, and at peep of dawn
 Bid thou thy men be called at once to arms,
 And take thyself the impenetrable shield
 Vulcan's own hand did give thee and with gold
 Did blazon it! To-morrow's sun — unless 330
 Thou thinks't my words are but an idle dream —

Shall see great masses of Rutulian dead.”

This said, with her right hand — not ignorant how —
 She gave the lofty stern a parting push,
 And o'er the tide it flew swifter than spear 335
 Or arrow rivaling the wind. At this

The other nymphs impel the other boats.
 Although himself uncertain and amazed,
 Bravely the Trojan chief, Anchises' son,
 His comrades with the omen cheers, and thus, 340
 His eyes to heaven uplifted, briefly prays :

“Good mother of the gods, on Ida shrined,
 Who Dindymus and cities crowned with towers
 Dost love, and yokest lions to thy car,
 Now be thou first to help me in the fight! 345

Make sure the augury and, goddess, cheer
 The Trojans with thy hovering guardianship.”
 No more he spake, for now returning day
 Poured its full light and drove the night afar.

At once he bids his men the signals note, 350
 Put mettle in their arms, and for the fight
 Prepare. For standing now upon the stern,
 Soon as he sees the Trojans and his camp,
 He on the instant lifts with his left hand
 His blazing shield. The Trojans on the walls 355
 Shout high as heaven. Hope gained and courage
 fired,

They hurl a shower of missiles. So beneath
 The murky clouds the cranes of Strymon scream,
 As noisily they swim the air and fly
 The south wind with their happy cries. The king 360
 Of the Rutulians and the Italian chiefs

Wonder what means it all, till they look back
 And see the boats now making for the shore,
 And the whole river ridden by a fleet.
 Shines there the helmet on Æneas' head,— 365
 Like flame the plumes that flutter from its crest,
 While shafts of fire stream from his golden shield.
 So, in the tranquil night, forebodingly
 The fiery comet flashes; so the blaze
 Of Sirius, bringing drought and pestilence, 370
 Upon a fever-stricken world doth rise
 And sadden with its baleful glare the heavens.

But falters not bold Turnus' firm resolve
 To anticipate the shore and from the land
 The invaders drive. With words of cheer he lifts 375
 The courage of his men, and spurs them thus:
 "The moment now hath come to crush the foe
 For which ye long have hoped and prayed to heaven.
 Soldiers, the war is now in your own hands!
 Now every man remember wife and home! 380
 Now call to mind the mighty deeds that are
 The glory of your sires! Quick charge the shore
 While, panic-struck, they disembarking slip
 Upon the brink! Luck fights on valor's side."
 This said, he questions with himself which troops 385
 To lead to the encounter, and with which
 To leave the prosecution of the siege.

Meantime Æneas lands his men on planks
 That from the lofty barges lead. Some wait
 The ebbing of the lazy tide and leap 390
 Into the shallows, or are buoyed on oars.
 But Tarchon notes an inlet where there boil

No eddies, where no surf roars back, but smooth
 The sea flows full tide in. There quick he turns
 His prows and calls upon his men: "O now 395
 My chosen band, pull with a lusty stroke;
 Out of the water lift and force your craft;
 Split with your beaks this hostile strand, and let
 Your keels their own deep furrows plough! In such
 A berth the land once gained, I count it naught 400
 Though we do stave our boats." So Tarchon spake;
 The men rose with a will upon their oars
 And drove afoam their boats 'gainst Latium's soil
 Until each beak lay high and dry aground —
 Each boat there safely beached save, Tarchon, thine.
 For while, upon the shallows dashed, it hung
 On wavering keel, in doubt long balancing,
 And made the waves impatient, it o'erturned
 And in mid-water cast the crew, where they
 With broken oars and floating thwarts struck out 410
 And lost their footing in the under-tow.

No sluggard Turnus: his whole battle line
 He at the Trojans fiercely hurls. At bay
 He holds them on the shore. The trumpets sound.
 At once Æneas strikes the rustic troops, — 415
 Auspicious omen of the fight. He mows
 The Latins down, and Theron kills, who dared —
 The bulkiest of their chiefs — cross swords with him,
 And whose gashed side he pierces with his blade
 Straight through his shield of brass and golden mail. 420
 Next Lycas, cut from his dead mother's womb,
 He slays, whom, Phœbus, thou did'st sacred hold,
 Because 'twas given him, though but a babe,

To 'scape the peril of the knife. He strikes
 The doughty Cisseus and huge Gyas dead, 425
 As near him with their clubs they rout whole lines.
 Of no avail to them are now the arms
 Of Hercules, their own stout hands, or e'en
 Their sire Melampus, who the comrade was
 Of Hercules while earth imposed on him 430
 The heavy labors of his life. Lo! then
 He gives his spear a twist and drives it down
 The empty boaster Pharus' bawling throat.

Thou, too, poor Cydon, reckless of the love
 Of thy companions, while thou followedst 435
 Thy new-found treasure Clytius, with his cheeks
 Tinged with their earliest down, had'st pitiably
 Lain low, struck by that Trojan hand, had not
 The sons of Phorcus — a united band
 Of brothers — come between. In number seven, 440
 They hurl seven spears at once. Some from his helm
 And shield glance harmless off; good Venus turns
 The rest away so they but graze his side.
 Faithful Achates then Æneas calls:

“Bring me the weapons here with which I pierced 445
 The bodies of the Greeks on Ilium's plains.
 This right hand at the Rutuli shall aim
 Not one of them in vain.” Then snatches he
 And hurls a ponderous spear: Swift through the air
 It flies, and cuts through Mæon's shield of brass, 450
 Gashing at once his breast-plate and his breast.
 Alcanor rushes to his brother's aid,
 And with his right hand stays him as he falls.
 At him speeds instantly another spear,

Pierces his arm, and hits its bloody aim : 455
 By but the tendons of his shoulder held,
 His dying hand hangs down. Then Numitor,
 Snatching the javelin from his brother's corse
 Makes at Æneas : him it may not wound,
 But grazes past the great Achates' thigh. 460

Clausus of Cures, trusting in his youth,
 Advances now and slaughters Dryopes :
 Under his chin the tough spear from afar
 Is driven hard home : piercing his throat, at once
 Of voice and life it robs him while he shouts : 465
 His forehead strikes the ground, and from his mouth
 Gushes a stream of blood. Three Thracians too,
 Of Boreas' noble stock, with various hap
 He kills, and three whom father Iras sent
 From their Ismarian fatherland. Up come 470
 Halæsus and the Auruncan troops in line ;
 Rides up Messapus, brilliantly equipped,
 A son of Neptune he. In turn, each side
 The other seeks to drive. It is a fight
 For the first foot-hold on Italian soil. 475
 With equal violence and fury meet
 The mad blasts of the hurricane, nor sea
 Nor cloud nor writhing wind doth yield : long time
 The issue hangs in doubt and all the world
 Is with itself at war. Not otherwise 480
 The battle-tug of Troy and Latium,
 As foot to foot and man to man they press.

Farther along the line, where far and wide
 The swollen streams had scattered drifts of rocks
 And piled the banks with trunks of fallen trees, 485

Pallas beholds the Arcadian cavalry,
Unused to fight on foot, fast falling back
Before the advancing Latins. Nothing else
Is left in their extremity, so rough
The nature of the ground, but to dismount. 490
He on the instant, now with prayers and now
With imprecations, plucks their courage up.
“Where, comrades, do ye fly? For your own sakes,
For your brave record’s sake, and for the name
Of king Evander and your victories, 495
Ay, for my hopes that spring to emulate
My father’s glory, trust not to your heels!
The sword must hew a highway through the foe
Where densest press their ranks. The noble land
That gave you birth there summons you and me 500
Your chief. No god forbids. Mortals ourselves,
'Tis but a mortal enemy we meet,
Our hearts as brave, our numbers great as theirs.
Lo! here the sea imprisons us within
Its mighty barrier. There no room for flight 505
Is left us now. Is’t for the tide we make,
Or for the Trojan camp?” And as he spake,
He charged the very centre of the foe.

The first by cruel fate impelled to cross
His path, comes Lagus whom, while stooping down 510
To tear up from the ground a ponderous stone,
He bores, writhed on his spear just where the spine
Divides the ribs midway, and tries to draw
The spear-head out still sticking in the bones.
And Hisbo too, though high his hopes are raised, 515
Takes him not unawares, for Pallas, while

The other, raving at his friend's hard fate,
 Advances recklessly, quick faces him
 And drives his sword into his heaving breast.
 Next Sthenelus, and then Anchemolus 520
 Of Rhætus' rusty stock, who dared the bed
 Of his step-mother violate, he slays.
 Ye, too, O ThyMBER and Lerides, fall,
 Twin sons of Daucus, on Rutulian fields,
 So like each other that your friends could ne'er 525
 Tell you apart — a puzzle that did please
 Your parents — till now Pallas 'twixt you draws
 Harsh lines of difference ; for Evander's sword
 Doth rob thee, ThyMBER, of thy head, and thou —
 Thy severed hand, Lerides, gropes to find 530
 Its trunk, the lifeless fingers quivering,
 And reaching still to grasp the sword again.

Stung by their chief's rebuke, beholding too
 His valorous blows, a mingled sense of shame
 And rage inspires the Arcadians to meet 535
 The foe. Pallas, as Rhætus in his car
 Sweeps past, transfixes him. The interval
 Postpones the death of Ilus for a space.
 For Pallas had afar at Ilus aimed
 His powerful spear, and Rhætus in its way 540
 Had come while, noble Teuthras, in full flight
 From thee and from thy brother Tyres. Dragged
 Behind the car, he ploughs the Italian soil
 With his half-lifeless heels. So when the winds
 In summer rise, the shepherd rashly sets 545
 The spreading fire amid the underwood :
 It catches first the centre of the pile,

Then, one wild blazing sheet, it sweeps across
 The open fields, while he sits conqueror
 And gazes on the exulting flames. So round 550
 Thee, Pallas, cluster, rushing to thy aid,
 All thy brave comrades. But against their ranks
 Halæsus bold in battle charges up,
 Throws his whole soul into his arms, and kills
 Ladon and Pheres and Demodocus ; 555
 With gleaming sword Strymonius' right hand
 He clips, as at his throat it springs ; he staves
 The face of Thoas with a rock — a mass
 Of bones and blood and brains outspattering.
 His sire, prophetic of his fate, had hid 560
 Halæsus in the woods, but when in death
 The old man closed his fainting eyes, the Fates
 Seized on the son and to Evander's spear
 Made him a sacrifice. Him Pallas sought
 With first a prayer — "Grant, Father Tiber, now 565
 The iron shaft I poise good fortune have,
 And find its way through grim Halæsus' heart !
 Thy oak shall wear the hero's belt and arms."
 Heard him the god ; and while Halæsus shields
 Imaon, he exposes lucklessly 570
 His open breast to the Arcadian's steel.

Not e'en at such a hero's death dismayed,
 Lausus, himself a host, leaps from the ranks :
 He lays low Abas, first to cross his path,
 Who was the knurl and bulwark of the fight. 575
 Down go the Arcadian youth : the Tuscans fall ;
 Ye too, ye Trojans, whom the Greeks slew not.
 The hosts together rush, nor either hath

A better captain or a stouter force.
 The rear ranks press the front, so thick the throng 580
 Nor hand nor weapon can be raised : while face
 To face, here Pallas urges on the charge,
 And Lausus there — not much apart in years,
 Each of a noble shape, yet each by fate
 Denied e'er to return to native land. 585
 But high Olympus' king suffered them not
 To meet ; their speedy fortune 'twas for each
 To fall beneath a mightier foeman's steel.

Meantime Turnus' fair sister warns him fly
 To Lausus' aid. In his swift car he cleaves 590
 The battle ranks. Soon as he sees his friends,
 He cries : " Now, bear ye from the fight. Alone
 Let me on Pallas charge ; to me alone
 Is Pallas due. I would his father now
 Were witness here." He speaks, and his allies 595
 Fall back as bid, to give him room. 'Tis then,
 As part the Rutuli, and as the youth
 In wonder lists to hear that proud command,
 On Turnus he in admiration looks,
 Rolls o'er that mighty trunk his eyes, yet dares 600
 To face him with defiance in his gaze.
 Thus hurls he back the challenge of the king :
 " Now shall they laud me for the bravest spoils
 E'er won, or for a glorious death : my sire
 Will flinch at neither fate. Give o'er thy threats ! " 605
 And as he speaks, into the open space
 He stalks. In each Arcadian heart the blood
 Clots cold. Leaps Turnus from his two-horse car,
 And makes on foot to meet him hand to hand :

As forth he goes, 'tis as a lion springs 610
 When from some lofty height he sees a bull
 Waiting to fight him on the plain below.

Soon as he thought his foeman near enough
 For spear to hit, Pallas was first to strike,
 So haply luck on daring might await, 615

Though not so stout the arm. Up to high heaven
 Hé cried: "I pray thee, Hercules, as thou
 Didst come a stranger to my father's board,
 And wast his guest, help thou my great emprise!

Let Turnus in the throes of death look up 620
 While I bear off his arms drenched with his gore,
 And his filmed eyes avow me conqueror!"

Hears Hercules the youth, and in his heart
 A mighty groan kept down and wept in vain,
 While Jupiter did kindly speak him thus: 625

"Each mortal hath his day. The span of life
 For all is short, and naught can eke it out;
 But to eternity lives on the fame
 Of glorious achievement, and in that

Doth valor find its charge. 'Neath Troy's high walls 630

The son of many a god did fall: nay, there
 My own Sarpedon lies. Turnus as well
 To his own destiny shall yield, and reach
 The allotted measure of his years." Thus spake,
 And turned his eyes from the Rutulian fields. 635

Then Pallas hurled his spear with mighty force,
 And from its hollow sheath his gleaming sword
 Drew out. Forth flew the spear and struck atop
 The plaitings of the shoulder. There it forced
 Its way along the border of the shield, 640

And grazed at length e'en Turnus' mighty frame.
 Then poising long his shaft with its keen point
 Of steel, Turnus at Pallas drove it home
 The while he cried: "See, whether from my hand
 The weapon goes not surer to the quick." 645

Ay, ere he ceased, the quivering spear had struck
 And pierced the centre of the shield, straight through
 Its plates of iron and of brass, through fold
 On fold of tough bull's hide, straight through
 The coat of mail, and bored the massive breast. 650

In vain did Pallas pluck the hot spear-head
 From out the gash. With it and in its path
 His life and blood do follow it. He falls
 Upon his wound, while crashing over him
 His armor rings; in agony of death 655

He bites the cruel dust with bloody mouth.
 Above him Turnus stands, and shouts: "Bear ye,
 Arcadians, to Evander, nor forget
 My message. Pallas back, as he deserved,
 I send. Whate'er the honor of a tomb, 660

What comfort there may be in burial,
 I freely grant. But it shall cost him dear
 That he Æneas made his guest." While thus
 He spake, with his left foot the lifeless corse
 He pressed, and tore away the belt's huge weight, 665

Its boss of horror carved in massive gold
 By rare Eurytion — the scene, a band
 Of youths all on the self-same bridal night —
 The bloody chambers there — most foully slain!
 Such now the booty Turnus revels o'er, 670
 Exulting in his spoils. But human heart

Ne'er its own fate or future lot forecasts,
 Nor moderation keeps, when on the wave
 Of fortune. Yet shall Turnus know the hour
 When he will wish that Pallas had been spared 675
 At any price, and these accursèd spoils,
 This day, abhor. Laid on a shield, with sobs
 And tears his clustering friends bear Pallas off.
 Alas, the sorrow, yet the glorious worth,
 Of such a restoration to thy sire! 680
 One day to battle gives and takes thee from't:
 Yet heaps of slaughtered Rutuli thou leav'st!

Close on the rumor of so dire a hap,
 A special courier brings Æneas word
 That his allies are at destruction's brink, 685
 And that the time has come to lend his aid
 To his retreating countrymen. He lays
 About him with his sword, and with it hews
 A highway through the foe's dense ranks,— on fire
 To find thee, Turnus, while exulting yet 690
 And flushed with slaughter. Naught is in his eyes
 Save Pallas and Evander, whose right hands
 First welcomed him, and to whose board had he,
 While yet a stranger, come a guest. He takes
 Alive Sulmo's four sons and Ufens' four 695
 To sacrifice to Pallas' ghost, and drench
 In captives' blood the flames of his death-pyre.

He hurls his angry spear, while yet afar,
 At Magus next, who deftly stoops, lets skim
 The whizzing shaft above his head, and thus, 700
 A suppliant clinging to Æneas' knees,
 Cries out: "I beg thee by thy father's ghost,

By blossoming Iulus' hopes, spare thou
 Unto a father and a son my life!
 A palace vast is mine. Deep buried in't 705
 Are talents of carved silver, heaps of gold
 Wrought and unwrought,—all mine. 'Tis not with me
 The victory of the Trojans is at stake:
 One life is not enough to turn the scale."
 Scarce spake he ere Æneas answers back: 710
 "Keep for thy sons the silver and the gold
 Of which thou say'st thou hast so many a heap!
 Turnus, in Pallas' slaughter, hath cut off
 The ransomings of war. So teaches me
 My sire Anchises' ghost; so teaches me 715
 Iulus." At the word, with his left hand
 He caught the beggar's helmet, bending back
 His neck, and stabbed him to the very hilt.
 Came up Æmonides,—a priest was he
 Of Phœbus and Diana, round whose head 720
 A diadem of sacred fillets ran,
 All radiant in bright armor and attire.
 Æneas met and drove him o'er the plain
 Till bending o'er his face he cut him down,
 And draped him 'neath the mighty pall of death. 725
 His arms Serestus shouldered and bore off,
 A trophy gathered, O king Mars, for thee!
 But Cæculus, who came of Vulcan's stock,
 And Umbro, from the Marsian hills, renewed
 The fight. Æneas faced and made at them: 730
 Auxur's left hand he with his sword had lopped,
 And ripped his shield's whole border with his spear.
 'Twas he had bragged, and deemed that words were
 blows;

Perchance he thought his life was dear to heaven,
And counted on white hairs and length of years. 735

Then Tarquitus, outleaping from the foe,
His armor shining in the sun — 'twas he
Nymph Dryope to Faunus of the woods
Did bear — the fury of Æneas dared.
The Trojan chief drew back his spear and made 740
The shield and mail of his antagonist
But to encumber him, and, even while
He begged and would have pleaded more, struck off
His head upon the earth. The steaming trunk
He rolled in front of him, and over it 745
From out his angry heart spake thus: "Lie there,
O thou, who wert so terrible to babes!
Thy dearest mother ne'er shall bury thee
In earth, nor to thy father's sepulchre
Consign thy limbs. To savage birds shalt thou 750
Be flung or, sunk at sea, tossed with the waves
While hungry fishes feed upon thy wounds."

Antæus next and Lycas — Turnus' chiefs —
He routs — brave Numa next, and next the son
Of haughty Volscens, tawny Camers who 755
Was richest of Ausonian landholders,
King of Amyclæ's solitudes. 'Twas like
Ægæon with, they say, his hundred arms,
His hundred hands, his fifty blazing mouths
And throats; his shields and swords as many more 760
Yet all alike, their roar e'en rivalling
The thunderbolts of Jove. So over all
The field, victorious Æneas raged,
When once his sword was hot with blood. He faced

And stayed Nymphæus' double yoke of horse 765
 That, when they saw him charging up at them
 And roaring like a bull, though yet afar,
 In terror whirled upon their heels, threw out
 Their chief, and dragged the car along the shore.

And now into the battle, Lucagus 770
 Bursts with his two-yoke car and snow-white pair,
 While at his side his brother Liger stands.
 The brother holds the reins and guides the steeds,
 But the drawn sword bold Lucagus doth wield.
 Their fury glows so fierce, Æneas bears 775
 It not, but charges at them full in front,
 And, with his spear uplift, before them looms
 In all his grandeur. Liger yells at him:
 "'Tis not the steeds of Diomed thou see'st,
 Nor chariot of Achilles, nor the plains 780
 Of Phrygia. Now to Italy be given
 Surcease of war and thee!" Such are the taunts
 That fly abroad from Liger's frantic lips.
 The Trojan hero heeds them not, but hurls
 His spear against his foe. 'Tis just the nick 785
 When Lucagus, bent forward on the lash,
 Has pricked his coursers with his javelin
 Just while, with his left foot thrown forward, he
 Prepares him for the fight. The spear goes in
 Close at the bottom of his glittering shield 790
 And thence his left groin perforates. He rolls,
 Shot from the car, a dead man on the field,
 And reverent Æneas curses him:
 "Not, Lucagus, the halting of thy steeds
 Hath put thy chariot in my hands; nor hath 795

A ghost made them afraid to face the foe :
 Thyself, the wheels o'erleaping, hast thy car
 Abandoned." As he spake he caught the steeds.
 The hapless brother, falling too from off
 The car, kept reaching out his nerveless hands, 800
 And cried : " O Trojan hero, by thyself,
 Ay, by the parents that gave birth to one
 So great, I beg thee spare this life of mine !
 Have mercy on my prayers ! " And longer he
 Had begged, had not Æneas cut him short : 805
 " Not this the strain in which thou spak'st but late :
 Now die ! A brother thou, thy brother ne'er
 Desert ! " And with his sword he ran him through,
 And bared the hiding places of his soul.

Such was the havoc that the Trojan chief 810
 Wrought on that field, his fury like the rush
 Of floods or angry hurricane, until
 The boy Ascanius and his troops, restrained
 At length no longer, broke and left their camp.
 Jove meantime tantalizes Juno thus : 815
 " Sister at once and dearest wife of mine,
 'Tis as thou thought'st, thy judgment was not wrong ;
 'Tis Venus gives the Trojans strength. Not theirs
 The valorous arm in war, the intrepid soul,
 The endurance under fire." She answers him- 820
 In all humility : " Most beautiful my lord,
 Why taunt me, who am sick and tremble when
 Thou speak'st me harshly ? Had my love the might
 That once it had and once it merited,
 Thou wouldst not now, Almighty One, deny 825
 Me this — power to pluck Turnus from the fight

And for his father Daunus keep him safe.
 Now must he die, and with his sacred blood
 Do penance to the men of Troy. And yet,
 'Tis from the gods he traces down his stock — 830
 The great-great-grandson of Pilumnus he —
 And many a time with liberal hand he hath
 Thine altars laden down with many a gift.”
 Brief back the king of high Olympus spake :
 “ If for this mortal doomed, delay of death 835
 And but a breathing-time thou beg'st me give,
 Add wings to Turnus' flight, and rescue him
 From his impending fate. So far I may
 The favor grant. But if beneath thy prayers
 Lurk thought of farther grace, or thou dost think 840
 To altogether change the war's result,
 Thou feed'st on idle hopes.” Tears in her eyes,
 Him Juno answered: “ Would that in thy heart
 Thou grantedst what thy words are loth to grant,
 And that the life of Turnus were assured ! 845
 Him innocent the blight of death awaits.
 May it not be I am misled the truth ?
 Would rather I were mocked by idle fears,
 So thou, who might'st, would'st mend thy purposes ! ”
 No sooner said, than headlong from high heaven 850
 The goddess plunged, enveloped in a mist,
 Trailing a tempest through the air. She sought
 The Latin camp, and — wonderful the sight ! —
 An unsubstantial vapor there she clothed
 In Trojan armor like Æneas' own. 855
 The crest and buckler of that godlike chief
 She counterfeit's ; she gives what seems his voice —

An utterance that hath no soul, and types
 Even his stride: so ghosts flit after death,
 Or visions cheat the slumber-buried sense! 860

Defiantly upon the battle's edge
 Exults the apparition. Spear in hand,
 It threatens Turnus, taunting him, till he
 Makes at it, and his whizzing javelin hurls
 Ere coming to close quarters. But it turns 865
 And shows its back. Then Turnus, feeling sure
 Æneas flinched and fled, tumultuously
 Gave way to the illusion, as he cried:

“Æneas, why this haste? Abandon not
 The chamber of thy bride! My own right hand 870
 Shall give thee here the land that o'er the sea
 Thou cam'st to find!” So shouted he, and flashed
 His naked sword, pursuing: but saw not
 His boasts were but the plaything of the winds.

It happed, moored at the bottom of a cliff 875
 There lay, its ladders out and bridge all set,
 The galley in which king Osinius
 Had thither made a voyage from Clusium's shores.

Into its hold, all panting from the flight,
 Æneas' shape did fling itself. As swift 880
 Came Turnus up, o'erleaped all obstacles,
 And sprang along the dizzy bridge. But scarce
 His foot had touched the bow, when Juno cut
 The rope, and forced the boat hard off the shore
 And with the ebbing tide. And while the real 885
 Æneas challenges his absent foe

To battle, and cuts many a soldier down,
 His unsubstantial counterfeit scarce gains

The galley's hold, ere high it flies again
 And mingles with the o'erhanging clouds. The wind ⁸⁹⁰
 Meantime blows Turnus out to sea. He, blind
 To circumstance, and thankless at escape,
 Looks back, and to the stars lifts up at once
 His voice and both his palms: "And hast thou thought,
 Almighty Father, that I merited ⁸⁹⁵
 Indignity like this? Is it thy will
 That I such punishment should bear? Where is't
 I go? Whence is't I drift? What is this flight?
 And what am I, when it shall let me back?
 Shall I ne'er see again Laurentum's walls ⁹⁰⁰
 Or camp? What of that martial host, who me
 Have followed and my standard to the war,
 And all whom — Oh, dishonor — I have left
 To shameless death! Now, now I see them fly,
 And hear their dying groans! How can I bear't! ⁹⁰⁵
 Or where yawns hell enough to hide my shame!
 Ye winds, I, Turnus, plead from out my heart
 With you, rather do ye now pity me
 And 'gainst the cliff or on the breakers dash
 • This boat, or shelter it, if that ye must, ⁹¹⁰
 Amid the cruel quicksands and the shoals
 Where ne'er Rutulian more, nor the report
 Of such disgrace as mine shall follow me!"
 As thus he cries, he knows not his own mind,—
 Whether, despairing at so foul a shame, ⁹¹⁵
 To fling himself upon his sword and drive
 Its naked blade betwixt his ribs, or leap
 Into the ocean's midst, swim to the coast
 Where it trends out, and face the Trojans' line

Once more. Thrice each endeavor he essays : 920
 Thrice mighty Juno holds him back, and full
 Of pity at his grief restrains the youth.
 Parting the waves he still glides on, with tide
 And current favoring, till they bear him home
 Back to his father Daunus' ancient realm. 925
 Meantime Mezentius, eager for the fray
 Pricked on by Jupiter, renews the fight,
 And charges the triumphant Trojan host.
 At this the Tuscans rally to a man —
 No thought in any heart but hate of him — 930
 And on the warrior mass their fire. He stands
 Firm as a rock that tops the mighty deep :
 It faces to the fury of the winds,
 Unshielded from the waves, enduring still
 All heaven and ocean's violence and threat, 935
 Yet e'er itself immovable. To earth
 He smiteth Hebrus, Dolichaon's son,
 And with him Latagus, and Palmus who
 Had turned to fly. A stone, a mountain rift,
 He dashes in the face of Latagus 940
 As he comes up in front, but Palmus leaves
 To roll disabled with a shattered knee.
 To Lausus he the armor gives, for him
 To fling across his shoulder, and the plumes
 To fix upon his helm. Euanthes then, 945
 The Phrygian, he slays, and Mimas who
 Was just the age of Paris, and his friend :
 One self-same night, to father Amycus
 Theano Mimas bore, and Hecuba
 The queen, big with a torch, gave Paris birth. 950

In his ancestral soil now Paris sleeps ;
Mimas in Italy, his grave unknown.

So, hunted by the hounds from off the hills,
Some fierce wild boar, that piny Vesulus
Or the Laurentian marsh for many a year 955
Hath sheltered, snared at last, doth stand at bay
With angry grunt, and bristling savagely :
None dare provoke or nearer him approach,
But at safe distance, harry him with yell
And spear. He the whole circuit fearless turns, 960
Gnashing his teeth and shaking from his back
Their javelins. So dares Mezentius those
Whose wrath is just, though not a man of them
Dare meet him sword to sword, but all aloof
Stand fretting him with missiles and loud taunts. 965

From ancient Corythus had Akron come,
A Greek, and a deserter who had left
His bride unwed. When saw Mezentius him
With his red plume and with the martial cloak
That his betrothed had wrought, while yet afar 970
He mingled in the middle of the line,
'Twas like some unfed lion, hunger-mad,
That hovers near a well-fenced fold, until
If he hap see a timid goat or stag
With towering horns, he turns to ecstasy, 975
His jaws wide open and his mane on end,
And leaping on the victim tears its flesh,
Its warm blood trickling down his ravenous maw.
So dashes on the serried foe the fierce
Mezentius: Akron falls, poor wretch, and ploughs, 980
A dying man, the black earth with his heels, —

Wet with his blood his yet unbroken lance.

He will not stoop to kill Orodes while
He flies, or thrust a spear-head through his back,
But waits to meet him face to face, and fight 985

As man to man, relying not on stealth
But on his stouter arm. His foot against
His prostrate foe, he wrenches back his spear
And roars: "Here, warriors, great Orodes lies;
No battle pigmy he!" His soldiers back 990
In chorus swell the triumph of his shout.

But he, the dying hero, answers thus:
"Victor, who'er thou art, not long shalt thou
Boast o'er me unavenged! Thee too, a like
Fate waits: and thou shalt soon the same dust bite." 995
Then anger flushed the sneer Mezentius gave;
"Now die!" he cried, "and as for me, my fate
Is with the Father of the gods and King
Of men." So spake, and from Orodes' trunk
Drew out the spear. The rest that never ends, 1000
The iron clamp of slumber locked his eyes,
Their light extinguished in eternal night.

Alcathoüs is killed by Cædicus;
Hydaspes by Sacrator; Rapo lays
Parthenius and the giant Orses low; 1005
Messapus Clonius kills, and after him
The Lycaonian Ericetes,—one,
Met foot to foot; the other, thrown by his
Unbridled horse, and lying on the ground.
True to ancestral courage, Valerus 1010
Slays Lycian Agis stalking to the front.
Salius Athronius slays; Nealces, famed

For spear and viewless shaft, strikes Salius down.

So far stern Mars to either side deals death
 And sorrow equally. Alike they charge; 1015
 Alike they fall — conquered and conquerors
 In turn; yet neither thinks of flight. Meantime
 Beneath Jove's roof, the gods in pity look
 At this waste fury of them both — at such
 Extravagance of mortal energies. 1020
 Here Venus and Saturnian Juno gaze
 E'en side by side: while mid the myriad hosts,
 Ghastly Tisiphone raves savagely.

Shaking his mighty spear, Mezentius then
 In fury dashes to the front. As great 1025
 Orion stalks above the Ocean's depths
 And ploughs his way, his shoulders towering o'er
 The waves, or as some ancient mountain ash
 Doth spurn the earth and hide its head among
 The clouds, so in his ponderous armor comes 1030
 Mezentius on. No sooner seen afar,
 Than straight Æneas makes to meet him. He
 Stands fearless, waiting for his noble foe,
 In his own might reposeful. With a glance
 The intervening space he measures till 1035
 His shaft may master it. "Now, my right hand,"
 He cries, "that art my god, and thou the spear
 I poise to hurl, be true! Lausus, I swear,
 Thou shalt thyself Æneas' trophies have,
 And clothe thee in the spoils I strip from off 1040
 The robber's corse." And as he speaks, he hurls,
 Still far away, his shrilling spear. It flies,
 But glances from the shield, and, wide its mark,

Pierces the brave Antores' side and guts : —
 Antores, comrade once of Hercules, 1045
 Who, sent from Greece, Evander joined, and made
 His home in an Italian town. Poor wretch,
 He falls beneath a wound not meant for him,
 Looks up to heaven, and dies remembering
 Sweet Argos. Then Æneas, who reveres 1050
 The gods, his spear doth hurl : it penetrates
 The hollow shield, straight through the triple folds
 Of brass, the woven back, the plaited mass
 Of three bulls' hides, and settles in the groin :
 But there its force is spent. Quick as a thought, 1055
 Exulting as he sees the Tuscan's blood,
 Æneas snatches from his thigh his sword,
 And hotly charges on his panting foe.

But Lausus loved his father — dear at least
 To him — and at the sight groaned heavily, 1060
 Tears running down his face. Nor here — I would
 The world might e'er in such heroic worth
 Keep fresh its faith — will I in silence pass
 Thy hard death by, or thy most noble deeds,
 Or thee, thou e'er-to-be-remembered youth ! 1065
 For, while the father, crippled, staggering
 And hampered with his wound, was falling back,
 Trying to wrench his adversary's spear
 From out his shield, quick forward sprang the boy
 And threw himself between the antagonists. 1070
 He caught Æneas' sword just as he raised
 His right hand up to strike the blow, and stayed
 And bore the onset of Æneas' self.
 His men encourage him with hearty shouts

While, covered by the buckler of the son, 1075
 The sire escapes: they mass their fire against
 His foe, whom at safe distance they assail
 With missiles, till Æneas veils himself,
 Boiling with rage, behind his shield. 'Tis like
 The tempest bursting in a blast of hail, 1080
 When ploughman, farmer, traveller, from the fields
 All fly, and 'neath the nearest shelter hide—
 Be it a river bank or jutting cliff—
 While falls the rain, that when the sun comes back
 They may the labors of the day renew. 1085
 So deluged on all sides by bolt and spear,
 Æneas bears alone the thundering storm
 Of battle, chiding Lausus, threatening him
 By turns: "Why rush upon thy death? Thou dar'st
 Beyond thy strength. Thy filial piety 1090
 Hath made thee reckless." But the other still
 Foolhardily comes on, until at last
 The Trojan chief's grim vengeance higher mounts,
 And Fate spins the last thread of Lausus' life.
 For now Æneas with a heavy thrust 1095
 Plunges his sword into the youth, and hides
 It to the hilt. Right through the brave boy's shield
 It goes, his polished armor, and the shirt
 His mother had embroidered with fine gold,—
 His breast all blood. Into the shades his soul, 1100
 Leaving his corse, flits wailing through the air.
 But when Anchises' son that dying look
 Beheld — that face so wonderfully pale,—
 He groaned with pity and held forth his hand,
 His own heart kindling at so fair a type 1105

Of filial love. "Poor boy, for such desert,"
 He cried, "what honor worth thy excellence
 Can now Æneas — pious son himself —
 On thee bestow! Keep thou the arms that were
 Thy pride. I give thee, if it be thy wish, 1110
 Back to the shades and ashes of thy sires;
 And luckless as thou art, it shall at least
 Lighten the sadness of thy death that thou
 Did'st fall by great Æneas' hand." He chides
 The hesitating comrades of the youth, 1115
 And with his own hands lifts him from the ground,
 His Tuscan-plaited hair matted with blood.

Meantime his father at the Tiber's brink
 Stanch'd with its flow his wounds, and rested him,
 Reclining 'gainst a tree. Not far away, 1120
 Upon a branch his brazen helmet hangs,
 His ponderous armor lying on the grass.
 His chosen warriors round him stand. Himself
 In pain and out of breath, he hangs his head,
 His bushy beard down-flowing o'er his breast. 1125
 Of Lausus o'er and o'er he asks, and sends
 Man after man to call him from the fight
 And bear the mandate of his anxious sire,
 Even while Lausus' comrades, all in tears —
 That mighty frame felled by a mighty wound — 1130
 Him there are bringing dead upon his shield.

The father's heart, foreboding ill, had heard
 The wail while yet afar. His hoary locks
 He sullies with the filthy dust: to heaven
 He stretches both his hands, and o'er the corse 1135
 He hangs. "My son," he cries, "hath love of life,

" Possessed me so that I could suffer thee,
 Flesh of my flesh, to bear for me the brunt
 Of foeman's hand? Am I, thy father, saved
 By wounds like these — alive because thou died'st? ¹¹⁴⁰
 Oh! in my misery now is exile hard
 At last! Deep now the iron in my soul!
 'Tis I, my son, have stained thy name with crime,
 In hatred hunted from my father's throne
 And sceptre. Whatsoe'er the penalty ¹¹⁴⁵
 I owed my country or my subjects' hate,
 Would I had given them up my guilty life,
 To take it by a thousand deaths! And I
 Still live! I quit not yet the face of men,
 The light of heaven! But quit them now I will." ¹¹⁵⁰
 E'en as he speaks, upon his bleeding thigh
 He lifts him, though the pain of his deep wound
 Retards his step, and, still undaunted, bids
 Bring him his steed. His steed his comfort was,
 His pride. On this from all his wars had he ¹¹⁵⁵
 Rid victor off. To it, as if it grieved
 With him, he speaks, and these the words he breathes:
 " Long time — if any thing be long to them
 Who die — have we together, Rhœbus, lived!
 And now to-day shalt thou in triumph bear ¹¹⁶⁰
 The bloody trophy of Æneas' head, —
 With me the avenger of my Lausus' death! —
 Or, if no power can that achieve, thou shalt
 Together with me fall; for, bravest steed
 That ever was, I wot thou'd'st ne'er endure ¹¹⁶⁵
 Another's rein or bear a Trojan lord."
 He spake and, mounting, sat his wonted seat:

Both hands he filled with javelins keen : his helm
Of brass gleamed on his head, while waved his crest
Of rough horse-hair. And thus he madly rode 1170
Into the centre of the fight. A sense
Of bitter shame seethes deep within his heart,
Of frenzy mixed with sorrow, love inflamed
To fury, courage certain of itself !
Thrice in stentorian tones he challenges 1175
Æneas. Him Æneas knows at once :
In ecstasy he prays : “ So be it then !
The Father of the gods,—great Phœbus wills
That thou at last dar’st meet me hand to hand ! ”
No more he speaks, but forward springs to face 1180
With deadly spear his foe, who answers back :
“ Thou can’st not fright me, savagest of men,
Since thou hast slain my son. There lay alone
The way where thou had’st power to strike at me.
I fear not death. I reverence no god. 1185
Speak not, for I have come to die : but first
To thee this gift I bear.” And at the word,
He hurls a spear at his antagonist ;
Another, and another yet he sends,
Swift circling round his foeman well away. 1190
The golden shield wards all his weapons off.
Thrice round Æneas thus Mezentius rides
From right to left, his weapons whirling. Thrice
The Trojan hero bears around with him
A very forest in his shining shield, 1195
Till, weary at the waste of such good time,
So many missiles to pluck out, he frets
To come to closer quarters, though it be

With odds against him. Festered to the quick,
He breaks at last his guard, and drives his spear ¹²⁰⁰
'Twixt the deep temples of that martial steed.
It rears erect, beats with its hoofs the air,
Rolls on its tumbling rider, pinning him,
And on his broken shoulder lies head-down.
Trojans and Latins fill the air with yells. ¹²⁰⁵
Æneas forward flies, snatches his sword
From out its sheath, and standing o'er him shouts:
"Where now is bold Mezentius, and his fierce
Resistless might?" Soon as his breath comes back,
His consciousness restored, the Tuscan speaks: ¹²¹⁰
"Thou bitter foe, why taunt, why threat the dead!
My slaughter is no crime, nor to the fight
Came I expecting less: in my behalf
My Lausus fixed with you no better terms.
I ask thee only this, if any grace ¹²¹⁵
Thou giv'st a conquered foe — grant thou my corse
Be buried in the earth. I know how black
The bitter hatred of my people is:
Spare me, I beg, their fury but so much,
And lay me in the grave beside my son." ¹²²⁰
This said, without a tremor he the sword
Lets to his throat and pours his life abroad,
His blood outgushing with it o'er his arms.

ELEVENTH BOOK.

UPSPRINGING now, Aurora ocean leaves.
Distraught with care lest there be lack of time
For burying his dead, heart-sick at thought
Of Pallas' death, Æneas none the less
At earliest dawn pays to the gods his vows 5
For victory. Upon a knoll he sets
A sturdy oak, lops all its branches off,
And nails to it the glittering armor stripped
From duke Mezentius — spoils to thee, great Mars!
Mounts there the warrior's plumes still dewed with
blood, 10
His broken spears, his breast-plate twelve times struck
And pierced; binds on the left his brazen shield;
And hangs his ivory-handled sword around
The neck. About him massed, his whole staff throng,
Encircling him. They listening joyfully, 15
Thus he inspires them as he speaks: "My chiefs,
The pinch is past. Away all fear! What else
Is left? Here are the spoils of this proud king, —
Our victory's first fruits. By my hand struck,
Here lies Mezentius. Now our way is clear 20
Unto the Latin city and its king.
Array your arms, and in your hearts and hopes
Anticipate the fight. Let no delay
Impede the lagging step, or thought of fear
Clog sloth the more, when once the gods make sign 25

To pluck our standards up and from our camp
Lead on our troops. Meantime let us to earth
Commit the unburied bodies of our friends ;
Else is no passport theirs 'neath Acheron.
Haste ye," he cried ; " With the last obsequies 30
Honor the noble souls who have preserved
Their country with their blood. Let Pallas first,
Whom full of excellence a sorry day
Took off and whelmed in bitterness of death,
Back to Evander's mourning realm be sent." 35

So speaks and weeps ; then to the threshold turns,
Where old Acœtes guards dead Pallas' corse,
Stretched on its bier. He in Arcadia
Evander's armor-bearer was lang syne.
Far sadder now the auspices 'neath which, 40
The appointed friend of his loved foster-child,
He here had come. All round him throng a host
Of slaves, a crowd of Trojans and, their sad
Hair streaming as their wont is, the Ilian dames.
So when Æneas through the lofty doors 45
Comes in, they beat their breasts, and to the stars
Lift up a loud lament, till with their wail
The palace echoes. He no sooner sees
The uplifted head and face of Pallas white
As snow, and on his fair young breast laid bare 50
The gash of the Italian's spear, than thus,
Tears streaming fast, he cries : " Unhappy boy,
Could fortune come so kind, yet grudge me thee ?
Shalt thou ne'er see my kingdom, nor be borne
Hence to thy father's roof a victor back ! 55
Not this the pledge that I, departing, gave

Thy sire Evander, when from his embrace
 He sent me forth to win a mighty realm,
 And, fearing for my safety, cautioned me
 The men were fierce I went to meet, the fight 60
 Was with a stubborn race. It may be now,
 Deluded overmuch with idle hopes,
 He offers vows, and altars heaps with gifts,
 And we, with honors that can naught avail,
 Watch sadly the dead body of his boy, 65
 Who to the gods of life now nothing owes,
 Whilst thou, unhappy sire, hast naught in store
 But to behold thy boy's disfigured corse!
 And this is my return to him, this his
 Anticipated triumph, this my word 70
 I vaunted so! But thou, Evander, shalt
 Not look upon a son mangled with wounds
 That cast disgrace; nor shall thy father's pride
 Wish he, a coward and alive, were dead.
 Ah me, how stout a bulwark, Italy, 75
 Hast thou, and thou, Iulus, lost in him!"

Lamenting thus, he bids them tenderly
 Lift up the dead. He sends, picked from his host,
 A thousand men the last sad rites to pay,
 And mingle with the father's tears their own,— 80
 Slight solace though it be for grief so great,
 Yet due that father's grief. They quickly weave
 A frame and easy bier with arbuté boughs
 And withes of oak, and shade the upraised couch
 Beneath a canopy of leaves. Uplift 85
 Upon this rustic leafy bed, they lay
 The youth, fair as a flower that maiden's hand

Breaks from its stem, — some tender violet,
 Or drooping hyacinth, not yet its bloom
 Or perfect outline gone, though now no more 90
 The mother earth doth feed or give it life.

Then forth two robes, with gilt and purple stiff,
 Æneas brings. But late, with her own hands,
 Sidonian Dido, happy in the task,
 Had woven them, and wrought with golden threads 95
 The web. One sadly o'er the youth he throws,
 His parting gift, and veils beneath its folds
 The locks so soon to light the funeral pile.
 Many a prize from out Laurentum's fight
 He heaps, and bids the long line of the spoils 100
 Move on. Horses and spears he adds, of which
 He had despoiled the foe. He too had bound
 Behind their backs the prisoners' hands, whom he
 Did send as sacrifices to the death,
 Soon with their blood outspilt to sprinkle all 105
 The funeral flames. At his command tree-trunks,
 In foemen's armor clad, with foemen's names
 Attached, are carried by the chiefs. Infirm
 With age, poor old Acœtes is led forth.
 Now beating with his fists upon his breasts, 110
 And now his face disfiguring with his nails,
 He falls at full length stretched upon the ground.
 Next Pallas' car, stained with Rutulian blood,
 They bring, — his war-horse, Æthon, following it,
 Stripped of his trappings, and in tears that rain 115
 In great drops down his cheeks. And others bring
 His helm and sword: — victorious Turnus hath
 The rest. The funeral escort follow next,

The Trojan and the Tuscan chiefs, and then,
 Their arms reversed, the Arcadian soldiery. 120
 Far on its way has moved the whole long line
 Of his companions; but Æneas stays,
 And with a heavy sob cries after them:
 "War's horrors, e'er the same, summon me hence
 To other tears. Forevermore farewell, 125
 My noblest Pallas, evermore farewell!"
 He says no more, but to the lofty walls
 Turns back, and wends his pathway to the camp.

Meantime, their brows entwreathed with olive leaves,
 Came from the Latin city deputies, 130
 Begging him restoration of the slain
 Whose bodies strewed the battle field, and leave
 To bury them. No quarrel sure, said they,
 Had he with the defeated or the dead,
 But would forbear a race whose guest he once 135
 Had been, and to the daughter of whose king
 He was betrothed. Not such the prayer to be
 Despised, and good Æneas grants the boon
 As soon as asked, and with it adds: "Ye men
 Of Latium, what unworthy fortune is't 140
 That in so grim a war hath you involved,
 Who should not turn from us, your friends, away?
 Truce for the dead and whom the lot of war
 Hath taken off, ye ask me. Ah, but I
 Would to the living grant it gladlier. 145
 I had not hither come, had not the fates
 This spot, this settlement assigned. Nor wage
 I with your people war. It is your king
 Hath broken faith with me, and hath preferred

His fortune to entrust to Turnus' arms. 150
 Better for him, had Turnus met his death!
 Whom, were he resolute to end the war,
 And drive the Trojans off, it did behoove
 To encounter me with weapons such as these;
 For then had he survived, whose life the gods 155
 And his own good right hand had kept. Go now,
 And burn the bodies of your wretched dead."

So spake Æneas. They, bewildered, mute,
 And staring in each other's faces, stand,
 Till Drances, oldest of the group and e'er 160
 With hate and charges 'gainst young Turnus rank,
 Beginning thus replies: "Mighty in fame,
 But mightier, O man of Troy, in arms,
 With what laudations shall I lift thy name
 To heaven? Shall I admire thy justice more, 165
 Or thy exploits in war? Indeed will we
 With gratitude bear back the words thou speak'st
 Unto our native town, and make a league,
 If fortune will but show the way, 'twixt thee
 And king Latinus. Then let Turnus find 170
 His own alliances. Our joy shall be
 To raise the destined columns of thy realm
 And put our shoulders to the Trojan walls."

He speaks, and with one voice the rest confirm
 His words. A twelve days truce they make; and all 175
 That intervening time of peace, amid
 The woods, and o'er the hills, securely stroll
 Trojans and Latins side-by-side. The axe
 Is heard that fells the ash. Pines they upturn
 That reach the stars: and ceaselessly they rift 180

Logs of the fragrant cedar, and with ash
Load down their wagons till they groan again.

Already to Evander and his home
And realm hath rumor flown—the harbinger
Of misery so keen—and filled the ears 185
In which it but a day ago announced
That Pallas victor was in Latium.

The Arcadians sally to their gates, and raise
Funereal torches in their ancient wont:
The way is lit with one long line of light 190
That far and wide illuminates the fields.

The Trojan phalanx meeting them, in one
The sorrowing columns flow. As they approach
The walls, the women, when they see them, fill
The city with their cries of grief. No power 195
Can keep Evander back. Into their midst
He comes. The bier let down, on Pallas' corse
He falls and, weeping, moaning, clings to it,
While grief scarce lets his voice have way at last:

“Not this the pledge, thou, Pallas, gav'st thy sire, 200
That thou would'st bear thee cautiously amid
The perils of the fight. And yet I knew
How sharp a young man's thirst for battle fame,—
How keen the thrill of his first pass at arms!
Oh, sad first fruit of budding youth! Oh, hard 205
Beginnings of intestine war! No god
To hear my vows or listen to my prayers!
Thou too, my sainted wife, happy art thou,
Dead and ne'er spared for such a grief as this,
While I have over-lived my time for naught 210
But to be left a sire and have no son!

Would the Rutulian steel had stricken me,
 Troy's follower and ally, instead of him! —
 That I my life had given! Would that this pomp
 Were bringing me, not Pallas, home! Yet ne'er ²¹⁵
 Will I repent me, Trojans, of our league,
 Or that we clasped in hospitality
 Your hands in ours. It was the destined lot
 Of my old age. Though in the bud cut off,
 I love to think it was not till my boy ²²⁰
 Led on the Trojan charge 'gainst Latium
 O'er thousands of the Volscian dead. Nor could
 I, Pallas, honor thee with apter rites
 Than good Æneas and these Trojan lords,
 Our Tuscan chiefs and all the Tuscan host ²²⁵
 Have paid. The glorious trophies thy right hand
 Stripped from the foes it slew, they hither bring;
 And, Turnus, had his age been equal thine,
 And his the same maturity of years,
 'Tis thy huge corse that in its armor now ²³⁰
 Would lie! But why do I, poor wretch, still keep
 The Trojans from the fight? Go ye and tell
 Your king — forget it not — I say to him:
 'If still I live who, Pallas dead, yet loathe
 'To live, 'tis for the debt of Turnus' life, ²³⁵
 'Which, as thou knowest well, thy good right hand
 'Owes as the due of father and of son.
 'This duty done, thou and thy fortune lack
 'Naught else. Living, no recompense or joy
 'I ask, — only that, passing to the shades, ²⁴⁰
 'I tell my son that Turnus bites the dust.'”
 Broad o'er this world of woe the morning sun

Had flung its blessed light, renewing toil
 And care. Already on the winding strand
 Father Æneas — Tarchon too — had raised 245
 Their pyres. After the manner of his kin,
 Each hither brought the bodies of his dead.
 The lurid flames were lighted underneath,
 And heaven's high arch enveloped black with smoke.
 Thrice round the blazing stacks they ran, begirt 250
 With glittering arms: thrice, mounted on their steeds,
 They rode around the sad funereal fires
 And howled aloud. The earth was drenched, their arms
 Were drenched with tears, and high as heaven rose up
 The mourners' cries, the trumpets' clangor. Then, 255
 While some the flames were feeding with the spoils
 Stripped from the Latin slain — embellished swords,
 Helmets and bridles and swift-whirling wheels, —
 Others threw in their more familiar gifts,
 Shields of their own and weapons that missed aim. 260
 There too, to Death they slaughtered many an ox.
 Over the blaze the throats of bristling hogs
 And sheep, stolen from all the fields, they cut.
 Far down the shore they watched their comrades burn,
 Guarding the embers of the pyres, nor could 265
 They tear themselves away, till dewy Night
 Rolled out the starry jewels of the sky.

Nor less elsewhere the wretched Latins raise
 Pyres without number. Many of the dead
 They bury in the earth; some they bear off 270
 To neighboring fields, or to the town send back;
 The rest, — an undistinguishable, great,
 Uncounted and unhonored heap of slain, —

They burn. On every hand, flames everywhere,
 Vie the illuminations of the wide 275
 Extending plains. But when the third dawn parts
 The chilly shades from heaven, though still they mourn,
 The ash-heaps and the powder of the bones
 They sweep into the hearths, and o'er them throw
 The warm embankment of the heated earth. 280

But all this while 'tis in their very homes —
 In powerful Latinus' city walls —
 That chiefest is the din, and the lament
 Longest and loudest. Mothers there, and young
 Brides broken-hearted, tender grieving souls 285
 Of sisters, boys just orphaned of their sires,
 All execrate the horrors of the war
 And Turnus' spousal to Lavinia.
 Let him, let him, they cry, to his own sword
 And to the ordeal of battle make appeal, 290
 If he the sovereignty of Italy
 And its high honors for himself demand.
 Stern Drances feeds the flame, and heralds how
 Æneas hath to single combat bade
 And challenged Turnus. Yet, so differ they, 295
 The sentiment for Turnus still is strong.
 The shadow of the queen's authority
 Is great: the warrior's glorious repute,
 His hard-earned trophies stand him in good stead.

Amid this stir, the uproar at its height, 300
 Lo! added to the rest, from Diomed's
 Great town, the disappointed deputies
 Bring word that all their labor and their pains
 Have naught achieved; their gifts, their gold, their
 prayers

From him no answer got, save that for arms 305
 Other than his the Latins needs must look,
 Or with the Trojan king must make their peace.

At this, is king Latinus overwhelmed
 With utter misery. The wrath of Heaven,
 The new graves e'er before his eyes, warn him 310
 How manifestly providence divine
 Doth lead Æneas on. And seeing this,
 Within his stately courts he calls the first
 Lords of his realm, summoned at his command
 To solemn council. They together come 315
 And, rushing in, fill up the royal halls.
 First in authority and first in years,
 Latinus in the centre sits, a cloud
 Upon his brow, and bids the deputies,
 Returned from the Ætolian town, announce 320
 The answers they have brought, requiring them
 Report these word for word from first to last.

Then silent every tongue, thus Venulus,
 Obeying him, opens his mouth and speaks :
 "We, fellow citizens, saw Diomed 325
 And his Greek battlements : all obstacles
 O'ercame, pursued our journey to the end,
 And touched the hand that crushed the Trojan realm.
 There, near Garganus in Apulia,
 The conqueror was building up the town 330
 Named, for his native land, Argyripa.
 Soon as we entered in and audience
 Was granted, we before him spread our gifts,
 Made known our nationality and names,
 And told him who were waging war on us, 335

And what the cause that took us to his gates,
 He heard us and responded kindly thus :
 “ Oh happy race ! Realm of the golden age
 And old Ausonia yours, what fortune is't
 Disturbs your peace and drives you to the fret 340
 Of war's uncertainty ? Whoe'er we are,
 Who with the sword insulted Ilium —
 Let go the chiefs who 'neath its stately walls
 In battle fell, or whom the Simoïs drowned —
 Grim vengeance hath pursued us round the world : 345
 There is no penalty for crime, we have
 Not paid. E'en Priam's self would pity us.
 Minerva's stormy star, Eubara's cliffs,
 Caphereus' vengeful summit, know us all.
 From that campaign, hunted from shore to shore, 350
 The son of Atreus, Menelaus, strayed
 An exile, e'en to Proteus' columns driven.
 Ulysses' eyes on Etna's Cyclops gazed.
 Need I refer to Pyrrhus' realm ; or tell
 How his own hearth drove forth Idomeneus ? 355
 Dwell not the Locri on the Afric shore ?
 Nay, chief of all that mighty Grecian host,
 Crossing his threshold Agamemnon fell
 Beneath the hand of his dishonored spouse,
 Whose paramour entrapped the conqueror 360
 Of Asia. For myself, the gods forbade
 I should to native land return, or see
 My sweet wife more, or lovely Calydon.
 And still portents pursue, too horrible
 For sight : my lost companions, turned to birds, 365
 Cleave on their wings the air ; along the streams

They wander, and — alas, that friends of mine
 Should suffer so! — their melancholy cries
 Echo from cliff to cliff. Yet well I knew
 All this awaited me e'er since the day 370
 When, mad, I at celestial shapes did thrust
 My sword, and with a cut dared desecrate
 The hand of Venus. Urge not me, indeed,
 Not me to such a war as yours. I have
 No quarrel with the Trojans since the sack 375
 Of Troy. (It brings no pleasure to recall
 The sorrows of the past.) Bear back the gifts
 That ye have brought me from your native shores,
 And give them to Æneas. I have faced
 His angry spear and fought him hand to hand. 380
 Believe ye one who saw how mightily
 He rises on his shield, how like the blast
 He hurls a spear. Two such had Ida borne,
 Troy would have marched on Greece and, fate reversed,
 'Tis Argos that would be the mourner now. 385
 Long as the sturdy walls of Troy withstood
 The attack, 'twas Hector's and Æneas' blows
 Stayed the Greeks' victory, and for ten long years
 Delayed it: both were mighty spirits, both
 Great warriors, unsurpassed in battle fame — 390
 But finer was Æneas' moral sense.
 Make peace with him whate'er his terms; but have
 A care, if to the tug of war it comes!

"This was king's reply, most gracious king:
 Thou hearest what he thinks of this great war." 395

They scarce had finished, ere from trembling lip
 To lip through that Ausonian throng there ran

The muttering of many voices like
The roar that rises when a rapid stream
Is dammed with rocks and fettered in its flow, 400
Its angry ripples beating at the banks.
Quiet restored, their chatter stilled, the king
Invoked the gods, and from his throne spake thus :
 “I would — and better had it been indeed,
O Latins — that we long ago had made 405
The state secure, rather than in an hour
Like this be parleying, while the enemy
Is closing round our walls. We, citizens,
An ill-starred fight are waging with a race
Whose lineage is from the gods, — with men 410
Invincible, whom war exhausts not, nor
Defeat can sicken of the sword. If ye
Had hope to link your arms with Diomed’s,
Abandon it. Save each man for himself,
There is no hope — how poor that hope, ye know. 415
As for aught else, — before your very eyes,
In your own hands, all is paralysis.
I blame no man. What valor’s best can do
Hath all been done, and we have fought with not
A nerve in all the realm unstrained. But now 420
Let me, though still in doubt, speak out my mind.
Give ear, and I will put it in few words :
There is an ancient tract of land, ’twixt which
And me the Tiber flows : westward it runs
Beyond the boundaries of Sicania : 425
The Aurunci till it, and the Rutuli :
They break its rugged hillsides with the plough,
And where too rough for that, there feed their flocks.

Let all this region, with its forest-stretch
 Of mountain-pine, be to the Trojans given 430
 As pledge of peace : let us propose fair terms
 Of league, and to our realm make them allies :
 There let them settle, if they so desire,
 And there the walls of their own cities build.
 But if it be their pleasure to secure 435
 Some other vicinage, some other land,
 We will construct them twenty boats of good
 Italian wood, or more if they can more
 Employ. Material lies abundant here
 Upon our shores. They may themselves prescribe 440
 The number and the model of the craft ;
 And we the labor, brass, and naval stores
 Will furnish. More than that, shall go, to bear
 This our proposal and to fix the league,
 A hundred deputies of the best blood 445
 In Latium, holding in their hands outstretched
 The olive branch of peace, and bearing gifts —
 Talents of gold and ivory, the curule chair
 And toga, the insignia of our realm.
 Think well meanwhile, and help me bear my load." 450

Then Drances spake : relentless still, he masked
 His envy, though he chafed, stung to the quick
 At Turnus' fame. His wealth was large, his tongue
 Of rare persuasiveness, but for the sword
 Ne'er itched his fingers ; his authority 455
 Weighed at the council board, and of intrigue
 He was a master. On his mother's side
 Proud lineage of noble blood he had :
 But who his father was, nobody knew.

He rose, and thus did fan and feed the flame. 460
 "O good king, thou hast urged a matter here,
 So patent to us all it needed not
 That thou should'st give it voice. No man is there
 But in his heart well knows what 'tis the state
 Demands, yet fears to speak. Let therefore him 465
 Give liberty of speech and lay aside
 His arrogance, whose vicious leadership
 And blundering methods — nay, but I will speak,
 Though he do threat me with the sword and death —
 Have sacrificed, as our own eyes have seen, 470
 So many of our shining lights in war,
 And humbled all our city in the dust ;
 While he, coquetting with the Trojan camp,
 Looking to flight for safety, terrifies
 Naught but the breezes with his spear. One thing 475
 Thou should'st add more, among the many gifts
 Thou bid'st be set apart and forwarded
 The Trojan chief — one thing, O best of kings !
 Let no man's menace keep thee longer, sire,
 From giving now thy daughter to a son 480
 So eminent, — a marriage that will bring
 Such honor ; or from making that the bond
 Of an eternal peace. Yet if it be
 That Turnus hath such terror for your soul
 And o'er your reason, let us to his grace 485
 Appeal, and ask of him the boon, that he
 Give way, and to his country and his king
 Restore their own. Oh, head and spring of all
 The woes of Latium ! why so many times
 Dost thou expose thy wretched countrymen 490

To sure disaster? Not in war is our
 Reliance. Peace it is that, to a man,
 We, Turnus, at thy hands demand, and ask
 Meantime the one sure guaranty of peace.
 And I, who thou pretendest am thy foe — 495
 Nor care I if I be — am first to come
 Lo! as thy suppliant. Yea, have mercy thou
 Upon thy countrymen! swallow thy pride,
 And, beaten, from the field depart! Enough
 Of rout and slaughter have we seen; enough 500
 Of desolation brought on our fair land!
 Or, if ambition pricks, — if in thy breast
 Thou hast the daring, — if thou hast so much
 At heart a royal dowry, then pluck up
 And boldly meet thy rival face to face! 505
 For sure it cannot be that we, whose lives
 Are cheap, a mass unworthy burial
 Or tears, should strew the fields, so Turnus here
 May wive him with the daughter of a king.
 Ay now, if aught of manliness thou hast, 510
 Aught of the Italian soldier's martial fire,
 Do thou confront the man who dares thee fight!"

Flames Turnus raging hot at such a charge.
 He groans, and the words burst from his very heart:
 "Ay, Drances, thou hast never lack of words, 515
 When war demands-not words but blows. But call
 The lawyers in, and thou art first to come!
 This is no place to inundate with talk,
 That always flows so easily from thee
 When out of danger's way, or when the walls 520
 Fend off the foe, nor ditches swim with blood.

So thunder forth thy eloquence, as thou
Art wont! Thou, Drances, chargest me with fear!
Well said, since thy right hand hath piled so high
The heaps of Trojan slain, and everywhere 525
With trophies glorified the land! Thou can'st
Now prove what valor, hot as thine, can do.
We have not far indeed to seek the foe.
On every side they swarm about our walls.
Shall we upon them charge? What, hesitate? 530
That martial ardor, shall it always fill
Only that windy tongue of thine, — those legs
So swift to run? I beaten from the field!
Foulest of mouths, is there an honest man
Will say that I was beaten from the field, 535
Who saw the Tiber swell with Trojan blood,
Evander's household and his son laid low,
And the Arcadians of their armor stripped?
Not such the finding of great Pandarus
Or Bitias, or the thousands whom to hell 540
I sent that day when I, shut in their walls
And hedged within the ramparts of the foe,
Was victor still! And not in war is our
Reliance! Fool, sing that to Trojan ears,
And for thine own advantage. Ay, go on! 545
Set all agape with mortal terror! laud
To heaven the prowess of this twice-flogged tribe,
And cry the forces of Latinus down!
Why, e'en the Grecian chiefs are shuddering still
Before the Trojan steel! still Diomed, 550
And still Achilles of Larissa! Back
From the Adriatic sea the Aufidus

Recoils! Why, but this lying scoundrel feigns
 That he is put in fear by threats of mine,
 And heightens accusation with alarm! 555
 Rack thee no more in terror lest thou lose
 E'en such a life as thine by my right hand.
 With thee let it abide, and in that breast,
 There let it stay!—And now to thee, good sire,
 And thy suggestions I return. If thou 560
 Hast in our arms no further hope, if we
 Are so reduced and utterly destroyed
 At one reverse, and fortune has for us
 No turn in store, then let us sue for peace,
 And our defenceless hands hold up! And yet, 565
 Ye gods! were aught of old-time valor here,
 I'd think him happy in his lot, and great
 Of soul beyond all other men on earth,
 Who laid him down to die, and bit the dust,
 Rather than live to witness such a sight! 570
 But if we have resources still of men
 And money of our own, besides the aid
 Of the Italian towns and peoples; if
 At cost of seas of blood the Trojans won
 Their triumph; if they too have had their dead 575
 To bury, and the storm on all alike
 Hath fallen, why thus shamelessly should we
 Falter at the first step? why tremor thrill
 Our nerves ere yet the trumpet sound to arms?
 Time and the ever-changing round of years 580
 Have many an ill repaired; and fortune's wheel
 One day makes poor whom it enriches next.
 Arpi and Diomed will aid us not!

Ay, but Mœssapus will ! Tolumnius too,
 That augur of success ! — and all the chiefs 585
 Sent by so many clans ! Not small shall be
 The glory of a follower of these,
 The chosen warriors they of Latium
 And the Laurentian land. Camilla there,
 The generous Volscian blood within her veins, 590
 Marshals her regiment of horse, their ranks
 Ablaze with shining brass. Yet if it be
 The Trojans challenge me to single fight,
 If that is best, and I so much obstruct
 The common good, not yet hath victory 595
 Fled my rejected hand so far that I
 For such a stake would turn from any test !
 With all my heart will I Æneas meet,
 Though he be great Achilles' conqueror
 And wear like him armor that Vulcan's hands 600
 Have wrought. To you, my countrymen ; to thee,
 Latinus, father of my bride, do I —
 I, Turnus, who in valor yield the palm
 To none of eld — devote this life of mine.
 Æneas summons me to single fight ! 605
 Ay, summon me I pray he may. If death
 Their wrath demand, be it not Drances' death
 That shall appease the gods ! Let him not win
 The glory, be it fame or victory ! ”

While on their dubious case they thus debate, 610
 Æneas has his camp and battle line
 Moved up. Comes rushing through the royal courts,
 A tumult at his heels, a messenger
 Who with o'erwhelming terror fills the town,

Shouting that on the Tiber's brink are drawn 615

The Trojans up in battle line, while down

O'er all the plain the Tuscan hosts descend.

At once is all confusion, everywhere

Alarm, and passions angrily ablaze.

In haste they cry for arms : the young men shout 620

For arms ; sad fathers weep and murmur there.

A thousand discords blend a mighty roar

That fills the air, as when in some deep wood

A flock of birds alight by chance, or swans

Along the echoing marshes of the Po 625

Scream hoarsely as they swim that fishy stream.

Quick Turnus seized the opportunity.

"Ay, cram debate!" he cried ; "sit here and sing

The eulogies of peace, while the armed foe

O'errun your realm!" No more he spake, but tore 630

From them away, and from the palace rushed.

"Bid, Volusus, the Volscian companies

Fall in," he cried, "and march, the Rutuli!

Messapus, Coras and thy brother, get

The cavalry in line, and flank the plain! 635

Guard some the city gates and hold the towers!

The rest, advance with me where I command!"

At once the whole town hurries to the walls.

Father Latinus, vexed at the sad turn

Of things, himself forsakes the council-board 640

And his great plans of peace, postponing them.

Especially he blames himself because

He welcomed not Æneas cordially,

Nor gave him greeting as a son-in-law

Unto his realm. Meanwhile, some trenches dig 645

Outside the gates, and lug up stones and stakes.
 The hoarse horn sounds the bloody call to war.
 Women and boys are grouped upon the walls,
 A motley throng. The last die summons all.

To Pallas' temple and her lofty shrines 650
 Goes too the queen, gifts in her hands, a flock
 Of matrons in her train ; while at her side
 The maid Lavinia follows, cause of all
 The woe, her sweet eyes drooping on the ground.
 The matrons enter, and with frankincense 655
 Perfume the temple. On the threshold bent,
 They pour their mournful prayers : " Almighty queen
 Of war, Tritonian maid, break with thy hand
 The Phrygian robber's spear ! Headlong to earth
 Fell him, and crush him 'neath thy lofty gates !" 660

Wrought to a flame of fury, for the fight
 Now Turnus arms. Clad in Rutulian mail,
 His brazen armor glares, his legs are greaved
 In gilt, his head still bare ; about his waist
 He buckles on his sword, and, as he runs 665
 Down from the lofty citadel, 'tis like
 A flash of gold. His heart beats high ; and he,
 Now full of hope, impatient waits the foe.
 So from his stall, his halter broken, flies,
 At liberty at last, the horse that now 670
 Ranges the open fields, or pastures seeks
 Where mares do herd, or plunges for a bath
 In some familiar stream, outspringing whence
 He proudly neighs while high his neck is arched
 And down his throat and shoulders streams his mane. 675
 Camilla meets him with her Volscian line,

And at the very gates, though she a queen,
Dismounts. The whole battalion like herself
Leap to the earth and leave their steeds. And thus
She speaks: "Turnus, if thou canst put thy trust ⁶⁸⁰
In one true fearless heart, I have no fear
But pledge thee I will check the Trojan host
And ride alone against the Tuscan horse.
Give me permission with my men to feel
The outposts of the foe. With the infantry, ⁶⁸⁵
Remain thou by the town, and guard the walls."

Fixed on the dashing maid were Turnus' eyes,
And thus he answered her: "Virgin, and flower
Of Italy, how can I better speak
Or prove my thanks, than if with thee I share ⁶⁹⁰
The danger, since thy spirit bold o'errides
All fear. A rumor and my skirmishers
Report it certain that, on mischief bent,
Æneas has his light armed cavalry
Pushed on to raid the plains, while he along ⁶⁹⁵
The unprotected passes of the hills
Surmounts the heights, advancing on the town.
I plan an ambuscade where through the woods
The pathway winds, by which with an armed force
I both its outlets can command. Do thou ⁷⁰⁰
Charge in close column on the Tuscan horse.
To thy support shall bold Messapus go,
The Tibur squadron and the Latin troops:
Thyself assume the duty of command."
This said, with like instructions to the front ⁷⁰⁵
He spurs Messapus and the leaguer chiefs,
And hastes himself to meet the enemy.

It is a broken winding mountain-pass,
 Fit for surprise and ambuscade, enclosed
 With foliage dense on every side. Through it 710
 A narrow pathway runs, its outlets pinched
 And its approaches blind. Commanding this,
 Along the mountain ridges lies a slope,
 Of which the enemy know nothing yet,
 Where, under cover, on the right and left 715
 Attack is easy, whether be the plan
 To charge from off the heights, or roll down rocks.
 Hastes to these well known paths the chief, secures
 His ground, and, by the forest hid, encamps.

Meantime Diana in the heavenly realm 720
 Summons swift Opis from the sacred train
 Of her attendant virgins, and thus speaks
 In sorrow: "To the cruel war, O maid,
 Camilla goes — no woman else so dear
 To me — in vain equipped with arms like ours. 725
 No new love this that in Diana springs
 To move her soul with sudden tenderness.
 When Metabus from old Privernum's walls
 Fled through the battle's midst and wandered forth,
 He bore her, but an infant then, to share 730
 His exile, giving her her mother's name, —
 Casmilla to Camilla turned by change
 Of but a letter. With her on his breast
 He roamed the far-off hills and lonely woods.
 With cruel steel the Volsci pressed him hard 735
 At every point, and dogged his track from bush
 To bush, encircling him with soldiery,
 When lo! midway his flight, its banks o'erflowed,

The Amasenus foamed, so heavily
 The rain had fallen from the clouds. Himself 740
 Ready to swim, anxious for his sweet load,
 Love for his baby kept him back until,
 Near his wit's end, flashed through his mind a plan
 Almost too late. It happed the warrior bore
 In his stout hand a heavy spear-pole, thick 745
 With knots and hardened o'er the fire. On this
 He binds the child, wrapped in wild cork and bark,
 And lightly ties her round and round along
 The shaft. Then in his ponderous right hand
 High poising it, he utters up a prayer : 750
 'Diana, gracious virgin, unto thee,
 'Thou goddess of the woods, I consecrate
 'This child thy votary, her father I.
 'In thine own primitive rude armor clad,
 'A suppliant through the air she flies the foe. 755
 'Take her, I pray thee, goddess, for thine own
 'Whom to the uncertain winds I now commit.'
 And with the word, his arm flung back, he hurls
 The writhing shaft. The waves roar under it,
 Yet on the shrilling spear Camilla speeds, 760
 Poor waif, the swift stream o'er. But Metabus,
 As closer now his thick pursuers press,
 Into the river leaps, and, mastering it,
 Plucks from the grassy turf his spear again,
 The little maiden, by Diana's grace, 765
 Still there. No city in its homes or walls
 E'er sheltered him : nor e'er, too savage he,
 For quarter would he sue. A shepherd's life
 He spent among the mountain solitudes.

Mid thickets and the gloomy woods, he fed 770
 The child with wild milk from a brood-mare's teats,
 And milked them in her baby mouth. Nor she
 Had sooner taken step upon the leaves,
 Than in her wee o'erburdened hands he put
 A dart with its sharp point, and girt a bow 775
 And arrows on her shoulder. In the place
 Of clasp of gold to gather up her hair,
 Or long robe round her wrapped, a tiger's skin
 Hung from her crown and down her back. E'en then
 With little hand she hurled her mimic spears, 780
 Whirled round her head the sling's long slender cords,
 And brought a white swan down, or Strymon crane.
 In vain did many a dame in Tuscan town
 Seek her in marriage for a son. Content
 To be Diana's own, pure as a babe, 785
 She loved her arrows and her maidenhood,
 And nothing else. Would she had ne'er been forced
 Into this war's campaign, nor made attempt
 To charge the Trojans! Ever dear to me,
 She else were one of my companions now. 790
 Speed, then! for cruel fate is on her track.
 Glide, Nymph, from heaven swift down and search the
 fields

Of Latium, where this sorry fight begins
 With inauspicious omens. Take thou these,
 And from this quiver an avenging shaft 795
 Draw out: and whosoe'er her sacred flesh
 Shall with a wound insult, with that shall he
 Pay me the atonement of his blood, alike
 Though he be son of Troy or Italy;

And after that, I'll her poor body wrap 800
 In hollow cloud, and bear her to the grave,
 Clad in her undishonored armor still,
 And to her native land restore her." While
 Diana spake, the nymph was gliding down
 The yielding currents of the air ; you heard 805
 The rustling of her wings, while yet her form
 Was hid within a black and angry gust.

Meantime the Trojan army nears the town —
 The Tuscan chiefs and all the cavalry,
 Every battalion numbered and assigned. 810
 All o'er the field proud chargers curvet back
 And forth, and fret against the tight-drawn rein.
 The plain is far and wide one bristling frieze
 Of iron barbs, a blazing sword of high
 Uplifted spears. Upon the other side, 815
 Messapus and the Latin skirmishers,
 Coras and his twin brother, and the maid
 Camilla's cavalry, across the field
 Are seen advancing to the attack : they poise
 Their spears, their right hands flung well back, and
 shake 820

Their javelins. Fiercer yet and fiercer grows
 The neigh of steeds, the onset of the charge.

Advanced within the casting of a spear,
 Each army halts. Forth of a sudden bursts
 The battle-cry. They spur their snorting steeds. 825
 Allwheres at once their missiles stream as fast
 As snowflakes fall, and veil the sky with gloom.
 Tyrrhenus and the brave Aconteus charge
 Each other instantly ; they interlock

Their spears ; 'tis thunder-roar, when first they clash, ⁸³⁰
And breast to breast their bruised chargers strike.
Aconteus, like the lightning's flash, or bolt
Of catapult, shot from his steed is flung
Headforemost far, his breath knocked out of him.
At once the lines are in confusion thrown. ⁸³⁵
Forced back, the Latin troops reverse their shields,
And turn their horses toward the city walls.
The Trojans press the charge : Asylas leads
Their columns on, he at their head. And now
They e'en are at the gates, when, rallying, ⁸⁴⁰
The Latins raise a shout, and rein to front
Their horses' flexile necks. The Trojans then
It is who fly, beat back within their lines,
And at full gallop riding. So the tide
Alternate ebbs and flows ; now floods the shore, ⁸⁴⁵
Flinging its foam and spray high o'er the rocks,
And surging to the beach's farthest edge ;
Then swift rolls back, and many a stone sweeps off
With its returning current to the deep,
Forsaking with each ebbing wave the shore. ⁸⁵⁰
Twice did the Tuscans turn the Rutuli,
And drive them to their walls : twice, driven home,
They too the Tuscans' backs and bucklers saw.

But in the third encounter of the fight,
The battle lines were broken utterly, ⁸⁵⁵
And each man picked his man. Then came indeed
The groans of dying men. In seas of blood,
Arms, corses, half-dead horses mixed with heaps
Of slaughtered soldiers, weltering lay. The fight
Grew fierce. Orsilochus, afraid to strike ⁸⁶⁰

At Remulus himself, hurls at his horse
A shaft, driving the blade just underneath
Its ear. Wild at the blow, up rears the steed :
Erect and frenzied with the wound, it paws
The air, its rider tumbling to the ground. 865

Catillus lays Iolas low, and next
Herminius, great of soul and great in size
And prowess, — over whose bare head and down
Whose naked shoulders flows his yellow hair.
No wound feared he: so mighty in himself, 870
Proof 'gainst all steel he seemed. Through his huge
sides

The driven spear goes quivering home, and bends
The warrior double in his agony.
Turn where you will, flow streams of crimson gore.
The combatants deal death where'er they strike, 875
Or fall 'neath wounds that make an honored death.

Camilla, with her quiver on her back,
Dashes into the centre of the fray.
True Amazon, her bosom 'neath one arm
She bares, so she may thus the better fight. 880

Now slender javelins thick as sparks of fire
She shoots; and now her tireless right hand whirls
In turn her sturdy two-edged battle-axe.
Her gilded bow against her shoulder twangs ;
If e'er beat back she now and then gives way, 885
Still, turning in her saddle, shaft on shaft

She plies. Ride at her side her chosen friends,
The maid Larina — all Italian girls —
And Tulla, and Tarpeia brandishing
Her brazen battle-axe, — a graceful staff 890

That proud Camilla had selected her,
 Fair ministers alike of peace or war.
 So gallop down the banks of Thermodon
 The Amazons of Thrace, when to the war
 They go in arms of many a hue ; so they 895
 Surround Hippolyte ; so with loud shouts
 Of joy, those fair ranks strike their crescent shields
 As they Penthesilea's chariot,
 Returning from the battle field, escort.

Whom first, whom last, did'st with thy spear, bold
 maid, 900

Then overthrow? How many dying men
 Did'st stretch upon the ground? First Clytius' son,
 Eumenius, whose bared breast, as he comes up,
 She pierces with her slender javelin.
 He tumbles, vomiting a stream of blood, 905
 And bites the dust, writhing in agony
 Upon his wounds. On him she Liris piles,
 And Pagasus, — one from the saddle thrown
 While tightening the bridle rein, his horse
 Stabbed in the belly ; the other as he ran 910
 To aid, and stretched his right hand out in vain
 To save, his falling friend ; together both
 Go headlong down. To keep them company,
 She sends Amastrus, son of Hippotas.
 Forward she presses, and, though at long range, 915
 Strikes Tereus with her spear, Harpalycus,
 Demophoön, and Chromis. For each shaft
 The maiden's hand sends whirling on its flight,
 A Trojan falls. Within spear-shot, and clad
 In armor quaint, the hunter Ornytus 920

Rides an Apulian steed. A wild bull's hide,
 Stripped off entire, envelops his huge frame ;
 A wolf's wide grinning jaws and glistening teeth
 Rise o'er his head : no weapon in his hand
 Except a limb still green. Mid the melee, 925
 He rides a whole head higher than them all.
 An easy mark, she pierces him — light task
 When all before her fled — and thus she spake
 Above the body of the foe : " Did'st think,
 Etrurian, thou wert hunting in the woods ? 930
 The day has come when but a woman's arm
 Hath forced thy bluster back into thy throat.
 Yet one great honor to thy fathers' shades
 Thou tak'st — thou diest at Camilla's hand."

Then the two giants of the Trojan camp, 935
 Orsilochus and Butes, charge on her.
 Confronting Butes, she drives home her spear
 Betwixt his helmet and his coat of mail,
 Where, as he rides, his neck is jostled bare.
 But from Orsilochus she feigns to fly, 940
 And leads him in a goodly circuit round,
 Then deftly wheels in that, eluding him
 Until, pursued become pursuer, she
 Uprising in the stirrup, blow on blow,
 Sends crashing through the warrior's mail and bones 945
 Her sturdy battle-axe, deaf to his cries
 And his repeated prayers. Out through the wound,
 His brain still warm comes oozing down his cheeks.

Just then across her path came Aunus' son,
 A warrior of the Apennines : stock still 950
 He stood, dazed at the sudden sight, and yet, —

A true Ligurian he, quick at a ruse
 If fate blocked not the way, — soon as he saw
 'Twas now too late to edge him from the fight
 Or 'scape the onset of the queen, in hope 955
 He might outwit her with a trick, he cried :

“What though a woman thou, what credit thine,
 There trusting to the odds of thy swift steed !
 Cut off the means of flight,—dare hand to hand
 Meet me on common ground, and fight afoot, 960
 And I will teach thee that a braggart's fame
 Is but a lie.” E'en as he spake, the maid,
 Stung to the very quick and hot with rage,
 To her companion gave the bridle-rein,
 And for fair fight stood ready, fearless she, 965
 Although on foot, with but her naked sword
 And simple buckler. But the warrior, sure
 He had outwitted her, reined instantly
 About, and ploughing with his iron heel
 His nimble courser's flanks, fled like the wind. 970
 “Thou blustering Ligurian, thou art all
 Too easily elated, and hast tried
 Thy country's slippery tactics but in vain !
 Ne'er to thy father Aunus — trickster too —
 Shall trick of thine secure thy safe return !” 975
 Thus cried the Amazon : a flame of fire,
 His steed outstripping, on her flying feet
 She overtook him, faced him, seized his reins,
 And took her vengeance in his hated blood
 As easily as when that sacred bird, 980
 The hawk, down swooping from the mountain crags,
 Chases a dove afloat among the clouds,

Clutches, holds, tears her with his claws, blood-drops
And the torn plumage falling through the air.

Not with indifferent eyes on such a scene 985
Looks he, Father of men and gods, who sits
Enthroned upon Olympus' top: at once
He calls into the hottest of the fight
The Tuscan captain Tarchon, and inflames
His fury with no gentle spurs. 'Tis then, 990
That to the centre of the carnage where
The lines are giving way, rides Tarchon up,
Rallies his flying squadrons with whate'er
The needed word, calls on each man by name,
And thus inspires them to the fight again 995
In spite of their retreat: "What cowardice
Is this!" he cries: "O Tuscans, cravens, slaves,
Hath such unmanliness unnerved your souls!
A woman set you flying like a flock
Of sheep, and turn your serried ranks! For what 1000
Wield we the sword, or hurl these idle spears?
No laggards ye in Venus' battle-fields
O' nights, or when the crookèd Bacchic horn
Calls to the dance! To linger for the feast
Or for the table with its dripping bowl 1005
Until the seer proclaims the omens good,
And the rich banquet calls you to the groves —
Ay! there is your ambition, there, your fire!"
So spake, then spurred his steed into the jaws
Of death, and fiercely charged on Venulus: 1010
He grasps his foe and drags him from his horse
With his right hand; and, straining every nerve,
Lifts him to his own saddle-bow. The air

Is rent with shouts ; upon them riveted
 Centre the eyes of all the Latin host. 1015
 Across the plain fierce Tarchon flies, and bears
 His foeman with his armor on ; the steel
 He breaks from off his own spear-shaft, and seeks
 Some open armor-chink where he may deal
 A deadly wound. The other, fighting back, 1020
 Wards off the hand that plunges at his throat,
 And matches strength with strength. So flying high,
 A fiery eagle lifts the snake he stooped
 To snatch, entangled round his feet and gripped
 Within his claws : the wounded serpent coils 1025
 Its sinuous folds ; its bristling scales are up ;
 Its head is arched to strike, and open-mouthed
 It hisses : none the less with his hooked beak
 The eagle rends it as it writhes, his wings
 Loud flapping all the while against the air. 1030
 So Tarchon swoops his prey from off the field,
 Triumphant over Venulus. Again
 The Tuscans charge, now rallying to the lead
 And fortune of their chief. 'Tis just at this
 That death-doomed Aruns, with his spear in hand, 1035
 Moves cautiously before Camilla's swift
 Advance, and edges round and round to find
 His easiest opportunity. Where'er
 The dashing maiden gallops through the lines,
 There Aruns creeps and tracks her stealthily. 1040
 Whene'er she rides triumphant back, or flies
 The foe, then furtively aside the youth
 His swift steed reins. Now this approach, now that
 He tries, and now the whole round circuit scours,

Still poising vengefully his fatal spear. 1045

Chanced there that Chloreus, once a holy priest
Of Cybele, in Trojan armor flashed,
Seen from afar, a shining mark. He spurred
A foaming steed caparisoned beneath
A robe of skins with gold laced up, and scales 1050
Of brass like feathers o'er each other lapped.
Himself, in foreign blue and purple bright,
Shot Cretan arrows from a Lycian bow
That, tipped with gold, against his shoulder twanged :
Gold too the helmet of the priest, and gold 1055
The clasp that knotted up his yellow cloak
In rustling flaxen folds, — his tunic wrought
With needle work, — wild gaudy trappings down
His legs. Blind to all else, — either that she
Might deck her with the gilt from him despoiled, 1060
Or hang on temple-gate his Trojan arms, —
The huntress maid was in pursuit of him
Outsingled from that whole melee of war.
Past the long lines of battle, rash she rode,
Fired with a woman's eagerness for spoils 1065
And booty such as these. Then 'twas, at last,
That Aruns seized his opportunity,
And from his cover launched a javelin,
While to the gods he lifted up this prayer :
"O thou, Apollo, chief among the gods, 1070
Holy Soracte's guardian lord, whom we
Worship before all other gods, whose flames
We feed with fagots of the blazing pine,
And through whose fires we, thy adorers, walk
O'er beds of coals, protected by our faith, — 1075

Deign, O almighty father, to wash out
 This stain upon our arms! No armor stripped
 For trophy from a fainting girl seek I,
 Nor spoils. 'Tis other deeds shall win me praise.
 Let my hand crush but this malignant pest, 1080
 And I content will go inglorious home."

Much as he cared to grant, Apollo heard;
 The rest he did but puff into the air;—
 Granted the beggar's wish that he might kill
 Camilla, whelming her with sudden death; 1085
 But granted not that his own native land
 Should look on his return:—that prayer the winds
 Swept into space. So 'twas, that, as the shaft
 Leaping from Aruns' hand whirred through the air,
 Each gallant Volscian caught the sound, and bent 1090
 His eyes upon his queen, unconscious she
 Of e'er a sound or ripple in the breeze,
 Or weapon speeding from afar, till deep
 In her bare bosom driven, the javelin hung,
 And, there forced home, drank up her virgin blood. 1095
 Her horror-struck companions gather round
 And hold their fainting mistress up, while half
 In fear and half in triumph Aruns flies,—
 None there so utterly unmanned as he
 Who dares no longer either trust his spear 1100
 Or face the virgin's steel. So stealthily,
 The blood of shepherd or of bullock sucked,
 Into the mountain gorges slinks a wolf
 In terror at his own audacity,
 Ere hunter's spear can follow him: he drops 1105
 And to his belly hugs his trembling tail

And hides him in the wood. So stole from sight
 Uneasy Aruns, glad at his escape,
 And, mingling in the ranks, was lost to view.

The dying maid is tugging at the spear : 1110
 The iron blade deep in her bosom driven,
 Sticks 'twixt her ribs. She swoons with loss of blood :
 Her fainting eyes grow dim and cold in death :
 Fades out the rose hue, on her cheek but now,
 Till with her latest breath she Acca calls — 1115
 The one companion of Camilla she,
 Who loyalest had been, and who had shared
 Her every care — and thus she speaks to her :
 “ I have been, sister Acca, strong till now ;
 But ah, this rankling wound is killing me, 1120
 And all around grows black as night. Fly thou,
 And Turnus this my last injunction bear —
 To stem the fight and from the city fend
 The Trojans off ! Now, now, farewell.” And while
 She spake, the reins were slipping from her hand, 1125
 And helplessly she sank upon the ground
 Till, her cold limbs all slowly languishing,
 Her neck adroop, she last let go her spear,
 And laid her head, death-stricken, down to rest.
 One sigh, and the grieved spirit sped to heaven. 1130

Ah ! mighty then the roar that thunders up,
 And strikes the golden stars. Camilla slain,
 The battle rages hotter than before,
 And the whole Trojan line, the Tuscan chiefs,
 Evander's light Arcadian cavalry, 1135
 All charge at once in one unbroken front.

Still all the while, upon the mountain top,

There Opis sat, Diana's sentinel,
 And calmly watched the fight. But when, amid
 That clash of furious champions, far she saw 1140
 Camilla pay death's cruel doom, she groaned,
 And from the bottom of her heart cried out:
 "Ah, maiden! too, too hard the penalty
 Thou pay'st for thy endeavor in war's lists
 To break the Trojan strength. Of what avail, 1145
 That, in the forests left a lonely waif,
 Thou hast Diana served, and on thy back
 Our arrows borne! Yet thee hath not our queen
 Left unremembered in the throes of death.
 The story of thy fate shall fill the earth; 1150
 But never thine the infamy shall be
 Of dying unavenged. Who'er it is
 Hath marred thy body with a wound, shall for't
 Atone, as he deserves, in his own blood."

Beneath the summit of a hill there stood 1155
 A heavy mound of earth, the sepulchre
 Of King Dercennus, an old Latin king,
 Enshadowed in oak foliage. Unto this,
 At once the fair nymph winged her rapid flight,
 And looked on Aruns from atop the tomb. 1160
 Soon as she saw him and his glittering arms,
 A very bag of wind, "Why go that way?"
 She cried: "Bear here thy step! A doomed man thou,
 Come hither, that thou may'st rewarded be
 As fits Camilla's murderer. And yet 1165
 Shall such as thou fall by Diana's steel?"
 And when she this had said, the Thracian nymph
 A swift shaft from her golden quiver drew,

And stretched it on her bow with deadly aim.
Far back she pulled the cord, till the curved tips 1170
Did meet, and, each hand to the utmost strained,
Touched with her left the arrow-head, her right
The bow-string and her breast. In the same breath
And instantly, did Aruns hear the twang
And whistling of the shaft, and pierced the steel 1175
His side. His comrades, careless of his fate,
There leave the dying man to groan his last, —
Unmarked the dust-heap where he lies afield.
Opis to high Olympus wings her flight.

Camilla's light-horse are the first to turn, 1180
Their leader slain. The routed Rutuli
Take flight. E'en brave Atinas flies. The chiefs
Are scattered: their abandoned squadrons run
To cover, wheel their steeds and gallop toward
The town: nor is there one lifts spear to check, 1185
Or turns to stem the Trojans as they charge
And hurl destruction. All unstrung, they fling
Their bows across their weary shoulders while,
To powder trod, the earth beats to the hoofs
Of their four-footed steeds. Dense clouds of dust 1190
Roll toward the town. Women are on the walls,
Who strike their breasts, and to the stars of heaven
Lift their shrill shrieks. E'en they, who are the first
To rush in at the open gates, escape
Not so the pang of death, for in their ranks 1195
Are mingled many of the foe: and there,
On their own thresholds, in their native walls,
And 'neath the shelter of their very homes
Cut down, they breathe their lives away. Some shut

The gates, and, though their comrades beg, dare not ¹²⁰⁰
Re-ope the way or let them in the town.

Begins a horrid butchery — alike

Of those who with their spears ward off, and those

Who fly but to encounter worse: so packed

The throng, some headlong in the ditches fall; ¹²⁰⁵

Some, blind with terror, charging at full speed,

Keep battering at the gates and at their barred

And heavy doors. True patriots still at heart, —

Camilla in their eyes, — the women e'en

Hurl missiles from the walls with their weak hands ¹²¹⁰

Amid the very hottest of the fight :

In wild disorder they, in place of steel,

Ply stakes, rough sticks of wood, fire-hardened poles,

Fearless and foremost for their homes to die.

Meantime is Turnus in the woods o'erwhelmed ¹²¹⁵

At the disastrous tidings: Acca tells

The chieftain of the mighty rout; — how crushed

Is now the Volscian line; — Camilla slain; —

The enemy with victory flushed, possessed

Of every point, massed for attack, and then, ¹²²⁰

That moment, striking terror to the town.

He, wild with rage — for so Jove's harsh decrees

Demand — deserts his cover in the hills,

And leaves behind the forest fastnesses.

Scarce had he gone from sight and reached the
plain, ¹²²⁵

When, entering at the now abandoned pass,

Æneas crossed the mountain, and emerged

From out the shadow of the woods. Thus both

Were rapidly advancing on the walls, —

So little way apart, it seemed but one 1230
Long line of march. Nor did Æneas see
The dust clouds vapping o'er the plain afar
And the Laurentian columns in his van,
Ere Turnus recognized his deadly foe
Æneas, as he heard the tramp of men 1235
And snort of steeds. At once they would have met,
And dared the fight, had not flushed Phœbus plunged
His weary steeds into the western deep,
And drawn again the curtains of the night
Above the dying day. Before the town 1240
They both encamp, and throw entrenchments up.

TWELFTH BOOK.

THOUGH Turnus sees the Latins losing heart,
 Himself a mark for every eye, while they,
 Spent by defeat, now fling his promises
 Back in his teeth, he but the fiercer burns,
 And puts new courage on. As in the woods 5
 Of Africa, though deep the hunter's steel
 Hath gashed the lion's breast, yet to the last
 He fronts the fight, and roars, and shakes the mane
 That tumbles down his tawny neck, and snaps,
 Undaunted by't, the invader's clinging spear, 10
 His mouth foaming with blood: so Turnus' rage
 At white heat glows, and thus he speaks the king —
 Thus he excitedly begins: "'Tis not
 That Turnus hesitates. I would not have
 These dastard Trojans take their challenge back, 15
 Or now withdraw the gage they once threw down.
 I go to meet them face to face. Arrange
 Thou, father, the solemnities, and let
 The compact be confirmed. Either will I
 That Trojan vagabond from Asia send 20
 With this right hand to hell, and with my sword —
 The Latins need but sit and see — alone
 Refute the charge they all unite to make,
 Or he shall have them for his slaves, and I
 Will yield Lavinia up to wed with him." 25
 Latinus calmly answers him: "O thou,

Brave-hearted youth, since thy fierce spirit dares
Too much, more need my counsel be discreet,
And that I cautiously each hazard weigh.
Thou countest thine thy father Daunus' realm 30
And many a captured town, nor shalt thou lack
Latinus' gold or friendship. On the soil
Of Latium and Laurentum, other brides
There are, whose blood would not dishonor thine.
In plain words, let me bare my mind, and speak 35
The things that yet are hard to say: do thou
Take them to heart. The oracles of gods
And men alike forbid my daughter e'er
Should native suitor wed. And yet, o'ercome
By love of thee, our kinship, and the tears 40
Of my unhappy wife, I broke all bonds,
Robbed of his promised bride my son-in-law,
And in unholy war engaged. Since then,
Thou knowest, Turnus, what disasters, what
Defeats do follow me, — nay, how much thou 45
Hast suffered more than all the rest. In two
Great battles beaten, in its capital
We scarce maintain the hopes of Italy:
The Tiber's current with our blood doth stream:
Broadcast, the fields are whitening with our bones. 50
Why beat I back and forth? What madness is't
My resolution turns? If Turnus dead,
I sure would make alliance with the foe,
Why, Turnus living, not the combat end?
What will my kin, the Rutuli, what will 55
The rest of Italy not say, if I —
May fortune ne'er make true the utterance! —

Betray thee to thy death, who cam'st to wed
 My child? Review the uncertainties of war ;
 Have pity on thy father, full of years 60
 And sorrow, separated far from thee

In Ardea thine own native land !” In vain :
 Words turn the wrath of Turnus not away ;
 He burns the more, and sicker grows by cure.
 Once master of his voice, he thus begins : 65

“ I beg thee, best of men, lay off the care
 Thou bearest for my sake, and let me die
 So I but win me praise. Good sire, I too
 Have handled steel, nor is my spear a boy's ;
 Blood follows even from the wounds I make : 70
 Nor will his goddess mother now be near
 To hide his flight beneath a petticoat
 Of cloud, and in blind shadows wrap him up. ”

In terror at this new ordeal of arms,
 The queen meantime did naught but weep, and cling 75
 To her bold son-in-law, herself resolved
 To die. “ I pray thee, Turnus, by these tears,
 If aught Amata's honor stirs thy heart,
 Thou now sole hope and solace of my sad
 Old age,—thou now upon whose shoulders rest 80
 Latinus' empire and good name and all
 His tottering house, forbear the fight with Troy !
 For in that combat whatsoever fate
 Await thee, Turnus, doth await me too.
 With thee will I give o'er the life I else 85
 Should loathe ; nor will I e'er, a captive, look
 Upon Æneas as my son-in-law.”

Echoes Lavinia back her mother's words,

Her crimsoning face adrip with tears, and deep
The blush that burns beneath her blazing cheeks, 90
Suffusing them. With blood-red purple so
Might one tinge ivory ; so amid a mass
Of roses might white lilies flush — so bright
The color of the maiden's cheek. Love thrills
The warrior, and his eyes cannot let go 95
The girl. He burns the hotter for the fight,
And to Amata briefly answers thus :
“I beg thee, mother, not with tears and these
Ill-omened partings follow me, as forth
Into the battle's stern appeal I fare : 100
The stay of death is not at Turnus' will.
Idmon, be herald thou, and bear these words
Of mine unto the Phrygian tyrant, though
They please him not: — To-morrow, soon as Dawn,
Borne in her crimson car, shall flush the east, 105
Let him not lead against the Rutuli
The Trojan charge, but leave them both at rest,
While in his blood or mine we end the war ;
Lavinia's hand be his, who conquers there !”
Soon as he speaks he hastily goes forth, 110
Calls for his steeds, and gazes in delight
To see them champ their bits before his face.
Them Orithyia to Pilumnus gave
As mark of her esteem, — whiter than snow
And swifter than the wind : about them stand 115
The busy grooms, who pat with open palm
Their swelling chests, and comb their flowing manes.
He o'er his shoulders flings his coat of mail,
Heavy with rings of gold and shining brass ;

Buckles at easy reach his sword, and puts 120
 His buckler and his red-plumed helmet on.
 It was a sword the God of Fire himself
 Had for his father Daunus made, and dipped
 At white heat in the Stygian pool. He lifts
 With lusty grasp his mighty spear that leans 125
 'Gainst a huge pillar in the inner court —
 The spear was Actor the Auruncan's once,
 A battle-spoil. He shakes the quivering shaft,
 And cries: "Now, thou good spear, that never failed
 My summons yet, the hour hath come! The hand 130
 Of Turnus now wields thee, whom once the hand
 Of mighty Actor wielded. Help thou lay
 The body of this Phrygian weakling low!
 With stout grip tear his shattered coat of mail,
 And drag in dust the locks, that now with myrrh 135
 Are scented, and around hot irons curled."
 Such is the fury of his mood, that sparks
 Of fire stream off his blazing face; with flame
 His fierce eyes flash. So, ere encounter, roars
 An angry bull: to feed his rage he rubs 140
 His horns against a tree; he butts the wind,
 And ploughs the sand in prelude to the fight.
 In the brave armor that his mother gave,
 Æneas for the combat glows no less:
 He lashes him to fury, glad to end 145
 The war upon the proffered terms. His friends'
 And sad Iulus' fears he sets at rest,
 Revealing them the fates, and bids his men
 Bear king Latinus definite reply,
 And fix with him upon the terms of peace. 150

Scarce was the morrow's dawn illumining
 The mountain peaks, — scarce from the ocean's depths
 The horses of the Sun leapt up and breathed
 Fire from their panting nostrils, when went forth
 Trojans and Rutuli alike to set 155
 Lists for the fight, and, in the centre, hearths
 And grassy altars for their common gods ;
 While some, with aprons bound, and garlanded
 With chaplets, fire and water brought. Advance
 From out the crowded gates the Italian host 160
 And pour its dart-armed columns o'er the plain.
 Upon the other side, the whole array, —
 Trojan and Tyrrhene armies, — quick move up
 Beneath their various standards : — all equipped
 No less than if stern battle called to arms. 165
 Amid the ranks, the chiefs ride to and fro,
 In gold and purple glittering, — Mnestheus there,
 Descendant of Assaracus ; there brave
 Asylas ; there Messapus, tamer he
 Of steeds, and son of Neptune. At a sign, 170
 Each to his own position moves, and there
 They in the earth set up their spears, and lay
 Their shields upon the grass. Eager to see,
 The women next, the idle crowd, the weak
 Old men beset each roof and tower, while some 175
 Stand on the very summits of the gates.

Meantime from what is now Mount Alban called —
 'Twas then a hill with neither honor, name,
 Nor glory — Juno, looking from the height,
 Surveyed the field, the battle lines alike 180
 Of Latin and of Trojan, and the town

Of king Latinus. Quickly thus she spake —
Goddess to naiad — to Turnus' sister, who
Is genius of the lake and rippling stream, —
An honor Jove, high king of heaven, conferred 185
Upon her for her lost virginity :
“O nymph, thou river beauty, thou so dear
Unto my soul, thou know'st that thee alone
I did prefer of all the Latin girls
Uplifted to great Jove's ungrateful bed, 190
And gladly gave thee room in heaven. Learn thou,
Juturna, of the grief — nor blame me for't —
That waits thee. Long as fortune suffered me,
Or fate did let the Latin state go on,
I guarded Turnus and thy house. The time 195
Now comes when I look on the youth and lo !
He struggles with o'ermastering odds : the day
Of doom, the inexorable blow is nigh.
I cannot gaze upon the fight, nor stand
This compact. If thou for thy brother's sake 200
Dar'st strike at once, go thou as go thou should'st,
And so some better issue may attend
Perchance our grief.” Scarce this she spake, when burst
A flood of tears from forth Juturna's eyes,
And thrice and four times she her fair breast smote. 205
“Not this,” Saturnian Juno cried, “the time
For tears ! Haste thou, and, if there be a way,
Thy brother snatch from death ! Stir up bad blood,
Break off the compact they have made, and me
Count backer of the mischief.” Thus she urged, 210
Then left Juturna hesitating still,
Her heart distraught with bitter agony.

Meantime the royal companies move out.
 Latinus in his four-horse chariot rides
 In great magnificence. Twelve golden spikes ²¹⁵
 His glittering temples crown and typify
 His ancestor the sun. But Turnus' car
 Is drawn by two white steeds, and in his hand
 He brandishes two broad-point spears. So, too,
 Father Æneas, fount of Roman stock, ²²⁰
 Bright in his starry shield and heaven-forged arms,
 Advances from his camp, and at his side
 Ascanius comes, who, next to him, is now
 The hope of Rome. Robed in pure white, a priest
 Has brought a bristly pig and unshorn sheep, ²²⁵
 And laid the victims on the blazing shrines.
 Turning their faces to the rising sun,
 They sprinkle from their hands the salted meal,
 Cut with their knives the forelocks of the beasts,
 And their libations on the altar pour. ²³⁰

Then reverent Æneas drew his sword
 And thus he prayed: "Now witness thou my vow,
 O Sun; and thou, the soil on which I stand
 And for whose sake I have endured so much;
 Thou too, Almighty Father; thou, I beg, ²³⁵
 Saturnian Juno, kinder goddess now;
 Thou, valiant father Mars, who at thy will
 Determinest all wars; nay, I invoke
 All founts and streams, whatever deities
 In upper air, or powers in azure deep ²⁴⁰
 There be:—if victory shall hap to fall
 To Turnus of Ausonia, be it then
 Agreed, that vanquished we depart and go

Unto Evander's walls, — Iulus yield
 The land, — and henceforth not a Trojan lift 245
 Rebellious arms or raise his sword against
 This realm. But if the victory shall declare
 The field our own — as so I think it will,
 As so the will is of the gods — I ne'er
 Will make the Italians slaves to Troy, nor seek 250
 For empire for myself! No, then let both
 The unconquered races in eternal league
 On equal terms unite. Mine shall it be
 To regulate the worship of the gods:
 But let Latinus, father mine in-law, 255
 Retain the sword and empire of the state:
 For me a city shall the Trojans build,
 To which Lavinia shall her own name give."

Thus spake Æneas first. Latinus then
 In this wise followed him, his eyes to heaven 260
 Uplifted, and his right hand toward the stars:
 "So swear I too, so help me Earth and Sea
 And Stars, Æneas! By Latona's twins
 I swear it, and by Janus' double face;
 I swear it, by the infernal powers below, 265
 And by grim Pluto's shrines. Let Jupiter
 Give ear, who with the thunder sanctifies
 The given word. I on the altar lay
 My hand: these common fires and deities
 I call to witness: — Henceforth Italy 270
 Shall never break our peace, come what come may.
 No power shall change my will, not though the earth
 It deluge and o'erwhelm beneath the flood,
 Or mingle heaven and hell. As soon shall put

This sceptre forth" — for he a sceptre chanced 275
 In his right hand to hold — "its tender leaves
 And shade, though of the parent tree bereft,
 Cut in the woods e'en from the very root,
 And of its limbs and foliage stripped — no more
 A living shoot, for now the artist's hand 285
 Hath feruled it with ornaments of brass,
 And given it to Latium's king to wear."

Such were the words with which they ratify
 Their compact in the presence of the chiefs.
 Then, in due form, the sacred victims' throats 285
 They cut, rip the still quivering flesh, and load
 The altars with o'erflowing platters-full.

Long ere this, seems it to the Rutuli
 No equal fight ; and mingled feelings thrill
 Their breasts, the more that at near hand they see 290
 The combatants' disparity of strength.
 It heightens their alarm that Turnus walks
 With silent step, and bows with downcast eyes
 Before the altars like a suppliant there,
 His cheeks all wan, his manly face so pale, 295
 Soon as Juturna, Turnus' sister, sees
 This feeling gaining ground, and wavering now
 The faint heart of the crowd, amid the throng
 She mingles, conscious of the turn of things :
 The form of Camers she assumes,— a man 300
 Of proud and ancient stock, his father's name
 Illustrious once in valor's list, and he
 A valiant soldier. There a thousand tales
 She spreads, and thus she speaks : "O Rutuli,
 Is't not a shame to sacrifice one life 305

For all the rest? In numbers and in strength
 Do we not equal them? Lo! here all Troy
 And all Arcadia in our front arrayed,
 Etruria's fated host and Turnus' foes,
 Scarce half enough to fight us man to man! 310
 What though he go in glory to the gods,
 Unto whose altars he is consecrate,
 And live immortal in the mouths of men
 If, robbed of native land, which now in peace
 We hold, we then must serve these haughty lords!" 315

Already more and more by such harangues
 The soldiers' hearts are fired; from rank to rank
 The murmur creeps and, one and all at last,
 Both Latins and Laurentians change their minds.
 They, who but late hoped for surcease of war 320
 And for the state's security, now call
 To arms, and shout to have the compact broke,
 And say they pity Turnus' cruel fate.
 Another and a greater influence still
 Juturna adds — an omen from on high: 325
 No apter e'er alarmed Italian hearts
 Or tricked them with its wondrousness. For thwart
 The reddened sky the fiery bird of Jove
 Flies down, chasing a squalling, fluttering flock
 Of water-fowl, till, with a sudden swoop 330
 To ocean, savagely the fairest swan
 He clutches in his claws. The Italians gaze
 Intent, when lo! the birds with shrill cries turn,—
 Strange sight! — and darken with their wings the sky;
 They gather like a cloud and through the air 335
 Pursue their foe, till, overcome at last

By their attack and his own weight, he tires,
 Drops from his clutches in the stream his prey,
 And flies far out of sight among the clouds.

At this, the Rutuli with shouts salute 340
 The omen, and their hands lay on their steel.

Augur Tolumnius is the first to speak :

“This, this it was that in my vows I sought.

And now I see, I recognize the gods.

With me to lead you on, unsheathe your swords, 345

Rutulians, whom this robber from abroad

Attacks and terrifies like feeble birds, —

The ruthless plunderer of your shores! He too

Shall fly and spread his sails far out to sea.

Close up your ranks, one purpose in your souls, 350

And rescue from the fight your victim king!”

And at the word, advancing from the front,

He hurled his javelin at the enemy's lines.

The whizzing shaft did shriek as straight it cut

Its pathway through the air. As forth it sped, 355

A mighty yell went up: from line to line

The riot ran; each heart beat hot and hard.

On flew the spear. Chanced in its way, the forms

Of nine fair brothers stood, whom one good wife —

The Tuscan mother of so many sons — 360

Had borne Gylippus the Arcadian chief.

The ribs of one of these it pierced — a youth

Of noble mien in glittering armor clad —

Just midway where the embroidered belt rests down

Upon the belly and the buckle clasps 365

Its ends, and stretched him on the yellow sands.

The brothers start, a fiery phalanx mad

With grief; part draw their swords, part snatch their
spears,

And blindly charge. Laurentum's hosts advance
To beat them back, while to their aid a rush 370
Of Agyllini and of Trojans swarm,
And of Arcadians with their painted shields.

Thus doth one common craze fire all to put
The issue to the sword. They strip the shrines:
O'er the whole heaven there sweeps a murky storm 375
Of missiles, and the iron hail falls thick
And fast. They bear away the bowls and hearths.

Latinus flies, himself regathering up
His gods insulted at this breach of faith.
The rest their chariots yoke, or at a bound 380
Leap on their steeds, draw sword, and form in line.

Eager to break the truce, Messapus spurs
His charger in Aulestes' face to fright
Him back — a Tuscan king he was, who wore
The signs of royalty. As he retreats, 385
Unluckily he stumbles mid the shrines
Behind his back, and falls upon his head

And shoulders: up Messapus hotly flies
With spear in hand, and deaf to every prayer,
High on his steed his heavy steel thrusts hard: 390
"So much for him. A better victim this"

He cries, "to feed the shrines of mighty gods."
The Italians rush and strip the yet warm corse.

From off the altar Chorinæus grasps
A burning brand, and, fronting Ebusus, 395
Dashes the flames into his face as he
Comes up to strike a blow. His monstrous beard

Stinks as it burns, and blazes all abroad.
 The other follows, twines his left hand midst
 His frightened foeman's hair, and to the earth 400
 Dashes him down. There held beneath his knee,
 He with his dagger stabs him in the side.
 With drawn sword Podilarius overtakes
 The shepherd Alsus, close upon his heels
 As through the battle van and storm he flies : 405
 But he, his axe drawn back, splits half and half
 From brow to chin his foe's o'er-leaning face,
 And floods his armor right and left with spurts
 Of blood. In endless rest, in iron sleep,
 His eyes are shut, locked in eternal night. 410

Pious Æneas stretched his unarmed hand,
 And, helmet off, thus shouted to his men :
 "What means this rush? What is this strife that
 springs

So sudden up? Your passions curb! For now
 The compact hath been sealed, and all its terms 415
 Agreed. To me alone the fight belongs.
 Leave it to me and have no fear! My hand
 Shall make my challenge good. Turnus is mine
 By all these sacred rites." As thus he spake,
 Ere half was spoken, lo! a whizzing bolt 420
 Struck down the hero, though none ever knew
 Whose hand 'twas shot, whose bow-string drove it
 home,

Or whether god or chance did bring so great
 An honor to the Rutuli. Unclaimed
 The glory of that famous blow,—no man 425
 Dared boast 'twas he that did Æneas wound.

Turnus no sooner sees Æneas fall,
 And the confusion of his staff, than hot
 With sudden hope, he kindles for the fight.
 He shouts to have at once his steeds and arms, 430
 Springs fiercely at a bound into his car,
 And grasps in his own hands the reins. In death
 He stretches many a soldier's body brave,
 As on he speeds ; o'er heaps of dying rides ;
 Crushes beneath his wheels rank after rank ; 435
 Or, as they fly, hurls after them the spears
 He spoils them of. So by cool Hebrus' stream
 Doth bloody Mars, to stir the fight, fierce beat
 His shield, and give his furious coursers rein :
 They on the open field outstrip the winds — 440
 South Wind or West : pulses remotest Thrace
 Beneath the beating of their hoofs ; round him,
 Companions of the god, Fear's scowling face
 And Rage and Treachery press on. So through
 The battle Turnus drives his steeds, that reek 445
 With sweat, trampling the wretched, slaughtered foe :
 His swift wheels fling a spray of blood ; blood soaks
 His courser's hoof-prints in the sand. And now
 He lays low Sthenelus and Thamyris
 And Pholus, hand to hand the latter twain, 450
 The other at long range : at long range too
 Glaucus and Lades, sons whom Imbrasmus
 Had raised in Lycia and had armed alike
 To fight on foot or to outride the wind.
 Eumedes from another quarter rides 455
 Into the centre of the fight — a son
 Of rare old Dolon and renowned in war.

His grandsire's name he bore,—in heart and hand
More like his father who, sent as a spy
Into the Grecian camp, made bold to ask 460
Achilles' chariot for his recompense :
But Diomed paid him in other coin
For his effrontery : no more he claims
Achilles' steeds. His son it is, whom now
Turnus sees fronting him upon the field. 465
First hurling from afar his slender spear,
He checks his steeds, leaps from his chariot down,
And comes upon his dying, falling foe
Whose neck he tramples under foot, twists out .
The dagger from his hand, and in his throat 470
Deep stains its shining blade : o'er him he shouts :
“Lo, Trojan! these the fields, this the Italy,
Which thou hast sought in war and which at last
Thou measurest with thy length ! this the reward
They win, who dare cross swords with me ! 'Tis thus 475
Ye lay foundations for your walls !” Again
He hurls his spear and sends Asbutus next
To bear Eumedes company ; to them
Adds Chloereus, Sybaris, Thersilochus,
And Dares, and Thymœtes as he falls 480
From off his plunging courser's neck. The blasts
Of Thracian Boreas do not fiercer roar
O'er the Ægean sea, dashing the waves
Against the cliffs, driving the clouds athwart
The sky where'er it lists the winds to blow. 485
So Turnus cuts his way, and where he comes
Whole lines break ranks and routed squadrons fly :
The fury of his onset clears the field.

The breezes, as he cleaves them with his car,
 Toss back his fluttering plumes. Too bold his charge, ⁴⁹⁰
 Too fierce his soul for Phegeus to engage,
 Who flings himself before the chariot wheels,
 And with his right hand on the foaming bits
 Turns back the heads of those swift-charging steeds.
 For while he tugs, and hangs upon the yoke, ⁴⁹⁵
 The broad blade strikes his unprotected side,
 And tears and bores his double coat of mail,
 And gashes through the skin. He, with his shield
 Upraised, still turns upon his foe and seeks,
 His sword drawn back, to strike and save himself. ⁵⁰⁰
 Too late! the wheel and swift-revolving hub
 Throw him headforemost sprawling on the ground,
 While Turnus, passing with his sword, cuts off
 The head betwixt the breastplate and the helm,
 And leaves the severed trunk upon the sand. ⁵⁰⁵

While the victorious Turnus litters thus
 The battle-field with death, in the mean time
 Mnestheus, faithful Achates, and the boy
 Ascanius in their company, have led
 Æneas to his tent, bedrenched with blood, ⁵¹⁰
 Leaning his weight at each alternate step
 On his long spear. He frets, and tries to draw
 The broken arrow-head from out the wound.
 He bids them take the nearest way for help ;
 Bids with a broadsword lay the gash apart, ⁵¹⁵
 Probe to the very hiding of the barb,
 And send him to the battle back again.

It happed Iapis, son of Iasius,
 Whom Phœbus loved more than all other men,

Was on the spot. To him Apollo once, 520
Seized with excessive fondness, laughing gave
The arts and gifts that are his own — the power
Of prophecy, music, and the archer's skill.
But he, so he his dying father's life
Might eke, chose rather to be taught the use 525
Of herbs, the art of cure, and to be trained
In homely and inglorious knowledges.
There stood Æneas, chafing angrily
And leaning on his mighty battle-spear,
Nor all the chiefs that round him densely thronged, 530
Nor sorrowing Iulus' sobs, had power
To move him from the spot. In vain, his robe
Thrown back and knotted in Pæonian style,
The old leech, skilful though his fingers were,
And powerful Apollo's remedies, 535
Kept probing nervously ; in vain he pulled
The arrow with his hand, and nipped the barb
With his stout forceps. Fortune showed no way,
Nor ever came Apollo there to help ;
But fiercer, fiercer from the field the din 540
Of battle grows, and nears and nears defeat.
E'en as they gaze, the air is stiff with dust,
The cavalry come riding back ; thick fall
The arrows in the centre of the camp,
And sadly mingle in the air the cries 545
Of those who fight, the groans of those who fall.
'Twas then his mother, Venus, shocked to see
Her son in agony so undeserved,
From Cretan Ida plucked the dittany,
Its stalk ablaze with feathery leaves and flowers 550

Of purple hue, on which the wild goats wont
 To feed when the swift arrows pierce their skin.
 This Venus brings, enveloped in a cloud :
 An unseen nurse, she in the shining vat
 Instils its juice ; ambrosial, balmy dews 555
 And the sweet all-heal herb she sprinkles. Old
 Iapis bathes the cut, though he wots not
 The lotion, until suddenly all pain
 Hath from the body fled, and not a drop
 E'en from the bottom of the wound flows more. 560
 The arrow, following now the leech's hand,
 Falls out of its own will ; and strength comes back
 Again, restored to all it was before.

“Quick fetch the hero's arms ! Why stand ye still ?”
 Iapis cries, — the first to fire their souls 565
 To face again the foe. “Not this the work
 Of human power, or master's skill ! Not mine
 The hand, Æneas, that hath saved thy life !
 Some god, more powerful far, hath done this thing,
 And lent thee to a nobler destiny.” 570

He, eager for the fray, his golden greaves
 Already had laced up on either side.
 He cannot brook delay, but waves his spear,
 And when his shield is buckled on his side,
 His mail across his breast, with arms outstretched 575
 He folds Ascanius close, and, kissing him
 Betwixt his helmet-bars, bespeaks him thus :
 “From me learn courage and true patience, boy ;—
 Success from others ! Now shall my right hand
 Defend thee from the fight, and lead thee on 580
 To great rewards. Henceforth remember me

When, quickly now, thou shalt to manhood come ;
 Lay to thy heart the examples of thy sires ;
 And let Æneas e'er and Hector e'er,
 Thy father and thy uncle, fire thy soul !” 585

No sooner spake than haughtily he strode
 From out the gate, and brandished in his hand
 His mighty spear. At the same time, their ranks
 Fast closing up, Antheus and Mnestheus charge.

The whole host deluge from the abandoned camp : 590

The battle-field is hid in clouds of dust ;
 The trembling earth throbs 'neath the tramp of steeds.

From off the ground that rises in their front
 Turnus beholds them come : the Italians gaze,
 And a cold shudder thrills their very bones. 595

In terror from the field Juturna flies —
 First of the Latins she to hear and know

That sound of doom. Æneas rides on wings,
 And pricks his swarthy squadrons to the field.
 So when the sky is rent, the hurricane 600

Across mid-ocean sweeps upon the shore :
 Long ere it strikes, the wretched peasants' souls

Alas ! foreknow and shudder at the waste
 And blight 'twill bring on orchard and on crops,—
 The ruin it will scatter far and wide : 605

The winds fly on before and sound the alarm
 Along the coast. So leads the Trojan chief

His columns 'gainst the foe. In wedges formed,
 Shoulder to shoulder they their ranks close up.

Thymbræus hews the great Osiris down ; 610
 Archetius by the hand of Mnestheus falls ;

Ufens by Gyas' hand, and Epulo

By Achates.' Falls Tolumnius himself,
 Who was the first against the foe to hurl
 His spear. Up goes the battle shout, and now, 615
 Routed in turn, the Rutuli give way
 And show their dusty backs across the field.
 Æneas neither deigns to slaughter those
 Who fly, nor charge at those who in fair fight
 Engage afoot, or those who missiles hurl 620
 From far. Turnus alone, he peers to find
 Through that dense cloud of dust. Turnus alone
 He challenges to meet him in the lists.

Heroic, yet in terror at the scene,
 Juturna hurls, head-over 'twixt the reins, 625
 Metiscus, charioteer of Turnus' car,
 Who from the draught-tree slips, left far behind.
 She takes his place and gathers in her hands
 The quivering reins, assuming perfectly
 Metiscus' armor, voice, and shape. As through 630
 The spacious palace of some princely lord
 The dusky swallow skims, and round and round
 Its lofty arches circles, gathering crumbs
 To feed its clamorous young, now twittering 'neath
 The vacant porticos, and now along 635
 The dewy fields, so drives Juturna mid
 The squadrons of the foe, and bird-like wheels
 Her swift car everywhere,— now here, now there.
 She her exulting brother lets them see,
 But ne'er to the encounter lets him go, 640
 Forever flitting out of danger's way.

Yet none the less, Æneas, in pursuit,
 Traces the network of her roundabouts,

And tracks his enemy, whom, from the hosts
That scatter as he comes, he challenges 645
With all his lungs. Yet never sets he eyes
On his antagonist, or strains the speed
Of his winged coursers, but Juturna wheels
Her chariot e'er as off the other way.
Alas! what can he do? Blinded with rage 650
He knows not where to turn, so many needs
Distract his soul. 'Twas then Messapus happed,
As he sped swiftly by, in his left hand
To bear two slender spears with iron heads;
And one of them with sure-directed aim 655
He threw. Æneas shrank behind his shield,
And rested stooping on his knee. And yet
The hungry javelin grazed his helmet top,
And cut the plumes above his head. Then burst
His rage indeed. Wroth at the treachery, 660
And conscious now that steed and car do but
Elude him, he with many an oath by Jove,
And by the altars of that broken truce,
Charges at last the centre of the foe.
Resistless, terrible in victory now, 665
He recks not where the awful slaughter falls,
But gives unbridled license to his wrath.

Who now the god, whose song shall tell the tale —
The horrors of the scene, the mingling dead,
The fall of chiefs whom, over all that field, 670
Now Turnus, now in turn Troy's hero strikes?
Did'st will, O Jove, that nations, yet to share
Eternal peace, in such a shock should meet?

No moment lost — 'twas this that rallied first

The Trojans to the fight — Æneas lunged 675
 At Sucro the Rutulian's side, and drove
 His naked sword through ribs and midriff where
 The road to death is shortest. Though on foot,
 Turnus attacks and from the saddle hurls
 Diores and his brother Amycus ; 680
 One, as they come, with his long spear he nails,
 The other with his sword,— then from his car
 Hangs both their heads that trickle with their blood.
 Æneas single-handed — one to three —
 Kills Talus, Tanais, and Cethegus bold, 685
 And glum Onytes with a Theban name
 But who of Peridia was the son.
 Turnus the brothers, sent from Lycia, kills,—
 Apollo's land,— and the Arcadian youth
 Menœtes, who in vain had shirked the fight ; 690
 His occupation and his modest home
 Had been by Lerna's fishy stream ; unknown
 To him the mansions of the great, his sire
 Scarce tenant of the acres he did till.
 Like fires in opposite directions set 695
 Mid the parched woods and crackling laurel groves,
 Or swift descending streams among the hills
 That roar and foam and run into the sea,
 So madly Turnus and Æneas charge
 Amid the battle-lines, each laying waste 700
 His way, while more and more their fury burns ;
 Their bursting hearts have never learned to cower.
 With all their might they cut the swath of death.
 With a huge rock, flung like a hurricane,
 Æneas strikes and stretches on the ground 705

Murranus, who did boast his lineage,
His old ancestral names, his blood that came
Unmixed down through the veins of Latin kings.
His car-wheels roll him under reins and pole ;
And, heedless of their master's fate, his steeds ⁷¹⁰
Crush him beneath their fierce swift-trampling hoofs.
As Hyllus rushes up, his soul ablaze,
Him Turnus meets, and at his gilded casque
Hurls spear: through helm it goes, and in his brain
Is lodged. Nor, Creteus, bravest of the Greeks, ⁷¹⁵
Did thy right hand ward Turnus off from thee !
Nor did Cupencus' guardian deities
Him from the onslaught of Æneas save :
Poor wretch, he met the sword full front, nor did
His brazen shield one heart-beat profit him. ⁷²⁰
Thee also, Æolus, Laurentum's plains
Saw die, stretched out, face up, upon the sand.
Thou fell'st, whom ne'er the phalanxes of Greece,
Whom ne'er Achilles, though he overturned
The realm of Priam, had power to kill. 'Twas here ⁷²⁵
The goal of life was set for thee: beneath
Mount Ida's shadow was thy noble birth ;
Thy lofty mansion in Lyrnessus stood :
Thy sepulchre is in Laurentum's soil.
Thus face to face — the Latins to a man, ⁷³⁰
The Trojans to a man — both hosts did fight,
Mnestheus and grim Serestus there ; and there
Messapus, tamer of the horse ; there brave
Asylas ; there the Tuscan phalanx ; there
Evander's light Arcadian cavalry. ⁷³⁵
Each for himself, with all the might and power

He hath, doth each man strike. No pause, no rest.
In one vast slaughter-pen they give and take.

Then the fair mother of Æneas gave
To him a hint to march upon the town, 740
Divert his columns towards its walls, and rout
The Latins by an unexpected blow.
For while he bends his gaze from point to point
In search of Turnus mid the battling lines,
He sees the city lie there undisturbed 745
And from the perils of the war exempt.
Quick the thought flashes of a bolder stroke.
He summons him his chiefs — Serestus grim,
And Mnestheus, and Sergestus — mounts a knoll,
And, as the other Trojan troops come up 750
And rest still under shield and spear enmassed,
Thus, standing on the earthworks, speaks to them :
“ Wait not upon my bidding : Jupiter
Is on our side : let no man hesitate
Because the enterprise comes suddenly ! 755
To-day this city that hath fanned the war
Will I lay waste, nay, all Latinus’ realm,
And level with the dust its smoking roofs
If it refuse my kingship to accept
And, fairly beaten, yield ! Am I to wait 760
Forsooth till Turnus please encounter me,—
Till, vanquished once, he deign to fight once more ?
Here, soldiers, stands the head and front
Of this infernal war ! Quick, bring the torch !
And claim fulfilment of our pact in fire ! ” 765
Ere he had finished, every heart did blaze.
They form the wedge. Compactly massed, they storm

The walls. Swift rise the ladders, and the flames
Burst sudden up. Some to the gates disperse,
And kill the sentinels. Some missiles hurl, 770
And cloud the face of heaven with javelins.

Æneas, in the very van, uplifts
His right hand towards the walls, and in a voice
Of thunder bids Latinus to account.

He bids the gods bear witness he is forced 775
A second time to fight; a second time
The Italians are his foes; a second time
Have they their compact broken. Panic-struck,
The populace but wrangle what to do.

Some clamor to disarm the town and throw 780
The gates wide open to the Trojan lines;
Even they drag Latinus to the walls.

Others belt on their armor and go forth
The ramparts to defend. So to some cleft
Of rock the shepherd tracks a swarm of bees: 785

With bitter smoke he fills it: they, pent up,
In terror for their stores, disperse amid
Their waxen cells, and louder buzz the more
Their fury grows: the pungent flames roll through
Their hives: their hum sounds smothered in the
rocks: 790

The smoke pours out and melts amid the air.

Already spent, the Latins suffer yet
A fresh mishap, that with its horror thrills
The city through and through. Soon as the queen
Sees from the roof the enemy advance, 795
The walls besieged, the house-tops catching fire,
And no Rutulian line of battle formed,

Nor Turnus' troops in sight, in her despair
 She doubts not that the youth is lying dead
 Upon the field. Crazed by the sudden shock, 800
 She cries that she hath been the guilty cause
 And fount of all their woes. Her reason gone,
 She raves or moans incessantly : she rends,
 Now bent on death, her purple veil, and ties
 The hideous death-knot from a lofty beam. 805
 Soonever as the awful deed is once
 Among the wretched Latin women known,
 Lavinia shrieks, and tears her flaxen hair
 And rosy cheeks — Lavinia first, and then,
 Around her clustering, all the rest. Their cries 810
 Ring high and low throughout the house, whence swift
 The harrowing tidings spread about the town.
 All heart is lost. Latinus, overwhelmed
 At his wife's fate, and at the city's fall,
 His mantle torn, his streaming beard defiled 815
 And foul with dust, doth naught but blame himself
 Because he hath not sooner recognized
 Dardanian Æneas' claims and giv'n
 Him cordial welcome as a son-in-law.

On the remotest confines of the field, 820
 Still fighting all the while, Turnus pursues
 A straggling few, but with less ardor now,
 And in the victory of his coursers less
 And less delighted ; for the breezes bring
 A cry in which a sense of terror blends, 825
 And on his listening ear confusèd sounds
 And wailings from the city fall. " Alas !
 What horror hath brought fear upon the town ?

What wail is this that floats from every roof? ”
 As thus he cries, uncertain what to do, 830
 The reins he tightens and stops short. But still
 His sister — ruling spirit she of car
 And steed and rein, — impersonating still
 The charioteer Metiscus, thwarts him thus :
 “ Turnus, let us the Trojans chase where'er 835
 The door of victory opens easiest ;
 Others there are the city to defend.
 Æneas e'er the Italians harasses
 And storms : let us the horrors of the war
 Upon the Trojans hurl ; nor shalt thou leave 840
 The field inferior in numbers slain
 Or in the honors of the fight.” To her
 Turnus replies : “ O sister, from the first
 I knew who 'twas, when thou did'st artfully
 The compact break and enter in this fight ! 845
 Vain, nymph, thy purpose to deceive me now !
 But who hath bid thee, from Olympus sent,
 Such labor undertake ? Would'st thou look on
 And see thy wretched brother's cruel death ?
 What more can I ? What turn of fortune now 850
 Can rescue me ? Before my very eyes
 Beseeching me, I saw Murranus die —
 None left, I love so well ! — a mighty man
 Felled by a mighty wound. Poor Ufens fell,
 Spared my disgrace ; his body and his arms 855
 Are in the Trojans' hands. Can I endure —
 For nothing else is left us — that our homes
 Be rooted from the soil ? Shall not this hand
 Nail Drances' insults lies ? I turn my back !

This land see Turnus fly! Is dying then 860
 So hard? Ye shades of death, to me be kind,
 For Heaven hath turned its face away! To you —
 My soul unstained and guiltless of this charge, —
 Will I descend, worthy of my great sires!”

Scarce thus he spake, when lo! on foaming steed
 Flies Sages through the centre of the foe.
 Though wounded by an arrow in the face,
 Still forth he rides and calls on Turnus' name,
 Imploring him: “Turnus, on thee alone
 Rests our last hope of safety. Pity thou 870
 Thy countrymen! Æneas at the gates
 Thunders in arms, and threatens he will raze
 The citadels of Italy and lay
 Them low in ruin. Torches to the roofs
 Already wing their flight. To thee their eyes, 875
 To thee their faces do the Latins turn.
 The king himself, Latinus, is in doubt
 Whom he shall call his son-in-law, or what
 Alliance choose. Nay more, the queen — to thee
 The loyalest of friends — by her own hand 880
 Hath died, and fled in terror from the light.
 Messapus and the brave Atinas bear,
 Alone before the gates, the battle-brunt.
 Around them surge, on this side and on that,
 The dense battalions of the foe, and glooms 885
 A bristling crop of naked steel, while thou
 Thy chariot wheel'st o'er this abandoned field.”

Dumb-stricken, stunned at such a mass of woes,
 In silent wonderment did Turnus stand.
 A sense of shame seethes deep within his heart, 890

Of frenzy mixed with sorrow, love inflamed
To fury, courage certain of itself !

Soon as the shadows parted, and the light
Broke in upon his mind again, alarmed
He turned his glaring eyeballs towards the town, ⁸⁹⁵
And from his car upon its mighty walls
Looked back. Lo ! there a whirl of flame, that rolled
From height to height, and waved against the sky,
Had seized a tower which he of good stout beams
Had built 'neath his own eye, and set on wheels, ⁹⁰⁰
And with high-arching bridges fitted. "Now,
Now, sister, fate must have its way ! Forbear
To hold me back ! Where'er the gods, where'er
Stern fortune calls, there let me go. Resolved
Am I to meet Æneas in the lists — ⁹⁰⁵
Resolved to bear death's keenest pang : nor shalt
Thou, sister, see me longer in disgrace !
Let me, I pray thee, go while yet I may."
Thus spake, and from his chariot quick leapt out
Upon the ground. Through foe, through steel he flies,
His sorrowing sister leaves behind, and swift
Breaks through the centre of the battle-line.
So, toppled by the gale, comes dashing down
From off a precipice some monster rock
The heavy rain hath washed or the long lapse ⁹¹⁵
Of years hath loosed : Resistless and abrupt,
The mighty mass leaps with gigantic bounds
Till on the level ground it rolls, and drags
Along its path trees, shepherds, and their flocks.
So through the parting ranks doth Turnus rush ⁹²⁰
The ramparts of the city toward, where'er

The earth is deepest drenched with streams of blood,
And sibilant the air with javelins.

He lifts his hand, and in stentorian tones
Shouts instantly: "Hold now, ye Rutuli! 925
Ye Latins, stay your steel! Whatever hap,
The field is mine. Better for you that I
Alone wash out the shame, and by the sword
Our fate determine." All at this fall back,
And in the centre of the field make room. 930

Quick as the name of Turnus strikes his ear,
Æneas turns his back on wall and town,
Brooks no delay, abandons all his plans,
And, bounding with delight, makes terrible
The thunder of his arms. So Athos towers, 935
So Eryx lifts, or our own Apennine,
Its snowy head in triumph to the sky,
And roars through its resplendent crest of oaks.

Italians, Rutuli and Trojans then —
Alike who held the summit of the walls, 940
Or battered at their foot — concentred all
Their eager gaze and threw their weapons down.
Stunned dumb with awe, Latinus stood to see
'Two mighty warriors — half the globe betwixt
The places of their birth — in combat meet 945
Upon the wager of their swords. Broad stretched
The open field. Swift striding forward, they,
Still far apart, let fly their spears, and roused
With clash of brazen shield the Battle-God.
The earth did groan, as, blow fast following blow, 950
They with their swords laid on, — in each combined
The inspiration of the scene, the fire

Of native valor. So on Sila's vast,
Or Mount Taburnus' slopes, two angry bulls
To battle rush, encountering front to front : 955
The frightened herdsmen stand aside : the whole
Herd clusters motionless with fear ; no dare
A heifer low — uncertain which will rule
The field or be the leader of the drove :
With sheer brute force each other's flesh they gore ; 960
With interlocking horns they strain ; blood runs
In rivers down their shoulders and their necks ;
And the whole woodland with their bellowing roars.
So 'tis, when shield to shield in combat meet
Trojan Æneas and the Daunian chief : — 965
So loud the crash, it fills the very air.

Jove holds himself the scales in equal poise,
And weighs the shifting fortunes of the two,
So he determine unto which of them
Defeat is doomed, — to which side death inclines. 970
'Tis just at this that Turnus springs aside,
Thinking it safe, rises with all his weight
Upon his high uplifted sword, and strikes.
The Trojans and the anxious Latins yell,
Their eyeballs riveted alike. But snaps 975
The treacherous blade, the blow half-struck, and leaves
The fiery chief no refuge save in flight.
Quick as he sees the unfamiliar hilt,
And his right hand disarmed, swift as the wind
He flies. The story goes that, when the fight 980
Began, and he in haste did mount his car,
He left his father's sword behind, and caught
In his confusion up his charioteer

Metiscus' blade. Long as the Trojans turned
 Their flying backs, it was enough ; but when 985
 He came to match the arms god Vulcan wrought,
 Like brittle ice was shattered at a blow
 The steel of mortal make, and glittering lay
 The fragments on the yellow sand. So 'tis
 That over every quarter of the field 990
 All purposeless he flies. Now here, now there,
 He circles tortuously in and out :
 For everywhere the Trojans shut him in ;
 Upon this side the wide extending marsh,
 On that the lofty walls, encircle him. 995
 Nor lags Æneas far behind, although,
 Retarded by his arrow-wound, his knees
 A little falter and are loth to run.
 Hot in pursuit, he presses foot to foot
 Upon his anxious foe. So, in the chase, 1000
 The hunter finds a stag penned up within
 The borders of a stream, or caught amid
 The crimson-feathered toils, and on it sets
 His yelling hounds. In terror at the snare,
 And river-bank too steep, a thousand times 1005
 It back and forward flies. With open mouth,
 The tireless Umbrian dog hangs on its flank,
 Now, now seems seizing it and snaps his jaws
 As if his teeth were in, yet sees the prey
 Still slipping from his empty bite : then loud 1010
 The shout that rises ; bank and stream respond,
 And back the whole heaven thunders with the roar.
 As Turnus flies, to all the Rutuli
 He shouts, calls each by name, and begs his own

True sword. Æneas, on the other hand, 1015
 If any dare give aid, threats instant death
 And slaughter, sets them quivering with fear
 Lest he the city sack, and, spite his wound,
 Still presses on. Five times they circle round,—
 Five times retrace their steps now here, now there. 1020
 No boy's play this; no graceful prize at stake!
 With Turnus 'tis his heart's blood and his life.

It happed an olive tree, with its tart leaves,
 Grew wild near by, to Faunus consecrate.
 'Twas wood the mariners did once esteem, 1025
 For, saved from shipwreck, there they nailed their gifts
 To the Laurentian deity, and hung
 The garments they had vowed to hang. Unknown
 To them its sacred use, the Trojan troops
 Had lopped its trunk to make an open field 1030
 On which to charge. In this was sticking now
 Æneas' spear. Hither its impetus
 Had carried it, and firmly driven it home
 Into the hardy stump. The Trojan chief
 Strained at it hard, and stoutly sought to pluck 1035
 The iron out, that so he might with that
 O'ertake whom in the race he could not reach.
 Insane with terror, Turnus shouted then:
 "I pray thee, Faunus, pity me! Hold fast
 The spear in thy good soil, for always I 1040
 In reverence held thy honors which these men
 Of Troy now desecrate by war." So spake,
 Nor begged in vain the succor of the god.
 Not all Æneas' might, though straining long,
 And long delayed anent the hardy stump, 1045

Can make the stubborn wood unhinge its grip ;
 And while he struggles there intent and fierce,
 The Daunian nymph assuming yet again
 The charioteer Metiscus' shape, runs forth
 And to her brother's hand restores his sword. 1050

In dudgeon that her way a saucy nymph
 Should have, Venus takes part, and from the stump
 Plucks out the spear. Exultant both,—their arms,
 Their hearts restored,—one trusting in his blade,
 The other fierce and towering with his spear, 1055
 They face each other panting for the fight.

Meantime all-powerful Olympus' king
 To Juno, looking from a crimson cloud
 Upon the fight, speaks thus: "When shall there be
 An end, my wife, of this? What more is left? 1060
 Thou know'st, ay, thou confessest that thou know'st,
 Æneas yet is destined to be placed
 A deity in heaven, and lifted up
 Among the stars. What mischief art thou at,
 Or in what hope dost hug those icy clouds? 1065
 Was it quite fitting an immortal god
 Be thus disfigured by a mortal wound ;
 Or that the sword, from Turnus snatched,—for what
 Could have Juturna done without thy help?—
 Should be returned to him, and, vanquished once, 1070
 His strength restored? Now once for all forbear!
 Yield to my will ; let not this sorrow gnaw
 Thy silent heart, nor these unhappy cares
 Meet me so oft from thy sweet mouth ! The last
 Has come. Power hast thou had o'er land and sea 1075
 The Trojans to pursue,—unhallowed war

To kindle,—to dishonor home,—and drown
Love's torch with tears. Forbid I thee dare more !”
Thus Jove spake unto her ; and thus replied
The goddess Juno with a downcast face : 1080
“ But that I knew, great Jove, thou so had'st willed,
I ne'er had quitted Turnus to his fate,
Nor willingly withdrawn me from the earth ;
Nor would'st thou see me, on this lonely cloud,
Sit suffering the shifts of fortune. Nay, 1085
Belted with fire, I in the battle front
Had stood, and drawn the Trojans to defeat.
I do confess I bade Juturna help
Her wretched brother, and encouraged her
To dare e'en greater risks to save his life, 1090
But not to take-up arms or bend the bow,—
So swear I by the inexorable Styx,
That one oath revered by the gods of heaven !
Yes, now I yield, and loathe and leave the fight :
I only ask — what nowise fate forbids — 1095
For Latium and the honor of thy race,
That when the happy wedding-day brings peace
To them, and their alliance knits, thou then
Bid not the Latins, natives of the soil,
Change their old name so Trojans they become, 1100
Or Trojans e'er be called, or change their tongue,
Or shift their garb. Let it be Latium still !
For ages hence let there be Alban kings,
And let the Roman issue grow in strength
Sprung from the virtues of the Italian stock ! 1105
As Troy has fall'n, so fall with it its name !”
Maker of earth and men, Jove smiled on her :

“ Sister of Jove, and Saturn’s other child
 Art thou — yet in thy bosom harborest
 Such storms of passion! Nay, give o’er, and crush ¹¹¹⁰
 The frenzy that began in naught. I grant
 All thou would’st have. I yield — alike convinced
 And of my choice. The Italians shall retain
 Their native language and their ways, — their name
 Be then as now. The Trojans shall no more ¹¹¹⁵
 Than intermarry and find settlement.
 Ritual and form of worship I will fix,
 And make them Latins all, with but one tongue.
 Thence shall a race arise,—the Italian blood
 Commingling in its veins,—which thou shalt see ¹¹²⁰
 In righteousness surpassing gods and men,
 While none so reverently shall worship thee!”

At this reply nods Juno her assent:
 Content at heart, she gives her purpose o’er,
 Forsakes the cloud and passes from the sky. ¹¹²⁵

This done, the Father meditates again,
 And plans to sever from her brother’s sword
 Juturna’s aid. ’Tis said there are two pests
 Called Diræ, and that Midnight gave them birth —
 Them and hell-hag Megæra all at once — ¹¹³⁰
 Crowning them all alike with squirming snakes,
 And fitting them with buoyant wings. They wait
 Beside the throne of Jove, and at the door
 Of the dread god: They whet to agony
 The terrors of the sick, oft as the King ¹¹³⁵
 Of gods inflicts disease and dreadful death,
 Or guilty cities harasses with war.
 ’Twas one of these that from the airy heights

Jove hastily sent down, and bade her meet
And give Juturna warning. Forth she flits, 1140
And glides to earth upon the wind's swift wings,
As, from the bow-string through the clouds impelled,
The cruel, treacherous, poisoned arrow flies —
Some Parthian's or some Cydon's fatal shaft —
Whizzing and yet so rapid that unseen 1145
It cuts the shadows. So this imp of night
Speeds on her way, and hastens to the earth.

Soon as she sees the Trojan battle line
And Turnus' troops, she shrinks her suddenly
Into the smaller figure of a bird, 1150
Such as by night doth sit on sepulchres
Or lonely roofs, and in the darkness shriek
Its late and boding notes. In this disguise,
Before the eyes of Turnus to and fro
The Fury screams and flits, and flaps her wings 1155
Against his shield. His limbs grow numb and faint,
His hair on end with horror, and his voice
Stuck in his throat. But when Juturna hears
The flapping of a fury's wings afar,
She tears her flowing tresses in despair; 1160
In all a sister's grief rends with her nails
Her cheeks, and beats her bosom with her fists:
“How can thy sister, Turnus, help thee more?
What now is left me in my wretchedness?
What art have I to further eke thy life, 1165
Or how can I this monster match? Now, now
At last I leave the battle-field! Add not
Thy terrors to my woe, ill-omened bird!
I recognize the flapping of thy wings —

The augury of death ; nor are from me 1170
 The stern behests of mighty Jove disguised.
 Does he, who robbed me of my honor make
 This recompense? Why gave he unto me
 Eternal life? Why take away the boon
 Of certain death? I would that once for all 1175
 I might these sorrows at this moment end,
 And through the valley of the shadow walk
 At my poor brother's side! Immortal I!
 Without thee, brother, what delight for me
 In any blessing of my own? Would earth 1180
 Might yawn so wide, though I a goddess am,
 'Twould drag me down into the deepest shades!"
 This said, her green veil round her head she wrapped
 With many a groan, and sank into the sea.

Forcing the fight, Æneas brandishes 1185
 His mighty tree-trunk spear, and savagely
 He shouts: "Art shirking still? Doth Turnus flinch?
 No trial this of speed!—but face to face
 We fight with deadly steel. Be on thy guard
 At every point, and summon to thine aid 1190
 Whate'er thou canst of courage or of skill,—
 Whether thou hop'st amidst the stars of heaven
 To wing thy flight, or in the grave to sink."

Turnus but bowed his head as back he cried:
 "Thou beast, thy taunts alarm me not. The gods 1195
 I fear and Jove, who hath become my foe."
 He spake no more, but as he looked about
 He saw a huge and moss-grown rock, that happed
 To lie upon the plain, a monument
 Set there to mark the boundaries of the field. 1200

Scarce twelve picked men, such as the earth bears now,
Beneath its weight could stagger. In his hand
The hero caught it nervously; he ran
To give it impulse; rising on his toes,
He flung it at his foe, scarce conscious he 1205
Whether he ran or walked, or that he raised
Or hurled that monstrous stone. His knees grew weak;
His blood so cold, it thickened in his veins.
The warrior's missile, flying through the air,
Nor cleared the space nor struck a blow. So 'tis 1210
Ofttimes in sleep, when night's soft slumbers fold
The eyes, and we in vain strive eagerly
To reach some goal, yet ever fail and faint
E'en as we struggle most; nor tongue will speak,
Nor most familiar muscles move, nor word 1215
Nor utterance follow. So, whatever way
He bravely dares, the infernal goddess blocks
Success. A thousand thoughts are in his heart.
His wistful eyes are on his countrymen
And toward the town. In fear he hesitates; 1220
He trembles at his adversary's spear;
Nor sees he either how to fly, or how
To strike his enemy; nowhere in sight
His car, his sister, or his charioteer.

But while he vacillates, Æneas lifts 1225
His deadly shaft: he hurls it from afar
With steady aim and all his might. Ne'er stone
Shot from the catapult so roared its way,
Or thunder broke so loud. Speeds on the spear,
Black as the hurricane, and grinning death 1230
Astride its point. The fastenings of the mail,

The buckler's edge, spite seven thick plates of brass,
It rips apart, and pierces with a hiss
Straight through the thigh. Struck down upon the earth
Great Turnus falls upon his bended knee. 1235

The Rutuli spring forward with a groan ;
The circling hills repeat the cry, and far
Away the woods re-echo it. His eyes,
His pleading hands uplifting, Turnus speaks,
A suppliant and low : " I merit naught ; 1240
Nor mercy ask. Use, as thou wilt, thy lot !
Yet if in aught a wretched father's grief —
Thou such a father in Anchises had'st —
Can touch thy heart, have pity then, I beg,
On Daunus now in his old age ; and though 1245
Thou robb'st my body of the spark of life,
Restore it to my kin ! The victory thine,
The Italians see me now lift up my hands
A vanquished man. Lavinia is thy wife.
Thou canst not glut thy vengeance on me more ! " 1250

Æneas paused. Hot with the fight, yet back
He held his hand, and gazed unsteadily.
Each word now more and more began to bend
His yielding purpose, when young Pallas' belt
Alas ! high on the shoulder of his foe, 1255
Its well-remembered bosses glistening there,
He saw. Turnus had slain the boy, who then
Vanquished and bleeding lay, and now he wore
Across his breast the trophy then he won.
Nor sooner drank Æneas' eyes that sight — 1260
The spoils that called to mind so keen a grief —
Than, terrible his wrath, on fire with rage,

He cried: "Clad in the trophies thou did'st strip
From off the body of my friend, shalt thou
Escape me? Pallas 'tis, that with this stab — 1265
'Tis Pallas sacrifices thee, and wreaks
His vengeance thus in thy accursèd blood!"
While yet he spake, he passionately plunged
His dagger through his foeman's heart. Death's chill
Unnerved the limbs, but the undying soul 1270
Sighed its contempt, and flitted to the shades.

THE END.

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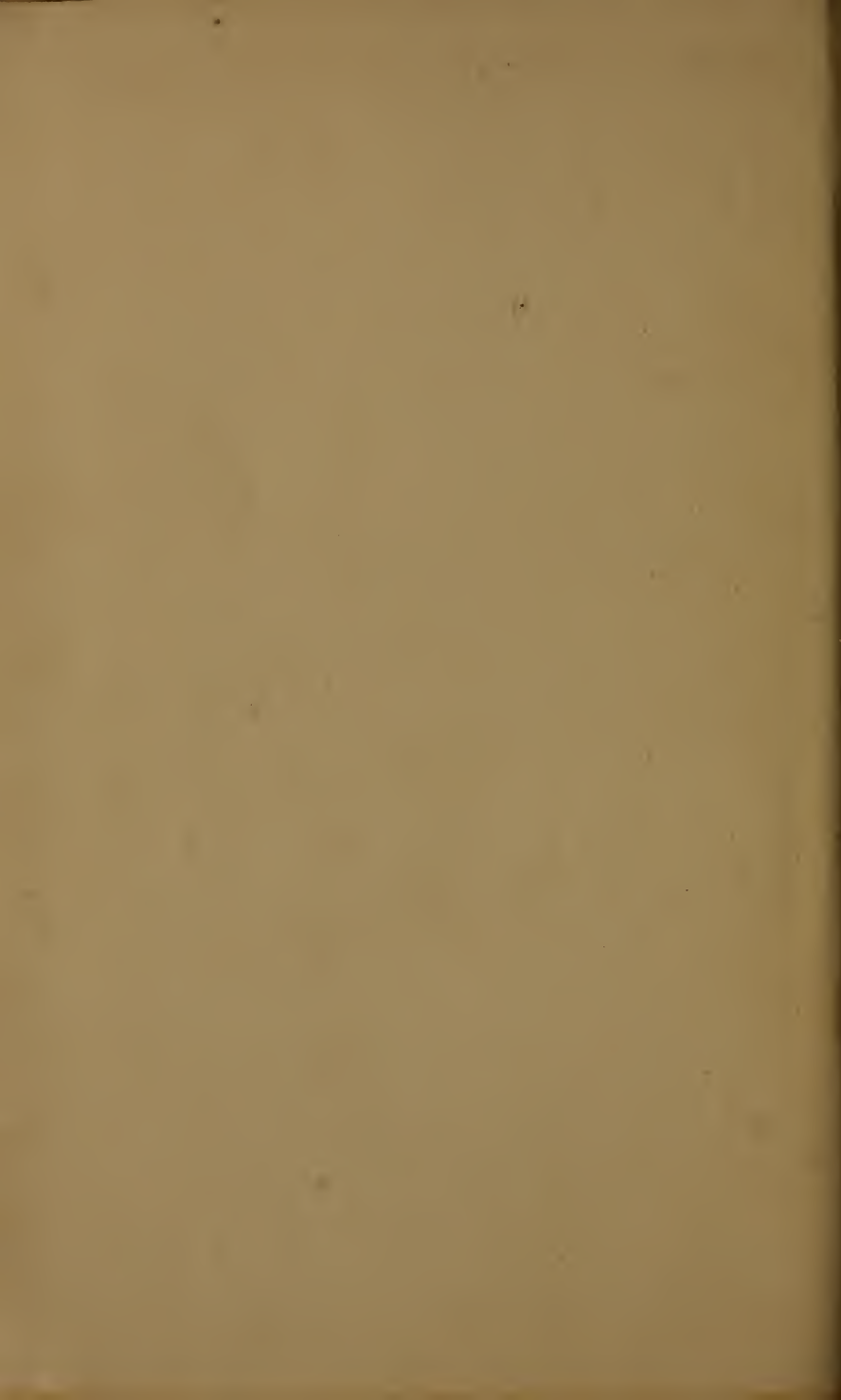
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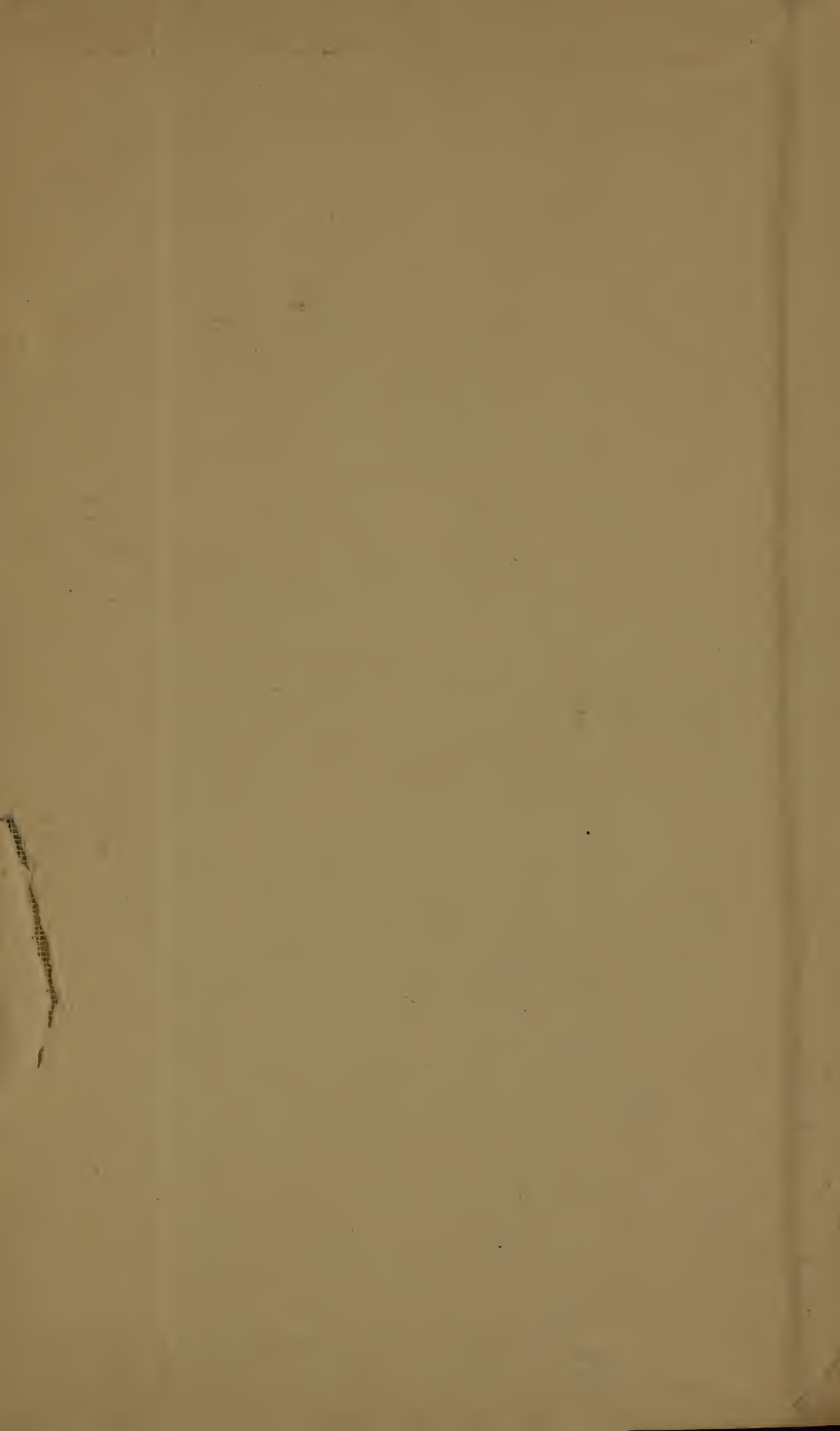
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